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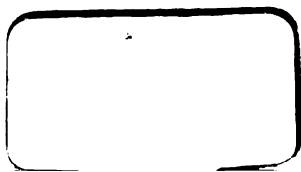
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Vet. Ital. II B. 160



Vol. 34. III P. 110

To face the Title.



TORQATO TASSO.

*From a Model
taken after his Death.*

R I N A L D O

A P O E M;

IN XII. BOOKS:

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN

O F

TORQUATO TASSO.

BY JOHN HOOLE.

TU dell' ingegno mio, delle fatiche
PARTE PRIMIERO, e caro frutto amato,
Picciol volume, nelle piagge apriche
Che Brenta inonda, in sì brev' ozio nato;
Così ti dian benigne stelle amiche
Viver, quando sarò di vita orbato.

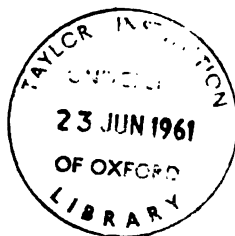
RINALDO, CANTO XII.

J. E. and A. Mace.

L O N D O N:

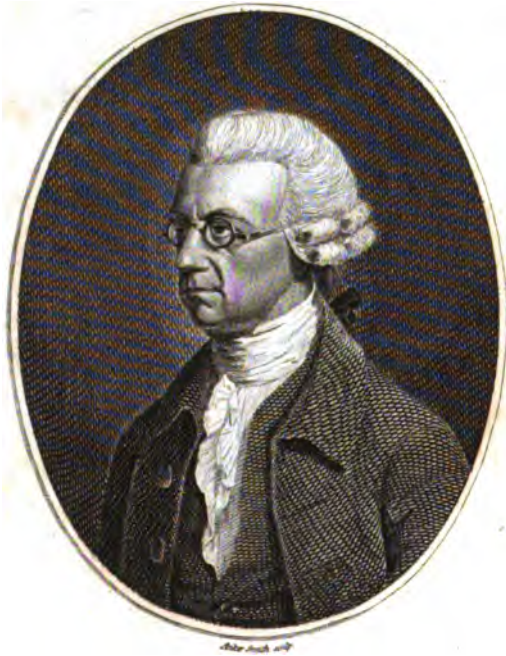
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to face the preface.



JOHN HOOLE.

P R E F A C E.

THE poem, of which a translation is here offered to the public, has an undoubted claim to the attention of all poetical readers, especially to the lovers of Italian poetry, as the offspring of a young and fervid imagination, and as it exhibits the premature, but vigorous, effusions of a genius that was afterwards to produce the **JERUSALEM DELIVERED.**

We are told by the biographers of Tasso, and indeed by Tasso himself, that in order to lay the foundation of his future fortune, he was sent very early to study the law in the university of Padua, where this poem

was composed, which he published at eighteen years of age, the whole being written in ten months.

Tasso, in his preface, says, that he was at that time greatly encouraged in writing it, by several learned and ingenious friends, among whom he mentions Daneses and Veniero, both which names are to be seen in the third * and ninth † books of the work :
the

* Spiran vive dal lucido metallo
Le faccie, ove il valor scolpito siede,
Annitrir' sotto loro ogni cavallo
Diresti, e che cò' piè la terra siede;
Indi discosto poi breve intervallo,
Ampio, e vago pilastro alzar si vede,
Ove ne' bianchi, e ben politì marmi
Son scritti in note d'oro alquanti carmi,
Mira Rinaldo la bell' opra, e'ntanto
Nuovo ed alto stupore il cor gli assale,
L'opra, ch' all altre toglie il pregio e l vanto;
Cui Fidia alcuna mai non fece eguale,
O'! mio Danese, ch' a lui sovra or tantò
S'erge, quanto egli sovra gli altri sale.
RINALDO, Canto III,
† Tai cose ancor, ma con più dolce canto
Ho già, Veniero, a te spiegar sentito,
E vistò

the first is celebrated as an excellent sculptor, and the last for his skill in poetry and music.

Mansò relates, that the RINALDO met with universal applause, and diffused the name of Tasso throughout all Italy; that it equalled, and, in some parts, excelled every thing of the kind; on which occasion he observes, that “ nothing less could be “ expected from the dawn preceding that “ sun which was soon to break forth in the “ full splendor of epic poetry.”

The success of this poem, which Tasso, from an apparent desire to emulate Ariosto in the choice of a patron of the house of Este, had dedicated to cardinal Lewis (Luigi), seems to have determined him to relinquish

E visto uscir dal falso fondo intatto
I marin pesci, ed ingombrar il lito :
E quasi astretti da ben forte incanto,
I vari augel per appagar l'udito,
Nell' impeto maggior frenare il volo,
E fermarsi intorno a stuolo a stuolo.

RINALDO, Canto IX.

the dry and laborious studies to which his father had condemned him, and to give a free indulgence to his natural propensity for poetry and philosophy; which disposition of his mind is simply and elegantly described in the concluding stanzas of his twelfth book *, to which,

* Così scherzando, io risonar già fea
 Di Rinaldo gli ardori, e i dolci affanni,
 Allorch' ad altri studi il dì toglia
 Nel quarto lustro ancor de' miei verdi anni;
 Ad altri studi, onde poi speme avea
 Di ristorar d'avversa sorte i danni;
 Ingrati studi, dal cui pondo oppresso,
 Giaccio ignoto ad altrui, grave a me stesso.
 Ma, se mai fia, ch'a me lungo ozio un giorno
 Conceda, ed a me stesso il ciel mi renda,
 Sicch' all' ombra cantando in bel foggiorno,
 Con Febo l'ore, ed i dì felici spenda,
 Porterò forse, o gran Luigi! intorno
 I vostri onori, ovunque il sol risplenda,
 Con quella grazia, che m' averete infusa,
 Destando a dir di voi più degna musa.
 Tu dell' ingegno mio, delle fatiche
 Parto primiero, e caro frutto amato;
 Picciol volume, nelle piagge apriche
 Che Brenta inonda, in sì brev' ozio nato:
 Così ti dian benigne stelle amiche
 Viver, quando farò di vita orbato:

which, we are informed by his friend Manso, that he added the two last stanzas, as a kind of apology for having published the poem, contrary to the will of his father.

But whatever might have been the reception of RINALDO on its first appearance, and though it was spoken of in terms of high commendation by Paolo Beni, a contem-

Così t'accoglia chiara fama in seno
 Tra quei, delle cui lodi il mondo è pieno.
 Pria, che di quel Signor giunga al cospetto,
 Ch'ho nel cor io, tu nella fronte impresso,
 Al cui nome gentil, vile e negletto
 Albergo sei, non qual convienfi ad esso ;
 Vanne a colui, che fu dal cielo eletto
 A darmi vita col suo sangue istesso :
 Io per lui parlo, e spiro, e per lui sono,
 E se nulla hò di bel, tutto è suo dono.
 Ei coll'acuto sguardo, onde le cose
 Mirando, oltre la scorza al centro giunge,
 Vedrà i difetti tuoi, ch'a me nascose
 Occhio mal san, che scorge poco lunge ;
 E con la man, che talor veraci prose
 A finte poesie di nuovo aggiunge,
 Ti purgerà quanto patir tu puoi,
 Aggiungendo vaghezza a i versi tuoi.

RINALDO, Canto XII.

porary with Tasso, and esteemed one of the most profound and elegant scholars of his age, yet this poem seems to have fallen since into unmerited neglect with the Italians themselves. Mr. Barretti, in the account of the epic poets of his country, only says, that "Tasso, when he was but sixteen, printed another epic poem, entitled *RINALDO*;" and I have been assured that an Italian writer of reputation at this day, being conversed with on the subject, declared himself ignorant that Tasso had ever written any such poem. The *RINALDO*, however, will be found, I believe, in every edition of the author's works. In the year 1724, a French prose translation was printed at Paris, entitled *RENAUD AMOUREUX*.

Neither Manso, nor any of Tasso's biographers, that I have met with, give us an insight into the subject, or nature of the fable. One indeed has said, that it was formed after the plan of the *ODYSSEY* of Homer, as the

JERUSALEM

JERUSALEM was of the ILIAD; and not having at that time seen the work, I too hastily alluded to this authority, in my life of the author, prefixed to the first edition of my translation of the JERUSALEM; which error has been rectified in a late edition. From such a vague and uncertain description, the English reader might naturally be led to imagine, that the story of the first poem was connected with the second, and that the principal hero of both poems was the same, because the characters of the ODYSSEY are so nearly connected with those of the ILIAD. But instead of the hero of the JERUSALEM, we find the Rinaldo of Ariosto, one of the famous Paladins of the court of Charlemain, and a detail of the exploits achieved by him for love of the fair Clarice, whom he afterwards marries; which marriage is spoken of by Ariosto in his forty-second and forty-third books.

There can, I think, be little doubt but

the poem of RINALDO was, as well as the JERUSALEM, known to our inimitable Spenser. It is more than probable that the strong painting of the valley of Despair *, in the present

* Quivi era un'uom, d'affai strana figura,
 Che sostegno del braccio al mento fea,
 E con sembianza tenebrosa e scura,
 Gli occhi pregni di pianto al ciel volgea ;
 In ogni atto di lui gravosa cura,
 E duol profondo impresso si vedea :
 La bocca apriva, e queruli lamenti
 Quindi spargeva in dolorosi accenti,
 Quanto alla valle rìa più s'avvicina
 Il cavalier, più cresce in lui la pena,
 Tal ch' oppressa dal' duol l'alma meschina
 Reggerfi, e respirar puote a gran pena ;
 Ma pur senza arrestarsi egli camina
 Per l'ampia strada, che là dritto il mena,
 Sì, che giunto a quel' uomo, in lui mirando,
 Sente il martir nel petto ir formontando.

Giace la valle tra duo monti ascosa,
 Da' quali orribil' ombra in lei deriva ;
 L'aria ivi 'l giorno appar sì tenebrosa,
 Sì colma di squalor, di gaudio priva ;
 Com' altrov' è, quando alma e luminosa
 Fiamma i color non scopre, e non ravviva ;
 La terra ancor di spoglie atre e funeste,
 La fronte e' l tergo suo ricopre e veste.

Sorgon

present juvenile poem, furnished the English poet with those hints which he has so wonderfully worked up in the story of the red cross knight. The supernatural fire that defends the entrance to the house of the enchanter Busirane, in the legend of Britomart, will doubtless occur to the reader's recollection, on perusing the part where Rinaldo and Florindo pass through the flame to consult the oracle of Love *. Many other circumstances

Sorgon con fosche e velenose fronde
 Quivi piante d'ignota orrida forma,
 Ed in quelle s'annida, e si nasconde
 Di neri infausi augelli odiosa torma ;
 E l' un stridendo àll' altro ognor risponde
 Con suon, ch' a luogo tal ben si conforma ;
 Quel noioso a ferir va l' altrui core,
 Sicche ben par la valle del dolore.

RINALDO, Canto XL

- Rinaldo i casi suoi più brevemente
 Narrogli, e' assieme poi la via pigliare ;
 Nè molto gir, ch' altero, ed eminente
 Il colle, e poi lo speco ancor miraro :
 Occupava l' entrata un foco ardente,
 Alta colonna di forbito acciaio

Gi

circumstances may perhaps be found to have supplied matter for imitation, and, among the rest, the account of the lion tamed by Clarillo, and killed by Rinaldo, will remind us of the lion attending on Una, and killed by Sanfloy.

Some fictions of the RINALDO have been apparently made use of by its author, in the construction of his more perfect poem. The miraculous bark, that conveys the two knights from the PALACE of COURTESY *, seems to be

Gli stava à dirimpeto in terra fitta,
E v' era tal sentenza in carmi scritta,
A'leali d'amor concesso è l passo,
Agli altri no, per mezo il vivo foco.

RINALDO, Book V.

* Fe dipoi la regina, Alba nomata,
Per mostrarfi cortese in ogni cosa,
E per farfi a coloro amica e grata,
Che van cercando ogni ventura ascosa,
Una barca mirabile incantata,
Ch' ella chiamò la barca avventurosa,
Perciocch' ognun, che in lei di gir si fida,
Sempre a qualche ventura in breve guida.

Senza

be the bark, with the addition of a pilot from Ariosto, that conveys Ubald and Charles to redeem Rinaldo from the thralldom of Armida. The tomb, raised by magic to receive the body of the slain knight, in the beautiful though highly romantic tale of the knight of the tomb *, is in the JERUSALEM applied to a like purpose in the pathetic episode of the death of Sweno the Dane. The fire at the entrance to the cave of Love, and the subterranean fires bursting forth in the battle be-

Senza nocchier, sol dall' incanto scorta,
 Sen' va la barca per l'ondoso mare,
 E gli erranti guerrier sicura porta
 Là, dove il lor' ardir possin mostrare.

RINALDO, Book VII.

* Veggono (a dir mirabil cosa) intanto
 Levarsi un gran sepolcro alto dal piano,
 E in un momento à quel primiero accanto
 Esser poi messo da invisibil mano ;
 Si maraviglia ogh' un del nuovo incanto,
 E lor par caso inusitato e strano :
 Lo stupor crebbe, che da lor fu scorto
 Giacervi dentro il cavalier già morto.

RINALDO, Book VII.

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Having written the first volume of the
Rivista del 1848 e 1849, the author of the
afterwards that of the year 1850, and the
judgment was made that it should not
be allowed to have any more of the same
forbear to mention it in the same way
the first volume of the collection.

not employed to carry off the same, * * *

* Mentre l'indole non mangia al core,
Lo frustar colla lingua il core non fa,
Ed ora, che quel d'ipocrite, ed all'ora,
Sede fino al suo finché in giù si vede.
Con l'ipocrite non l'ipocrite la terra,
Ch' al forte incanto la natura cede,
E fur (nuovo mondo tremendo!)
N' esce solo, stendendo, un canto accento.

Torino

tween Rinaldo and Mambrino's knights *, may be considered as the first idea of a poetical fiction to be afterwards so splendidly and powerfully displayed in the enchantments of *Ismeno*.

The passage in the fifth book, where Florindo gives an account to Rinaldo of his being introduced, disguised in a female dress, amongst the virgins at the games celebrated before the princess *Olinda* †, may have been copied by *Guarini*, in his *PASTOR FIDO*, Act II. Scene 1.

* Ma (strano a dir) la via gli vieta, e taglia
Foco d'incanto al l'improvviso sorto,
Simile a quel, che già Scamandro scerse,
Ch' in cener poi l' alto Ilion converse.

RINALDO, Book XII.

† Deliberai (feminile vesta presa)
Tra le donzelle anch' io meschiarmi, quando
Vengono insieme a placida contesa,
L'una soavi baci all'altra dando,
Per poter poscia (o temeraria impresa !
Cagion, ch' io sia d' ogni mio bene in bando !)
Congiunger colla mia la rosea bocca,
Onde Amor mille strali avventa, e scocca.

RINALDO, Book V.

where

where Myrtillo relates to Ergasto a like adventure with his mistress Amaryllis, when he was received as a woman amongst the nymphs at the festival of Jupiter; with this difference, that Florindo is known by Olinda, and banished from her presence, whereas Myrtillo escapes undiscovered.

Having referred to several passages of the *RINALDO* that seem to be imitated, or were afterwards used by the poet himself, when his judgment was ripened, some of which must be allowed to have great merit, I cannot here forbear to recommend to the reader's notice the spirited description of the enchanted chariot employed to carry off Clarice, * in the
fourth

- * Mentre Rinaldo ancor vaneggia, ed erra,
Lo stranier colla lancia in terren fiede,
Ed ecco, che quel s'apre, e si differra,
Sicche fino al suo fondo in giù si vede.
Con spaventoso suon s'apre la terra,
Ch' al forte incanto la natura cede,
E fuor (nuovo miracolo tremendo !)
N' esce tosto, sbalzando, un carro orrendo.

Tirano

fourth book, and the account of the disciplines observed in the camp of Charlemain, in the sixth book *.

Though

Tirano il carro quattro akti deftrieri,
Tinti la bocca di sanguigna spuma,
Più della notte istessa oscuri e neri,
Cui dalle nari il foco accolto fuma;
Cui similmente i torvi occhi severi
Di furor fiamma orribilmente alluma,
Che col rauco annitir, col fiero suono,
De' piedi, imitan la faetta e'l tuono.

RINALDO, Book IV.

● Passa Florindo tra l'altre squadre,
Adorne di valor, di ferro cinte,
Ed a varie fatiche, opre leggiadre,
Tutte le vede in util modo accinte:
Quinci l' anime vili, oscure ed adre,
Cui l' ozio piace, son cacciate, e spinte;
Quivi Vener' non hà, nè Bacco loco,
Nè dado infame, od altro inutil gioco.
Quivi si vede sol chi dal forte arco
Avventi strai con certa aspra percossa;
Chi di scudo coperto, e d'arme carico,
Poggi in loco erto con destrezza e possa;
Chi porti il destro suo terreno incarco,
Con lieve salto oltra ben larga fossa;
Chi muova a marzial feroce assalto
Gli aspri piombati cesti, or basso or alto.

Chi

Though our young poet has intimated in his preface, that he meant to form his poem rather upon the model of the ancients, than after the rhapsodies of the ROMANZATORI, yet the RINALDO has but little claim to the title of a regular epic, or pretension to rank with his greater poem: it has less of the epic cast than even many parts of Ariosto, being, in point of wild invention more agreeable

Chi con robusta man la spada giri
 In fiammeggianti rote, o l'asta vibri;
 E chi lottando alla vittoria aspiri,
 E diverse arme paragoni e libri:
 Chi con gran forza il pal di ferro tiri;
 Chi d'arte militar rivolga i libri;
 Chi muova tutto armato il piede al corso;
 Chi volga, o lente ad un corsier il morso.

Deh, come in tutto or è l'antica norma,
 E quel buon uso, e quei bei modi spenti;
 Com'or nell'guerreggiar diversa forma
 Si serba (oimè!) tra le Christiane genti!
 Or chi celebri Bacco, o inutil dorma;
 Chi tutti aggia i pensieri al gioco intenti;
 Chi ne' piacer Venerei impieghi, e spenda
 Le forze, è sol de' campi in ogni tenda.

RINALDO, Book VI.

to the fallies of Boyardo and others of that class.

Tasso may indeed be allowed to have here improved on the examples of his country; for though he observes no unity of action, has no artful disposition of plan, no nice propriety or distinction of character, he has at least kept one principal hero in view, and given us a continued narrative, without any of the interruptions that have been objected to Ariosto, which objection I have endeavoured to remove in my last publication of the ORLANDO, by digesting the adventures into a regular series.

Whatever may be the faults of the RINALDO, with respect to fable, character, and other requisites of regular composition, I believe it will be found in the original, even by the readers of the JERUSALEM, neither defective in energy of expression, nor beauty of versification; at the same time the whole is so varied with interesting events and lively
8 imagery,

imagery, that it cannot but prove highly acceptable to all those who are delighted with poetical excursions into the regions of fancy and romance; to the admirers of ARIOSTO, TASSO, and SPENSER; and it is chiefly for the use of such readers that the present version is intended.



THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
RINALDO.

B

THE ARGUMENT.

State of the forces of Charlemain and the Pagans on the plains of Aspramont, after the deaths of Troyano, Agolant, and Almontes. Account of Orlando. Rinaldo, then very young, being detained by his friends in France from the scene of action, is jealous of the rising glory of his kinsman Orlando. He quits Paris, and retiring to a grove, laments his situation: he finds a horse and armour, and sets out in search of adventures. He hears of the wonderful horse Bayardo, enchanted in the forest of Arden; and resolves to undertake that adventure. His meeting with a beautiful huntress, who proves to be a princess of the court of Charlemain. In order to make trial of his valour, he, at her instigation, fights with and defeats all her knights.

T H E
F I R S T B O O K
O F
R I N A L D O.

LOVE's pleasing pains I sing, when first his dart
Transfix'd the young Rinaldo's gentle heart;
How amorous fires, and thirst of glory led
His venturous steps in danger's paths to tread,
What time the Moors, by conquering Charles
subdu'd, 5
Though strong in courage, weak in battle stood;
While stretch'd on Aspramont's contended plain,
Lay Agolant and stern Almontes slain.

O muse! that oft with me in rustic groves,
Hast sung to artless notes my growing loves, 10
When listening shades approv'd my tender lays,
And Echo learn'd to sound the fair-one's praise;
Since now (my verse to other themes address)
A nobler subject swells my labouring breast,

Do thou with equal warmth the song inspire, 15
And grant that aid sublimer strains require.
Some future day a mightier task may claim,
A tribute to Estensian Lewis' fame,
Though deeds like his, can ask no mortal rhymes,
To send his name to far-succeeding times, 20
A name that shines, by native worth display'd,
And soars to heaven without terrestrial aid.

And thou, illustrious prince! of honour'd race,
Whose brow such wreaths, whose heart such virtues
grace ;

Whose glory darts around such fervid rays, 25
All splendor fades in their superior blaze ;
If e'er thy thoughts from loftier views descend,
Vouchsafe awhile thy favouring ear to lend :
Here may'st thou see, in shadowy fiction drest,
Thy praise perchance by other names exprest : 30
But when thy brows shall wear the triple crown,
And Heresy shall lie by thee o'erthrown ;
When, by thy breath inspir'd, the pious hands
Of Christian peers shall dare th' Egyptian bands ;
When the stern Ottoman to thee shall yield 35
Th' ill gotten spoils of many a sanguine field,
Then to the trumpet will I change the lyre,
And with thy deeds and arms my song inspire.

Victorious

Victorious Charles, in many a bloody fight,
 Had met and quell'd proud Afric's boasted might : 40
 By brave Orlando, on the fatal plain,
 Lay great Almontes and his brother * slain :
 Yet still the Pagans, though by fortune crost,
 Preserv'd their place in many a guarded post,
 Which near the seas, or far on land they gain'd, 45
 Since first their arms th' invasive war maintain'd.
 But Charles, who held the field and neighbouring
 shores,

In various parts besieg'd the Pagan powers,
 That oft oppress'd in such a doubtful state,
 Presag'd the turn of more disastrous fate. 50
 Each day some chief their works or lofty wall
 Forsook, and issu'd forth, at honour's call,
 To prove in daring list of single fight,
 If Moors with Franks could boast an equal might.
 But when the sun withdrew his golden head, 55
 And night o'er heaven her sable pinions spread,
 Their troops conjoin'd our sleeping host assail'd,
 To try that fortune, which so oft had fail'd.

The palm from all who in the list excell'd,
 Or first in general fight the glory held, 60

* TROYANO,

Orlando won—a youth whose warlike praise
 Might rival heroes sung in ancient days.
 No knight so bold, with cuirass, plate, or mail,
 By magic fram'd, could aught in arms avail
 To meet that force, to which in every field 65
 Might Mars himself the prize of battle yield.
 How oft this youth, with single prowess, chac'd
 A thousand Pagans from the plain disgrac'd !
 How oft himself through hostile squadrons hew'd !
 How oft with Moorish gore the earth bedew'd ! 70
 How oft, with anguish pierc'd, the wretched bands
 Of Agolant confess'd those slaughtering hands,
 By which the bravest chiefs of Afric slain,
 In purple mountains heap'd the groaning plain.
 Soon busy Fame with rapid pinion speeds, 75
 And bears from clime to clime his glorious deeds :
 From small beginning greater bulk she gains,
 And every hour increasing strength attains ;
 Yet, mingling truth with lies, still changing shows
 A different form, nor rest nor slumber knows. 80
 Amidst the many that her wonders hear,
 She pours the tale in young Rinaldo's ear ;
 His valorous kinsman's martial worth displays,
 And every feat that stamps Orlando's praise.

At

At once great Amon's noble son * confess'd 85
 The emulation of a generous breast;
 And hence, with heavier weight of grief, he sees
 His flower of youth consum'd in shameful ease,
 When ripening manhood call'd him forth to dare
 The toils and hazards of destructive war; 90
 Nor longer lead, remote from martial strife,
 In robes of peace a safe degenerate life;
 Like some weak dame that toil and danger flies,
 That wields the distaff, and the needle plies.
 He fears each tongue may thus reproach his name,
 And justly tinge his cheek with conscious shame. 96.
 "Lo! one whose hours of thoughtless sloth disgrace
 The well-earn'd honours of his ancient race!"
 Such thoughts revolving in his restless mind,
 He left the town and regal domes behind, 100
 Fair Paris' town; where, till that hour, detain'd
 By fond maternal care, the youth remain'd;
 And hastening thence, a verdant mead he found,
 Where flowers of fragrant scent adorn'd the ground;
 O'er whose smooth surface many a tree display'd 105
 Its leafy boughs to form a grateful shade:
 This wish'd retreat, from prying eyes apart,
 He chose to ease the sorrows of his heart,

* RINALDO.

He fate, and inly sighing, thus express'd
The secret anguish of a wounded breast. 110

Ah! wherefore should not anger, grief, and shame,
Whose blended powers oppress this vital frame,
Consume me quite, and end these hapless days,
No longer then the theme of blame or praise?

No deed I boast, whose merit may efface 115

The stain my life must bring on Amon's race:

A wretch am I, of all mankind deprest,
Nor blest by fortune, nor by virtue blest.

Not one so abject angry heaven surveys,
Where Phoebus shines with mild or scorching rays!

O! that my happier lot had been decreed 121

In humble life—no branch from Amon's seed!

Why was I not a timorous woman born,

Nor made the subject thus of others' scorn?

In noble blood, in him who draws his birth 125

From princely parents of unfullied worth,
Disgrace is doubled—deeper sinks the stain

Than where the lips can vaunt no gentle strain.

Ah! what avails it now in thought to view
Those honours that my great forefathers knew? 130

Array'd in steel behold Orlando goes,
And hews down squadrons of the Pagan foes;

And

And with his conquering sword, in crimson dy'd,
Bends from her summit Afric's towery price ;
While I my hours to empty pleasures give, 135
In ease and indolence luxurious live ;
In gilded roofs, amidst the downy plume
Of sleep immers'd, my prime of years consume,
To a fond mother's prayers and tears resign'd,
A state that ill beseems the manly mind ! 140

As thus he mourns, a neighing steed he hears,
Whose piercing note assails his startled ears :
Sudden he turns, and casting round his eyes,
Beneath the shade a stately courser spies :
Ty'd to an ancient tree, the curbing rein 145
Confines his ardour, while he champs in vain
The frothy bit, and proudly prancing round,
Shakes his loose mane, and paws the trembling ground.
Against the trunk appear'd, with splendor bright,
Of gems and gold diffusing mingled light, 150
A warrior's arms, that seem'd in every part
The wondrous work of more than human art.
Less joys the thirsty stag, by fortune led
Where the stream murmurs in its welcome bed ;
Or he, the youth, who unexpected gains 155
The fair-one's sight that caus'd his love-sick pains ;
Than

Than now th' exulting knight rejoic'd to find
(Since all on battle ran his ardent mind)
These radiant arms, that grac'd the trunk from far,
Like some proud trophy to the God of war : 160
These round his limbs the fiery youth dispos'd ;
And round his limbs the mail so fitly clos'd,
He deem'd some friendly hand had wrought the spoils
That seem'd the product of Vulcanian toils.
He view'd, where, painted on a golden field, 165
A furious panther fill'd th' expressive shield :
Cruel his eye, his hairs like bristles rose,
And every gazer's breast with terror froze.
High on his hindmost feet the savage stood,
His mouth and claws distain'd with reeking blood : 170
This fam'd device great Amon's fires obtain'd,
And sons succeeding sons in fight sustain'd.
And now the glowing youth with eager speed
The bridle loos'd and seiz'd the snorting steed ;
Nor touch'd the stirrup, but with active heat 175
At once impetuous vaults into the seat.
Plac'd on his courser, with severe delight,
He view'd his limbs in glittering armour bright :
Around on every part his eyes he roll'd,
The steely breast-plate and the targe of gold. 180
Then,

Then, with strong grasp, the quivering spear he shook,
That many a knight to earth, unseated, struck.
The sword he left, for still in mind he weigh'd
A solemn oath his lips erewhile had made ;
When with his brethren twain (a gentle band) 185
He took the rank of knight from Charles's hand,
In greatest dangers ne'er in fight to wield
A trusty falchion in the doubtful field,
Till such a weapon first in arms he won
From some fam'd chief, in fields of battle known. 190

Behold him now with martial ardor fir'd,
Whose soul to deeds of high emprise aspir'd,
With fierce impatience wind his mettled steed,
And with the spur impel his tardy speed ;
While rising hopes his fearless bosom warm, 195
To meet some peril worthy of his arm.
He hastes—he flies—and swifter than the wind,
Soon issues on the plain, and leaves the grove behind.
As when the horse forsakes his native seat,
Impell'd with vernal stings of amorous heat, 200
Nor curbing rein, nor torrents' rolling force,
Nor rocks, nor floods with-hold his rapid course :
So fares the youth, whose emulating breast
The spur of honour still forbids to rest.

Now

Now here, now there he wanders, oft reviews 205
Woods, caves, and streams, and oft his toil renews.

What time the labouring hinds with gladsome care
The ox unyoking, to their home repair,

And from our world the sun declining flies
To paint with colour'd beams remoter skies, 210
He enter'd Arden's ancient wood, convey'd
By fate resistless to this dreary shade.

All night he rode, but when with roseate ray
Aurora blushing gave returning day,
A fire he met, of reverend mien, who show'd 215

His hoary face by time in wrinkles plough'd :
Slow as he pac'd, a trusty staff supply'd
Its needful aid his trembling feet to guide :

His snow-white locks and every sign express'd
A pilgrim, long by creeping years oppress'd : 220

On young Rinaldo now he fix'd his look,
And thus in mild and solemn accents spoke.

Say, whither goest thou, by ill fortune led,
Methinks already I behold thee dead !

Since many a warrior, wandering here, has drown'd
In streams of vital blood the fatal ground, 226

Who durst so rashly in his strength confide,
To cope with powers by mortals vainly try'd .

Know

Know then, this forest has a steed receiv'd,
Whose force excels all force of steeds believ'd : 230
Than which no land a goodlier courser fees,
No land where summers burn, or winters freeze :
To shun his sight, like frighted hares, dismay'd,
Fell boars and lions lurk in covering shade :
Through crashing trees his furious way he makes, 235
Air groans around, and earth beneath him shakes !
Explore, unhappy knight, some safe retreat
Of cave or den—methinks his thundering feet
Already fill the woods with dread alarms,
Nor aught with him avail thy strength and arms. 240
For me, if right these feeble members speak,
It little boots my safety hence to seek,
To extend a life, that every wasting hour
Awaits the stroke of death's remorseless power.

So spoke the sage : and while Rinaldo hears, 245
His generous spirit owns no abject fears,
But glows with tenfold ardor here to raise
From unexampled deeds eternal praise;
And to the warning fire he thus returns,
For high disdain within his bosom burns, 250
To hear another urge him thence to fly,
As if he shunn'd in honour's cause to die.

Fly

Fly those that fear—no noble knight (he cries)
Neglects the javelin and the spur applies :
The more the peril frowns, he bolder stands 255
To meet such peril with determin'd hands.
Behold me firm, whatever chance betide,
To show by certain proof my prowess try'd :
Place me where Phoebus darts his warmest flame,
My feet should hither speed to purchase fame. 260

He said : th' attentive sage with wonder view'd
Th' intrepid youth, and thus his words renew'd.

No knight like thee has ever met these eyes,
My speech but fewel to thy zeal supplies,
That prompts thee now to seek the glorious meed 265
Which honour gives for this adventurous deed ;
And well I deem in thee ere long to find
A prowess equal to thy dauntless mind ;
So shall thy valiant hands, with Heaven to friend,
Soon bring this arduous task to prosperous end. 270
Fate calls thee now thy living name to raise,
And crown thee after death with deathless praise :
Attend my counsel—when with fearless aim
Thou singly seek'st yon courser's power to tame,
(So may'st thou easier that dire fury quell, 275
By which before so many warriors fell).

Use

Use every art to drag to earth the steed,
When instant mildness shall his rage succeed ;
And he more gently yield to thy command,
That Xanthus fierce to great Achilles' hand. 280
Now hear his story, yet by few receiv'd,
And when thou hear'st it, scarce, O knight ! believ'd.
Brave Amadis of France, through earth renown'd,
To Oriana fair, in nuptials bound,
By tempest driven, with long and dangerous toil, 285
An island reach'd, since call'd the dangerous isle ;
That distant far beneath the freezing zone,
With other islands then remain'd unknown.
The champion there, with years and labours broke,
This steed subdu'd, and thence to Gallia took. 290
But when to brighter orbs he steer'd his flight,
And left the world to mourn his loss in night,
A wondrous chance the fatal steed befel,
In these black shades, within a gloomy cell
By Alquife * kept, whose magic-working mind 295
A mystic spell of strange effect design'd ;
That here detain'd, no knight by art or force
Should to his guidance bend the fiery horse,
Save him whose blood deriv'd its ancient claim
From generous Amadis of royal name ; 300

* A great enchanter in AMADIS de GAULE.

And

And him whose arm superior might could boast,
Or equal his amidst th' embattled host :
And from that hour which saw the magic deed
Complete, no eye till late beheld the steed :
Since when, the moon has twice ten times display'd 305
Her monthly horns to tinge the nightly shade.
And now by signs the fated time appears,
The fated time prefix'd in rolling years,
To break the powerful spell, so strongly fram'd,
And see at length the furious courser tam'd. 310
Nor wonder that, remov'd to Gallia's clime,
The steed still lives to this far distant time :
While magic charms o'er man or beast maintain
Their potent force, the Parcæ hold in vain
The vital thread, nor can their dreaded power 315
Abridge th' enchanted life a single hour.
All Nature's laws the magic seer obey,
Who shares with Nature's self an equal sway.
These woods conceal the cave, where veil'd in night
The courser never strays to meet the fight : 320
But luckless he whom rash desire impels
To approach the covert where retir'd he dwells !
Hence must I part—thou, noble youth, farewell !
And if thou hop'st to break the wondrous spell,

x

Forget

Forget not this—that when the steed o'erthrown 325
Shall press the earth, the palm becomes thy own.

Scarce had he said, when sudden from the view
Midst the thick shades the friendly sage withdrew :
Swift as the sun adown th' horizon guides
His glowing car to plunge in western tides. 330
Rinaldo wondering stood, and silent mus'd,
Like one whose brain, with feverish heat confus'd,
Sees dreadful visions in his slumber rise,
Of phantoms never shown to waking eyes.

The form that to Rinaldo seem'd a sage 335
Low bending with the weight of cares and age,
Was Malagigi, to the champion dear,
In ties of blood, in ties of friendship near ;
Indu'd with all the powers of magic art,
And the mild virtues of a generous heart ; 340
Since every hour he spent of lengthen'd days,
To assist the brave in deeds of virtuous praise.
He late Rinaldo for awhile restrain'd
To ease inglorious, and in France detain'd,
Till dire presaging stars their threats should cease, 345
And with his growing years his strength increase.
Now past the threatenings of malignant skies,
That oft dismay, and oft impel the wise,

The youth he sent, where on a tree dispos'd,
He to his fight the wifh'd-for arms disclos'd. 350

Meantime Rinaldo, with his steed, purfu'd
A tedious path amidst th' entangling wood,
In hope to reach, by track of welcome feet,
Through ways unknown, the courser's dark retreat.
At every noise, or breath of rustling wind, 355
His fancy raises what he seeks to find,

But through the forest still he toils in vain,
Till evening Phœbus gilds the western main;
Then near a fountain side (of four that fram'd
By Merlin's art, were through the region fam'd) 360

His steed forsaking, on the verdant bed,
Reclin'd at ease his weary limbs he spread;
Then with the river's tide, and homely food
Of fruits that wildly grew, his strength renew'd.
At morn he rose, again with eager haste 365

Pursu'd his search amid the devious waste;
But when Apollo from his mid-day seat
Had pierc'd the solid earth with scorching heat,
He heard, or seem'd amidst the groves to hear
The noise of steeds and hunters in his ear: 370

Then to the sound the youth his course address'd,
Desire and hope redoubling in his breast.

Sudden appear'd at distance in his sight;
 A hind of beauteous form and milky white;
 That, cours'd at speed, appear'd to fly from death; 375
 With feet o'erweary'd and with panting breath;
 While chilly sweats her feeble frame bedew'd :
 Yet fear so far her fainting strength renew'd,
 Still through the woods her rapid flight she took;
 And far behind the gazing knight forlook. 380
 He next high seated on a palfrey view'd
 (That with an arrow's speed the chace pursu'd)
 A blooming maid, in foreign vesture drest;
 Whose garb and mien her princely line confess'd :
 By whom the timorous beast her wound receiv'd; 385
 By whom was soon of harmless life bereav'd !
 Deep in her shoulder fix'd, with thrilling smart;
 Through sprinkled woods she bore the mortal dart.
 Rinaldo wondering mark'd th' approaching fair,
 Admir'd her faultless shape, her courtly air; 390
 Her lovely locks, part waving in the wind,
 And part in knots of beamy gold confin'd;
 Her rich embroider'd weeds, that gently press'd
 The hidden beauties of her swelling breast,
 And, clasp'd above the knees, to view expos'd 395
 Her snowy feet in purple buskins clos'd;

Her eyes that sparkling tender glances shed;
 The rose and lily o'er her features spread;
 Her ivory forehead, and her lips that smil'd
 With every sweet that sorrow's self beguil'd. 400
 Struck with the sight, the gentle youth amaz'd,
 With silent transport on her person gaz'd.
 Not so, Diana, when Actæon view'd
 Thy naked beauties in the crystal flood,
 He speechless, with enraptur'd looks beheld 405
 The peerless form that earthly forms excell'd:
 Those nameless graces that resplendent shin'd
 O'er all her sex, and every charm refin'd,
 Swift on Rinaldo's sense like magic stole,
 And seiz'd with grateful force his melting soul, 410
 There fix'd with sudden power Love's mighty throne,
 Where soon he reign'd superior and alone.

Then thus he spoke: O! whether mortal fair,
 Or born of heaven, may heaven's peculiar care
 Watch o'er thy peace, and every star that drest'd 415
 Thy form with beauty, join to make thee blest!
 And happy shall I deem my fate decreed
 For thee to conquer, or for thee to bleed!
 But since it now has pleas'd the favouring skies
 To give an angel to my ravish'd eyes, 420

O ! gracious hear^d, and let thy lips reveal
What yet from me the envious fates conceal,
That thus thy birth, thy state, thy virtues shown,
As now thy outward mien and grace are known,
I may with honours due thy name adore, 425
And thee, sole Goddess of my vows, implore.

As thus Rinaldo spoke, a rosy red
With modest bloom, the fair-one's cheek o'erspread.
So looks the paly regent of the night,
When windy vapours hide her silver light ; 430
With deepening blush her features lovelier show'd,
And brighter fires within his bosom glow'd.
To him the virgin then these words address'd,
Each word a flame and arrow in his breast.

Not, as thou deem'st, am I—O ! gentle knight ! 435
Nor can my merits soar so vast a height ;
Like thine, my form of human mould I own,
And subject live to Charles' imperial throne.
Yet, great in arms my brother boasts a name,
That draws from royal blood its lineal claim ; 440
O'er Gascony, by right of birth commands,
And now with Charles he wars in foreign lands.
For me, unfetter'd yet by Hymen's chain,
I love the sports of Cynthia's virgin train.

I dwell within a castle's neighbouring seat; 445
With me my mother shares the calm retreat;
Nor want I what my wish or rank may claim,
(Menials and friends) and Clarice my name.
But who art thou, Sir knight? thy deeds display,
Whose proffer'd service I with thanks repay. 450

To whom Rinaldo thus—My birth I trace
From mighty Constantine's imperial race,
Who mov'd the seat of rule to Grecian lands,
And left fair Italy in alien hands.
Of Clarmont's blood, my fire is Arnon nam'd, 455
Amongst the Paladins of Gallia fam'd;
Rinaldo am I call'd, whom zeal inspires
In thy defence to prove a warrior's fires.

Who knows not of thy fire with honours crown'd,
Of all thy race for feats of arms renown'd? 460
(Feats witness'd oft by many an eye that view'd
The flying foe by Clarmont's sword subdu'd)
Of great Orlando, whose all-conquering hands
From faithless Moors defend the Christian bands?
But yet no deeds of thine has rumour spread— 465
The damsel spoke, and as these words she said,
Each accent seem'd to rive his conscious breast;
He groan'd, with anguish and with shame oppress'd,

Inly

Inly he rav'd, with pain he drew his breath,
 He sigh'd for fame though bought by glorious death,
 Till to her mild reproach he thus reply'd, 471
 Her mild reproach that touch'd his noble pride.

I own Orlando's deeds so far transcend,
 That few with him in glory's list contend;
 But though so high his matchless worth I deem, 475
 (Nor let, fair dame, these words a boasting seem)
 I little fear to meet his arm in fight,
 And prove in equal field a recreant knight,
 Would Heaven but grant that now those lovely eyes
 Might see us both dispute the victor's prize. 480

He ceas'd: and sudden round the virgin drew
 Of knights and dames a brave and courtly crew:
 Some ill they fear'd, since borne with eager speed
 The chace she follow'd on her nimble steed,
 And left them far behind—but when they view'd 485
 In safety her, whom anxious they pursu'd,
 Each glistening eye exulting pleasure show'd,
 And every heart with loyal transport glow'd,

Her train she saw, and with a smiling look,
 To young Rinaldo turning, thus she spoke. 490

If Heaven, brave youth, with strength thy nerves
 invest,
 And breathe such courage in thy noble breast,

To meet Orlando's arm, whose single might
 Boasts every praise that crowns a perfect knight,
 With him in fields of dangerous Mars to vie— 495
 Here may'st thou now thy early valour try.
 Dar'st thou in combat brave Orlando's hand?
 Behold my warriors, a determin'd band;
 Let these in joust beneath thy valour fall,
 And thou, a single knight, oppose them all, 500
 Then shall I say such palms thy arm has won,
 As well bespeak thee mighty Amon's son:
 So shalt thou equal shine, with sword and lance
 To him, esteem'd the matchless peer of France.

The virgin ceas'd: her grateful words impart 505
 A sudden transport to Rinaldo's heart.
 Then thus: The task thou giv'st, transcendent dame,
 Demands a knight of no ignoble name;
 Yet much I hope—if thy all-heavenly charms
 With equal force inspire my feeble arms. 510

He said, and wheel'd his steed with rapid pace,
 And stood before the warriors face to face,
 Gaz'd on their martial mien with ardent look,
 Then thus aloud in threatening gesture spoke.

Ye valorous warriors! no imputed blame, 515
 Nor just revenge for wrongs, nor injur'd fame,

A nobler

A nobler cause impels my arm to try
How far your force oppos'd with mine may vie.
Be now defy'd!—and let th' event declare,
Who from the field the victor's wreath may bear,
And merits best to serve yon princely fair. 521 }

Then stern Alcaftus, whose undoubted sway,
(His father dead) Thessalia's realms obey,
As one inflam'd with mingled love and pride,
In bitter taunts, severely thus reply'd. 525

Infensate! well thou say'st—the present hour
Shall prove this faithful spear's resistless power,
And make to thee his fatal folly known,
Who dares another's strength, but weighs not first his
own.

This knight for Gallia left his native state, 530
In evil time to meet disastrous fate;
The charms of Clarice his wonder drew,
And to his heart the pointed arrow flew.
Between his sire and Charles, for years maintain'd,
An ancient feud with mutual hatred reign'd; 535
For this to Gallià's realm he came conceal'd,
Left outrage should attend his name reveal'd;
And, urg'd by force of tyrant love, bely'd
Beneath an humble rank his lineal pride;

Till

Till favouring fortune led him to obtain 540
A place in Clarice's attending train.

Rinaldo, when he heard the rival knight
With words so fierce accept the proffer'd fight,
His weapon plac'd in rest, and rein'd his steed :
The foe prepar'd for joust with equal speed : 545

At once both champions grasp the beamy lance,
At once embrace the shield, at once advance :
That, bears his point against the helm addrest,
Where o'er the forehead plays the dancing crest ;
This, with less art, against his rival's breast. 550

Unmov'd Rinaldo on his breast sustain'd
The spear, that many from their seat constrain'd :
But stern Alcastus, with a mortal wound,
Hurl'd from his courser, dy'd in blood the ground.

Again Rinaldo, firmly seated, flew 555
Amidst the thickest of the knightly crew,
And with two wounds two gallant warriors flew ;

Then with half-spear (his spear asunder broke)
He scatter'd deaths from many a fearful stroke :
Till splinter'd to his grasp, the crashing wood 560

Around the plain a thousand fragments strow'd.
His spear thus shiver'd, hope rekindling rose,
To breathe fresh courage in his shrinking foes ;

But

But still the noble youth the fight pursu'd,
Though all disarm'd his better hand he view'd: 565
So generous minds, unquell'd in every state,
Oft gain new ardour from disastrous fate,

Meantime fair Clarice, with steadfast sight,
Beheld the valour of this youthful knight :
That matchless valour first her wonder bred, 570
On wonder then her gentle fancy fed
With fond delight ; that fond delight to view
His deeds, himself, within her bosom blew
The kindled sparks ; and while she prais'd his worth,
By slow degrees she gave affection birth. 575

But now, in rage renew'd, the rival foes
With force conjoin'd the fearless knight enclose :
One from his helm the waving crest divides ;
One through his fencing shield the weapon guides ;
His vizor some, and some his limbs assail, 580
Each part secur'd in plate and jointed mail.
Rinaldo now advances, now retires,
And, dauntless, still to victory aspires.
His courser wheeling round, with nervous hand
He seiz'd the boldest of the warrior band, 585
Seiz'd by the gasping throat, and whirling round,
To distance cast him lifeless on the ground.

One

One on his helmet drove the pointed spear,

And vainly hop'd the battle ended here.

Him with a shock Rinaldo's fiery horse 590

Hurl'd from his seat : the youth with matchless force

Against another aim'd a deadly stroke

With gauntlet mail'd, and thro' his helmet broke, }

When sense and life at once the wretch forsook.

Nor yet their fury ceas'd ; but Lyncus flew 595

(Not flame more rapid) from the warrior-crew,

To closer fight ; when him Rinaldo tore

Fierce from his seat with unresisted power,

And sent the living weight amidst the foe,

Whb, fainting now, their former warmth forego ; 600

And, terror-struck, no longer dare engage

Th' unequal contest with Rinaldo's rage.

Then, lost in wonder, with a smiling look

Fair Clarice advanc'd, and thus she spoke :

Unconquer'd champion ! well by proof is known

Thy matchless valour—see the palm thy own ! 606

The cause of quarrel past, thy fury cease,

Behold each bends, and swears to thee for peace.

As when the skies the Tyrrhene ocean laves,

And buries vessels in its gulphy waves, 610

If chance, with looks serene, above the tides

His car triumphant hoary Neptune guides,

The

The winds are hush'd, th' obedient waters sleep,
And all unruffled lies th' expanded deep:
So, at her presence, at the dear request 615
Of that lov'd voice, the knight his wrath suppress'd;
And since, to where th' Hesperian billows roll'd,
Apollo stoop'd with flaming wheels of gold,
The wounded warriors on the bier they laid,
And thence by menials from the field convey'd. 620
But near his Clarice, with fond delight,
In pleasing converse rode the happy knight;
While as they rode, he sought her mind to move
With all the gentle eloquence of love;
Yet she or seems unconscious of his pain, 625
Or treats with harsh rebuke, or coy disdain,
That every hope with cruel fear depress'd,
And damp'd the transient rapture in his breast;
For though she sigh'd with passion like his own,
She durst not make, like him, her passion known: 630
Alas! she knew not love conceal'd acquires
Redoubled strength, and burns with fiercer fires.

Meantime the youth, unpractis'd to descry
The thoughts that veil'd by outward semblance lie,
Chill'd by her looks, that speak ungente scorn, 635
Feels with a thousand pangs his bosom torn.

How

How oft the fair in outward features show
 Unfeeling sense of love and amorous woe,
 Yet bear within a soft and ductile heart
 For ever open to receive his dart ! 640
 Unskill'd he views the sex's various kind,
 Who deems the face an index of the mind.
 To win their prey each covert art they use,
 Thus conquer man, who those that fly pursues.
 But most Rinaldo mourn'd, in fear his name, 645
 Yet undistinguish'd in the ranks of fame,
 Deserv'd not love like hers—he little knows
 What tender conflict in her bosom glows ;
 Yet hopes he still such future wreaths to gain
 As might, approv'd, her favouring grace obtain : 650
 Thus love incites the brave to generous deeds,
 As goading spurs impel the fiery steeds.

When near the castle gates at length they drew,
 Th' enamour'd warrior bade the dame adieu ;
 Who now, with gentler mien, her speech address'd,
 And, courteous, begg'd him there awhile to rest : 656
 But he, who first would every action prove
 Of knightly arms to win her noble love,
 To excuse his stay in grateful terms reply'd,
 And what his heart desir'd, his lips deny'd.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
RINALDO.

THE ARGUMENT.

RINALDO, departing, laments his love for Clarice. Her love for him. Rinaldo meets with two knights, Isolero, a Spaniard, and a British knight. Contest between the former and Rinaldo for the adventure of the horse Bayardo. The British knight pacifies them, and all three go together to find his cave. Departure of the British knight. Isolero is foiled and nearly killed by Bayardo. Description of the battle between Rinaldo and Bayardo. Rinaldo at last conquers and tames him. Isolero recovering, the two knights are stopt in their way by a strange knight, from whom Rinaldo wins the shield of Love. The strange knight then disputes the passage with them, but is conquered by Isolero.

THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
RINALDO.

RINALDO now departing, left behind
 His heart a captive from his breast disjoin'd,
 No soothing comfort can his grief control,
 Or raise to peace his love-desponding soul.
 Fain would he yet have staid, repents too late §
 He left the mistress of his future fate;
 Who rul'd a life, which till that day he led
 Free as the stag in native forests bred.
 Oft-times he turn'd his steed, oft-times resolv'd
 His backward course; now this, now that resolv'd:
 And while repeated sighs his accents broke, 11
 Thus to himself with trembling voice he spoke.

D

Oh

Oh ! cruel honour, whither wouldst thou force
 My venturous feet to trace thy doubtful course ?
 Hop'st thou this arm shall high achievements boast,
 When, left with Clarice, my heart is lost ? 16

The heart, not strength, insures the warrior's fame,
 And, robb'd of that, I shall but purchase shame :
 How could I bid the lovely dame farewell !

Her, from whose lips such gentle accents fell ; 20

Her, for whose charms my soul with rapture glows,
 Who only can restore my lost repose ?

Thou, cruel Honour, could'st my bliss restrain,

'Twas thine her dear request to render vain ;

The suit I wish'd compel me to deny, 25

And far, alas ! from her I lov'd to fly !

He paus'd ; and for awhile the earth he view'd
 With downcast eyes, then thus his plaint renew'd.

Insensate love (for, ah ! with love I burn)

To Clarice now counsels my return ! 30

In errors vain my wretched self I lose,

To embrace the worse, the better to refuse :

Shall I, whose fame no warlike deeds declare,

Intrude my presence on a maid so fair ?

Nought have I done (nor boots it to deny) 35

Can make me hope to attract her gracious eye.

Ah me ! full many a sign too well display'd
 That all my weak desert she wisely weigh'd :
 The just disdain that first the virgin fir'd,
 To claims like mine a just reply inspir'd ; 40
 And if she urg'd me at her seat to rest,
 'Twas courtesy that in her gentle breast
 The sense of my ignoble name suppress'd. }
 But when my prowess gains renown in fight,
 A manly boldness is the victor's right. 45
 That face for which I scorn the fairest dame,
 The face that kindles here so fierce a flame,
 Shall strength and ardor to my nerves supply,
 And plume my young desires with wings to fly.
 What though my heart be ravish'd from my breast, 50
 'There, in its stead, her lovely form imprest,
 To deeds of praise my lumbering soul shall wake,
 And courage wield his arms for beauty's sake.

He said ; while Clarice no less sustain'd
 The pangs of love, no less in sighs complain'd. 55
 Fast from her eyes a stream of tears she pour'd
 To bathe her cheeks, and thus her fate deplor'd.

What secret poison now, with mortal pains,
 O wretched Clarice ! inflames thy veins !
 What thoughts, unknown before, thy mind employ, 60
 That (while they please) thy peace and rest destroy ?

Whence spring this inward warmth, and strange desire,
That mingled joy and grief at once inspire?

Alas! too late I find my cause of woe,
When nothing now avails that cause to know. 65

'Tis love, whose will the proudest hearts obey,
Commands o'er mine with unrelenting sway;

'Tis he that raises flames and wishes there,
By turns now bids me hope, and now despair.

Ah! when could he, who gives both joy and pain, 70
Such sudden empire o'er my thoughts obtain?

When could this foe prevail, by force or art,
Ah! wretched maid! to seize thy feeble heart?
Had I no power to guard me from his might,
Or 'scape his hidden snare by timely flight? 75

Still onward journeying bold Rinaldo goes,
No peace his mind, no rest his body knows:
And now he came where thick with leafy shade
A lofty oak its spreading boughs display'd,
That caught, by fits, chill Dian's silver light, 80
A welcome shelter from the dews of night.

There, on the ground, which genial May had drest,
In all the beauties of her emerald vest,
'Two stranger knights reclin'd at ease he view'd,
Who cheer'd their powers by strength-restoring food.

With

Book II. R I N A L D O, 37

With courteous greeting these to rest invite 86

The noble youth ; their fair request the knight

With thanks declin'd ; at length no more deny'd,

But left his steed, and plac'd him at their side.

The strangers now (all satiate with their food) 90

Their interrupted converse soon renew'd ;

Such converse high of arms, as well became

• These honour'd sons of chivalry and fame.

It chanc'd Rinaldo told his purpos'd deed

To achieve the conquest of the magic steed : 95

When, from the two, a champion long proclaim'd

Expert in arms, and Isolero nam'd,

Thus spoke, with frowning aspect—Knight unknown,

Forego th' adventure thou hast dar'd to own ;

The trial's mine—and frenzy rules thy brain, 100

Shouldst thou contend for palms I seek to gain.

Rinaldo smiling then—Apollo freed

From eastern waves shall see me face the steed ;

Nor to another will I yield the claim,

Or pass such insult as degrades my name. 105

Then Isolero, in Iberia born,

Unus'd to hear the taunts of hostile scorn,

His sword unsheathing, made this stern reply ;

To me resign the enterprize, or die !

His friend, a gentle knight of fair report, 110
(Amidst the first of England's royal court
Esteem'd in fight) had try'd the steed to gain
With venturous arms, but try'd his arms in vain;
Though not alone he came, but with him drew
(In potent aid) of friends a martial crew. 115
This knight, whose eyes so late the courser view'd,
That many slew, and all his train subdu'd,
Who to himself, in such a dangerous strife,
Esteem'd th' advantage great to 'scape with life,
Address'd the Pagan, that with helm prepar'd, 120
And furious mien, the youthful warrior dar'd:
O valiant chief! (he cry'd) restrain thy rage,
Nor rashly thus in fruitless strife engage.
Nor yet in such a fearful task disdain
A partner's aid the danger to sustain. 125
Suffice that, join'd with one, thou dar'st assail
A steed, before whose force the bravest fail.

In vain he spoke; the furious Pagan knight,
Who burn'd with frenzy to conclude the fight,
Cut short his speech; around in circles threw 130
His flaming sword, and on Rinaldo flew.
With strength collected, thundering from above,
Against the shield the trenchant blade he drove;

The

The trenchant blade divides the lifted shield,
And sends the parts divided on the field ; 135
Then, passing on with unresisted sway,
Rives from the helm the remnant crest away :
The helm it cleaves not, but with dreadful weight,
Thence glancing downward, cuts the shoulder plate.
A stone beside them stood (an ancient bound 140
To mark the limits of adjoining ground)
Ponderous and huge! on this Rinaldo lays
His nervous hand (no feebler hand could raise
Th' enormous mass!) this heav'd, and lifted high,
With matchless force he made the ruin fly. 145
Not with such fury, near Pozzoli, driven
From central earth, beneath th' expanse of heaven,
Vast craggy rocks, by strong convulsion torn,
With roaring thunder to the clouds are borne.
The crushing stone the fiery Pagan struck 150
Full on his helm, but first the buckler broke ;
Along the plain was Isolero spread,
His members quivering, and his senses fled :
But death ensu'd not—though the warrior lay
A seeming load of pale and lifeless clay. 155
Rinaldo now, who deem'd the combat o'er,
And thought the Pagan fall'n to rise no more,

Dismiss'd all rage and anger from his breast,
 That in their stead receiv'd a gentler guest :
 He sigh'd—he wept—for still we see conjoin'd 160
 Pity and valour in a noble mind.

Soon Ifolero from his swoon awoke,
 Though scarce recover'd from the grievous stroke :
 Yet once again he grasp'd his sword, and flew
 With rage untam'd, the combat to renew ; 165
 When here the courteous English knight essay'd
 From cruel fight the Pagan to dissuade ;
 At length prevail'd—and now (the truce agreed)
 He to each mind th' adventure of the steed
 Again recall'd—If aught my words may move, 170
 Seek not, ye noble knights, this task to prove.
 What greater peril threatens beneath the skies!
 What mortal powers can win the fatal prize!
 Against this courser art and courage fail :
 He mocks the pointed spear, and twisted mail. 175
 But if ye still this dreadful hazard dare,
 Together to the fated cave repair :
 Then he, with whom the cruel steed shall wage
 The conflict first, may first the steed engage ;
 His partner stand aloof, and mark what fate 180
 In such a trial shall his friend await.—

But,

But, ah brave peers ! attend to my request,
(Though fear of death is banish'd from your breast)
With such a foe each wish'd advantage take,
And rather both th' assault united make. 185

He ceas'd : the knights his first advice approv'd,
But most his counsel Isolero mov'd ;
And when with radiant beams of morning light
The sun had pierc'd the sable veil of night,
The two bold champions rose with equal speed, 190
And each impatient press'd his foamy steed,
Their guide the British knight, who led the way,
Through nearest paths to where the cavern lay.
The knights, who now by good Rinaldo's side
No sword beheld, nor shield nor spear espy'd, 195
Address'd him thus—Without a weapon's aid
Durst thou, fir knight, the dangerous beast invade ?
Hop'st thou success without a warrior's arms ?
Or say—has cruel death for thee such charms ?
For arms (he cry'd) a dauntless heart I bear, 200
With this the brave can every peril dare.

In friendly talk they thus their course pursu'd,
Till near at hand the fatal cave they view'd ;
When here his leave the gentle Briton took,
And spurr'd his courser and the knights forfook ; 205
But

But these, dismounting on the grassy mead,
Each warrior first secur'd his trusty steed,
Resolv'd on foot the venturous deed to prove,
So might they better strike, so easier move
In closer circles, and with readier feet 210
By turns more near advance, by turns retreat.

And lo! the courser comes! with spurning heel
He strikes, and bounds in many an airy wheel:
Each nervous limb he shakes, erects his ears,
From his wide nostril fiery smoke appears: 215
He heeds nor trees, nor rocks that cross his way,
But breaks through all with unresisted sway;
With neighings shrill his foe to fight defies,
While to his hoof the sounding earth replies.
His colour bay, and thence his name he drew, 220
Bayardo call'd; a star of silver hue
Emblaz'd his front, and small his well-turn'd head,
Thick on the right his ruffled mane was spread;
White were his hinder legs; his ample chest
With brawny muscles strength of lungs express'd; 225
His shoulders large and firm, his sinewy feet
As thunder powerful, and as lightning fleet,
Such once was Cyllarus, ere Pollux' force,
Conjoin'd with art, subdu'd him to the course;

And

And such, ere Mars had rein'd their necks to war, 230
The steeds that proudly drew his sanguine car.

Dire though he seem'd, as sent to upper light,
A hellish fiend from realms of central night,
He swell'd with ardor bold Rinaldo's breast,
While Isolero transient fear confess'd. 235

On Isolero first Bayardo bends ;
The knight with rested spear the shock attends :
The furious beast breaks short the crashing spear,
No strength, or weapon stops his mad career !
Back shrinks th' Iberian knight with wary speed, 240
And yields a passage for the rushing steed,
That harmless pass'd, but with a sudden wheel
Turns as the knight unsheaths his gleamy steel ;
His sword he drew—for Isolero came
With other purpose than the steed to tame : 245
This task, from those that, well-instructed, knew,
He held beyond what human force could do ;
He came (since every other hope was vain)
To leave the courser by his weapon slain.

Far different thought Rinaldo's mind revolv'd, 250
Far mightier deed with peril strange resolv'd.

Against th' Iberian knight Bayardo turns,
Now here, now there, with feet alternate spurns.

The

The baron aims the weapon where from far
 Amidst his forehead shines the silver star ; 255
 In vain he strikes what ne'er was doom'd to feel
 A wound imprest with edge of sharpest steel.
 Again, with strength renew'd, the sword he heav'd,
 Again Bayardo's front the stroke receiv'd :
 The powerful beast the mighty stroke confess'd, 260
 That bow'd his head beneath his brawny chest :
 Dreadful he foam'd, against the knight he flew,
 And with a sudden shock to earth o'erthrew :
 The Pagan falls, and with him falling lie
 His empty hopes of glorious victory ! 265

Rinaldo saw pale Isolero spread
 All motionless, his sense and vigour fled,
 While life seem'd banish'd from the prostrate dead, }

And now the noble youth with eager speed
 Intrepid rush'd to assail the fearful steed ; 270
 Now near he drew, and now, his gauntlet bent,
 With matchless strength at all his arm's extent
 He aim'd a furious blow—the staggering beast
 Had ne'er till then such mighty force confess'd.
 His wounded mouth pour'd forth the streaming blood,
 And stain'd the herbage with a crimson flood. 276
 Less swiftly bounds an arrow from the string ;
 Less swift a falcon shoots upon the wing ;

Than

Than on the youth the raging courser flies ;
 With bloody teeth to seize his arm he tries : 280
 Back drew the wary knight, again he sped
 His mailed gauntlet at Bayardo's head :
 Bayardo turn'd, and dealt with thundering feet
 A stroke to cast a mountain from its seat.
 Close to his flank the gallant youth adheres, 285
 Since there nor hoof nor furious teeth he fears.
 By art, not strength of arm or weapon's blow,
 He seeks advantage o'er his cruel foe.
 Yet once (it so befel) his footing fail'd,
 When, lo ! with spurning heel the steed assail'd 290
 Th' unguarded knight—his side the stroke receiv'd,
 That near of sense and life his limbs bereav'd :
 He kept, yet scarcely kept his trembling feet ;
 And had he chanc'd the nearer force to meet,
 The hoof (with such tremendous sweep it came) 295
 Had shatter'd all his arms and crush'd his bleeding
 frame.

But now Rinaldo shunn'd a second stroke,
 That snapt and hurl'd to earth a solid oak ;
 An oak, whose root as far beneath was spread,
 As o'er the plain he rais'd his ancient head. 300
 Then ere his feet Bayardo backward drew,
 On these his nervous hands Rinaldo threw

And

And firmly held—while here and there the steed
 Impetuous snorts, and struggles to be freed.
 He bends his neck, displays his threatening teeth, 305
 While smoky clouds his flaming nostrils breathe;
 With neighings shrill he makes the woods resound,
 At length great Amon's son th' advantage found,
 And, by his art o'erthrown, Bayardo press'd the }
 ground.

As when the sea, that late in tempest high, 310
 With dreadful ruin menac'd earth and sky,
 Smooths its rough waves, and bids their anger cease;
 The waves obedient sink and sleep in peace:
 So when this courser, late the general dread,
 Had touch'd the earth, his native fierceness fled; 315
 All mild he seem'd, yet still a pride retain'd,
 A pride that all ignoble lords disdain'd.

And now his stately neck the warrior press'd,
 Smooth'd his rough mane, and clapt his swelling
 chest;

Loudly he neigh'd, as if rejoic'd to stand 320
 Beneath the pressure of his master's hand.
 The son of Amon, who exulting view'd
 Such savage fury by his arm subdu'd,
 The reins and saddle from his steed displac'd,
 And with the golden spoils Bayardo grac'd. 325
 Th'

Th' Iberian knight, who from Bayardo's force,
Lay stretch'd on earth a seeming lifeless corse,
Recovering rose, what time the blooming knight
With dauntless breast maintain'd so strange a fight.
Th' adventure thus achiev'd, in mute surprise 330
He stood, and seem'd to question with his eyes :
He little deem'd such strength of nerve to find
In tender limbs, such youth with manhood join'd.

Rinaldo now consol'd the chief, who late
The conflict try'd with unpropitious fate : 335
Departing thence, as fortune led the way,
A path they took that midst the forest lay,
And through the sylvan wilds at length convey'd,
Where sunk a hollow vale in dreary shade :
A warrior here they met, that o'er him threw 340
A surcoat mix'd with green and yellow hue ;
Who by his lofty mien and vigorous frame,
Appear'd of nervous strength and knightly fame.
Trac'd on a golden shield, the stranger knight
The quiver'd archer bore with pinions light : 345
His naked limbs were shap'd divinely fair ;
A bandage veil'd his eyes, with haughty air
He seem'd to tread, and bound in silken ties
Beneath his feet stern Mars subjected lies.

From

From Isolero's squire Rinaldo took 350
A powerful spear, and thus the knight bespoke.

To me, O baron bold ! that fated shield
Of right pertains—behold the spear I wield
Prepar'd in joust with thee my claim to show ;
Then haste to trial, or the shield forego. 355
No heart, like mine, consumes with amorous fires,
No heart, like mine, to constant faith aspires.

The stranger then—By proof shall this be known,
And if thou conquereſt, be the shield thy own.
Yet well I hope to hurl thee on the plain, 360
Or, failing now, my former boasts are vain.

This ſaid ; he wheel'd around with ſpear in reſt, }
With equal ardor brave Rinaldo preſt, }
Bayardo turn'd and to the fight addreſs'd. }
Rinaldo on his breaſt the ſpear receiv'd, 365
Which nearly from his ſeat the warrior heav'd,
So fierce the ſhock ; for ſcarce the ſtranger knight
E'er found his victor in the field of fight.
His ſpear Rinaldo 'gainſt the vizor ſet,
And death had follow'd, had the weapon met 370
A weaker helm, yet with the ſtroke diſmay'd,
Along the plain the ſtruggling chief was laid.

His

His feet recovering soon, he rose and gaz'd
 Confus'd and speechless round, with looks amaz'd,
 Then to the youth he gave the buckler won : 375
 Sir knight (he said) thus far my task is done ;
 But if thou seek'st thy further path to gain,
 Thy sword with mine must such pretence maintain.

Here Isolero spoke, who hop'd to claim
 By deeds a right to share Rinaldo's fame, 380
 Companion not unmeet—By me (he cry'd
 To brave Rinaldo) let this strife be try'd.
 Be mine the task to make our passage free ;
 In greater deeds I leave the palm to thee,
 My champion thou—he said, and left his steed, 385
 Then both the warriors to the fight proceed.
 Both know to ward, and aim with equal art,
 Both nerve of limb possess, and fearless heart :
 Each prompt in turn to press, in turn retire,
 And from his rival catch the noble fire. 390
 Now at the sword's extent, now near they strike,
 Awhile they fight with force and flight alike ;
 Till favouring fortune seems to yield at length
 To Isolero's arm the praise of skill and strength.

The bold Iberian * with exulting mind 395
 Perceives the conquest to his side inclin'd :

* ISOLERO.

E

The

The more the rival warrior's power decays,
The more his vigour swells, his spirits blaze,
He pours a storm of still-increasing blows,
He drives him round, nor rest nor pause allows ; 400
Till now compell'd his foe resigns the day,
And yields to them the long-contested way,

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

THE
THIRD BOOK
OF
RINALDO.

THE ARGUMENT.

A strange knight attacks Rinaldo, mistaking him for another. He is vanquished, discovers his mistake, and, at Rinaldo's request, gives him an account of the state of the Christian and Pagan camps. History of Francardo, king of Armenia, and his love for Clarinea, princess of Assyria. His conquest afterwards of the Temple of Beauty, where he falls in love with Clarice, at the sight of her picture : the embassy sent by him to Charlemain, in order to demand her in marriage, Departure of the knight from Rinaldo and Isolero, who meet with two equestrian statues of Tristram and Launcelot, the wonderful work of Merlin. Rinaldo achieves the enchanted lance of Sir Tristram.

T H E
T H I R D B O O K
O F
R I N A L D O,

AND now Rinaldo and th' Iberian knight,
 Who vanquish'd late the stranger's arm in fight,
 (The stranger, by his sire Ransaldo nam'd,
 Though from his after deeds the FIERCE proclaim'd)
 Pursu'd through various paths their winding way, §
 By night's chill shade, or warmer beams of day :
 But no adventure, worthy here to tell,
 By night or day the warlike pair beset ;
 Till pacing on, as low the sun declin'd,
 Along the banks that silver Seine confin'd, to
 A knight they met, who round his armour wore
 A furcoat rich, with gold embroider'd o'er :
 A billowy sea, that in his buckler flow'd,
 The fairest of the sister-syrens show'd.

Large was the warrior, and his limbs declar'd 15
 Strong nerve and bone, for martial toil prepar'd.
 Soon as Rinaldo met his eager eyes,
 And have I found thee, wretch! (enrag'd he cries)
 Discourteous knight!—and as the word he spoke
 With both his hands he aim'd a powerful stroke. 20
 Rinaldo on his casque the stroke receiv'd,
 And scarce retain'd his seat, of sense bereav'd:
 Backward he fell, upon his steed reclin'd,
 But soon recovering rose, incens'd to find
 A base assault of such unknighly kind. 25
 He foam'd, and reining round his fiery steed,
 With goring spur impell'd Bayardo's speed,
 And rush'd against the foe—as oft we view
 The well-breath'd hound the tusk'd boar pursue.
 Full at his head once more the trenchant steel 30
 The stranger aims; but well prepar'd to wheel
 His courser round, the warrior shuns the blow,
 That, harmless hissing, disappoints the foe.
 His dagger bold Rinaldo drew, and dy'd
 With smarting wounds the stranger's arm and side, 35
 Who, furious now, against Rinaldo's head
 And temper'd helm the thundering weapon sped:
 His mouth and nostrils pour'd a purple flood,
 And through his vizor gush'd the streaming blood.

Then,

Then, with a speedy aim, the youth who burn'd 40
 With dreadful wrath a sudden wound return'd;
 Above the brows his gleaming steel he sent,
 And the blood issu'd from the gaping vent.
 While thus the knights in sanguine strife engag'd,
 An equal fight their fiery courfers wag'd; 45
 And each, by turns, with furious teeth, with strokes
 Of spurning heel, his rival's rage provokes.
 Bayardo, fiercer than the fiercest steed,
 Than every beast of wild or savage breed,
 Rush'd on the foe with such resistless force, 50
 As drove at once to earth the knight and horse:
 Above, the courser lay, beneath him prest,
 With better arm and leg, the knight distressed
 In vain attempts by art and strength to rise,
 Still helpless fetter'd on the ground he lies. 55
 Meantime the blood fast gushing from his veins,
 Death soon had bound his limbs in icy chains;
 But, merciful as brave, Albano's * knight
 Forbids his spirit thus to take her flight:
 He quits his seat, his hand assisting gives, 60
 And from his steed the struggling foe relieves.

* RINALDO.

Then back retiring—Now, fir knight, prepare,
 If fuch thy wifh (he cries) to end the war.
 But he, who from his feeble ftate requires
 Far other cares, nor fight but truce defires, 65
 With humble gefture low his head inclines,
 And to the youth his trufted fword refigns.

Then thus—O chief! by courteous foul no lefs
 Than valorous arm, thy conqueft I confeß.
 Here had I, wretched, breath'd my lateft breath, 70
 But that thy generous aid forbade my death.
 Sure 'twas fome powerful caufe impell'd thy arms
 (Not brutal thirft of joy in favage harms)
 From which I late could fuch affault fustain,
 When both our courfers by thy fpear were flain. 75

He faid: Rinaldo, with admiring eyes,
 Awhile in filence gazing, thus replies.

Ne'er have I yet, forgetful of my fame,
 Againft a courfer bent my murderous aim.
 Ill fare the hand, that with unmanly blow 80
 Would wound the fteed that bears a gallant foe!
 Nor could this arm offend, with ruffian power,
 A knight unknown till this adventurous hour.

Soon as thefe words the ftranger-baron heard,
 His fudden wonder by his looks appear'd: 85

On

On Amon's fon he gaz'd, and while he mus'd,
From head to foot intent his form perus'd;
Nor doubted long, for soon reveal'd, he knew
The targe where love was painted fair to view,
The cause from which his error late he drew. 90 }

Brave chief! (he cry'd) a knight as base of heart,
As thou art courteous and of high desert,
Who bore the same device thy arm sustains,
Is he of whom my honour wrong'd complains;
And I, too blind with inward rage to know 95
A generous warrior from a treacherous foe,
And by that shield deceiv'd; with headlong speed
Would wreak on thee another's hateful deed.

He said; and seem'd preparing to recite
His source of quarrel with the traitor-knight; 100
But here Rinaldo, who with pity view'd
The sanguine stream that all his arms bedew'd,
First will'd that Isolero's skilful care
(Ere further speech his wasting strength impair)
Should search his wounds—for Isolero knew 105
This art, esteem'd by all the knightly crew.

His wounds now dress'd, the knight pursu'd his tale:
I came from where the powers of Charles assail
Proud Afric's bands, and scarce had pass'd the way
That rough and steep o'er Alpine mountains lay, 110
When

When lo ! a dame I met of aspect fair,
Who thence implor'd me, with protecting care,
To attend her steps to where her castle stood,
Beside the course of Seine's far-winding flood.
My faith I pledg'd, amidst surrounding arms, 115
To guard her safe from all impending harms :
For her I many a hardy toil sustain'd :
At length, one day a shady vale we gain'd,
Where on our path a furious warrior broke,
Who proudly thus with threatening accents spoke. 120

Yon damsel, warrior ! to these arms resign,
Nor dare dispute a prize so duly mine,
Else may'st thou not alone her loss sustain,
But worse befall—if still my powers remain :
For thy deserts can slender title claim 125
(If right I judge) to such a peerless dame.
As she in beauty, I excel in fight,
And thou must prove for her a recreant knight.

He ceas'd : when to his speeches swoln with pride,
By just resentment fir'd, I thus reply'd. 130

I leave my trusty spear alone to tell
How far in joust thy prowess may excel ;
And well I deem by proof ere long to find
Thy valour equal to thy courteous mind.

No

No more was needful: each his rival dar'd, 135
And each to show his martial skill prepar'd.
Though to the shock we rush'd with equal heat,
Both, firm and moveless, kept the courser's seat:
Yet, wounded in his breast, my rival shed
A stream that dy'd his various vest with red; 140
And fearing hence, the conquest easy deem'd
Would prove more doubtful than he first esteem'd,
His pointed spear he turn'd, with furious speed,
And through the vitals thrust my generous steed;
Then, with like rage th' unmanly traitor flew, 145
Beneath th' affrighted dame her palfrey flew,
And swift as lightning vanish'd from our view. }
Thus, left on foot, I speechless stood, oppress'd
With rage and wonder struggling in my breast.
First to her home the dame I safely led, 150
Then vainly him pursu'd, who safely fled.
Five times has night her starry veil display'd,
As oft have Phœbus' beams dispell'd the shade,
Since, wandering round, I sought to trace his flight,
To avenge such outrage on the name of knight; 155
But view'd no path that might his course betray,
Nor found a guide to point my doubtful way.

Rinaldo heard; and pausing, soon divin'd
The stranger sought the knight unknown to find

Who

Who green and yellow in his vesture wore, 160
 From whom in joust the shield of love he bore.

Then to th' attentive knight Rinaldo told
 By what event he won the targe of gold ;
 And from the camp besought him to relate
 What fortune now befel the Moorish state , 165
 And why, a warrior he of peerless might,
 By looks declar'd, and lately prov'd in fight,
 Forsook the field, where he with nobler claim
 Might add new trophies to his former name.

The knight reply'd—To solve thy doubts, attend 170
 With patient ear : what mov'd me thence to bend
 My steps elsewhere, my faithful lips shall show ;
 But first shall tell, what first thou seek'st to know.
 Imperial Charles commands th' extended plain,
 The shores, and passes to the gulphy main. 175
 The Saracens their scatter'd forces hide
 ' In forts of strength, but ill with stores supply'd :
 No friendly succours in their danger near,
 To raise their spirits, now deprest by fear ;
 While thus, in fate's extreme, the future shows 180
 A thousand deaths, and yet impending woes.
 Sobrino sage, who Garbo's sceptre sways,
 Fierce Atlas, whom Arzilla's realm obeys,

Defend

Defend the Moors — the first a perfect knight ;

The last a giant, horrible to fight ! 185

Amidst the Paladins no tongue can tell

The deeds that young Orlando's deeds excel.

His name each adverse legion shakes to hear,

Even Atlas and Sobrino learn to fear.

Now wouldst thou rather seek what weighty cause 190

A knight, like me, from fields of battle draws,

From arms and camps, that better might advance

My valour try'd than distant plains of France ;

It fits me first th' adventures to declare,

Adventures that befel (unheard and rare) 195

A king, to whom I owe a subject's name ;

And late to mighty Charles his envoy came :

Francardo he, that o'er Armenia reigns,

And neighbouring states in Asia's vast domains ;

Than whom the sun no braver warrior knows, 200

Of all that Asia's ample bounds enclose,

Mambrino sole except, to whom is given

Strength more than human by indulgent Heaven.

This youthful king confess'd a gentle flame

For Clarinea, high and princely dame ; 205

For Clarinea, courteous, good and fair ;

To great Assyria's king the only heir.

She,

She, wife as fair (though blest with every grace
 That decks the loveliest of the female race)
 Francardo's merits saw, and seen, express'd 210
 With favouring eyes th' emotions of her breast;
 And granting all that modest love can claim,
 Still added fuel to his growing flame.
 The youth, who found, by looks and gesture prov'd,
 Himself so dear to her whom dear he lov'd, 215
 Not life more valued, glow'd with ardent zeal
 By some brave deed his passion to reveal,
 The pledge of truth, and love's eternal seal. }
 One day he swore, in tribute to her charms,
 'Through Asia's realms to assert with knightly arms, 220
 That Nature's hand ne'er form'd a virgin-fair
 As might with her in female gifts compare;
 Nor from his limbs the ponderous mail lay down,
 'Till in each fortress, wall'd and regal town,
 Where'er he pass'd, he to her praise had gain'd 225
 The victor's wreath, by sword and lance obtain'd.

On such design, my king Francardo stray'd
 Through Asia's realms, and various proofs essay'd.
 He Thirbo, Dulicon, Algardo, quell'd,
 (All giants huge) and from the list expell'd; 230

Albrando, king of Tyre, to earth he threw,
 And all that held the spear, or falchion drew,
 His nerves were strong in combat to subdue.
 His arm the Babylonian Soldan dar'd,
 Portentous form! half human, half a pard! 235

The chief returning now for arms renown'd,
 Begirt with trophies, and with laurels crown'd,
 It chanc'd that to his ear the wonders came
 Of BEAUTY'S temple, spread by flying fame:
 In India's land the costly pile was plac'd, 240
 Where pictur'd forms the polish'd marble grac'd.
 The fairest maids and dames of every clime,
 Of past, of present, or of future time,
 Were figur'd here in Nature's genuine hue,
 And hence the fane its name from BEAUTY drew. 245
 Here life's own tints the breathing canvas fill;
 No product these of feeble human skill;
 A sage magician, first of all his kind,
 These strange effects by hellish sprites design'd,
 And fix'd a guard of monsters round the seat, 250
 To keep the threshold from forbidden feet.
 No eye can witness what the walls contain
 'Till first the beasts by some brave arm are slain.

But

But never earth that monster brought to light
 (Most savage, wild or dreadful to the fight) 255
 Could shake Francardo's soul: when now he heard
 This temple's honours through the east rever'd,
 He strait resolv'd the magic pile to view,
 With all its spells; nor fear'd the murderous crew, }
 Whose fury each unblest adventurer slew, 260 }
 He threaten'd from its deepest base to throw
 The stately pile, and lay its glories low,
 Unless that dame the noblest place possess'd,
 That dame who first inflam'd his amorous breast.
 He reach'd the temple, forc'd the savage guard, 265
 Essay'd the entrance, and the gates unbarr'd;
 Then view'd the female charms divinely trac'd,
 That in oblivion all his thoughts effac'd:
 Such grace, such beauty, now enchant his eyes,
 That Clarinea's fading empire dies! 270
 And midst these peerless forms, she seem'd no more
 To him that peerless form she seem'd before.
 Nor yet amidst these pictur'd dames display'd,
 Appear'd the features of th' Assyrian* maid.
 Full many a dame, though fair, the magic seer 275
 Unworthy deem'd an honour'd station here.

* CLARINEA.

Beneath

Beneath each portrait, mark'd in letter'd gold,
 The damsel's lineage, land and name were told;
 And when indulgent Nature's happy birth
 Her beauty gives to blest th' admiring earth. 280
 Amidst these dames, of more than human grace,
 The past, the present and the future race,
 One kindled in my sovereign's heart the flame
 Of fierce desire, and Clarice her name.
 The rest he prais'd, the rest with wonder view'd, 285
 But she alone his panting heart subdu'd.
 Fain would he thence, with amorous ardour, bear
 The lively semblance of the matchless fair,
 That hung, where near, the sacred altar rais'd,
 With sparkling gems in mingled lustre blaz'd; 290
 Where in a crystal lamp a light was seen
 To gild the statue of the Cyprian queen:
 But sage Anacro, by his magic skill,
 Though dead, oppos'd the love-sick monarch's will.
 Anacro was the sage magician nam'd, 295
 Like Zoroaster, or like Atlas, fam'd.

When now Francardo found th' attempt were vain
 To wrest the beauty from th' enchanted fane;
 He caus'd by art rare female forms to frame,
 Fair forms, expressive of his pictur'd dame, 300

In various modes, to such perfection brought,
On canvas pencil'd, or in sculpture wrought,
As mock'd the life : with these his fond desire
He sooth'd, with these he fed his growing fire :
Delusion sweet !—yet love permits not long 305
Such senseless forms his better claim to wrong,
But bids him hope to change these empty toys
For living bliss and more substantial joys.
Nor long Francardo can that ill endure,
That ill which asks each day a speedier cure. 310
To mighty Charles he proffers aid to lend,
And, join'd with him, the pride of Afric bend,
To make her powers abandon Europe's seat,
And ne'er again her rash designs repeat,
Would he to Clarice unite his hand, 315
Whose martial brother rules the Gascon land.
Full well he knew her brother Ivo sway'd
The Gascon realm, and Charles' behests obey'd,
His vassal king : this first Francardo read,
When on the pictur'd fair his flame he fed ; 320
And since, this knowledge from a peer he drew,
A peer, that well the court of Gallia knew.
If Charles consent to yield (and so believ'd,
Through all the camp the rumour seem'd receiv'd)

To him this peerless maid, the destin'd spouse, 325

Her former rites of Christian lore allows:

And should their loves behold a future heir

Decreed Armenia's regal crown to wear,

He wills that he his mother's faith obey,

Like all that own imperial Charles's sway. 330

These terms I in Francardo's name reveal'd

To mighty Charles, nor from the king conceal'd,

That should he these reject, my conquering lord

To Afric's bands would potent aid afford,

From Gallia's empire rend her ancient fame, 335

And thence by force convey the beauteous dame.

But though the king nor granted nor deny'd,

He gave me hope, while courteous he reply'd,

Yet nought resolv'd, for ill (the monarch deem'd)

In such a cause his rule or judgment seem'd. 340

To Ivo hence I went, who, well prepar'd

To weigh my suit, in answer thus declar'd:

He wish'd, ere with my monarch's love he clos'd,

To hear how Clarice her heart dispos'd;

And how her aged mother's will inclin'd, 345

That claim'd most empire o'er a daughter's mind.

Then Clarice I fought (my sovereign's will

With all an envoy's duty to fulfil)

When those, by Charles assign'd my guides, I lost
 While the rude Alps with heedless course we cross. 350
 Thus have I told, to these remoter lands
 What brought me from the camp and Christian bands.
 But more—if aught thy counsel sways the fair,
 At fitting time thou may'st her choice prepare,
 In Asia's realm the name of queen to gain, 355
 Nor overwhelm with swift destruction Gallia's reign.

While thus the Pagan knight his speech pursu'd,
 Resentment rising fir'd Rinaldo's blood;
 And now, with rage inflam'd, he seem'd prepar'd
 To prove by outward deed a foe declar'd. 360
 Soon as the knight had ceas'd—How rash, how blind
 (Rinaldo cry'd) thy lord's insensate mind!
 If e'er he thinks by lifted sword and lance
 To shake with doubt the fearless knights of France!
 Haste—let him come, and bring his boasted swarms, 365
 But little nurtur'd in the school of arms—
 Yet, if he seek not sleep's eternal night,
 Or own the smallest spark of mental light,
 No more in Gallia let him hope to wed,
 Nor overwhelm with shame his own devoted head. 370

He ceas'd; and parting thence, the knight forsook,
 And with th' Iberian chief his journey took;

§

Whose

Whose earnest suit to attend him, scarce compell'd
 The hard consent the youth had else withheld ;
 Who rode in silence, and but ill suppress'd 375
 The sighs that issu'd from his glowing breast.
 Now here, now there, his troubled thoughts he fed
 On all the champion of the fyren said :
 Hence cruel love, with still-increasing smart,
 To deeper wounds expos'd his bleeding heart : 380
 His heart by turns with various passions torn,
 With fear, with jealousy, with rage and scorn ;
 While each to each the changing field resign'd,
 And held dire combat in his tortur'd mind.
 So when the winds a doubtful strife maintain, 385
 With force alternate, for th' ethereal reign,
 Not half so swift revolves the engine light
 That points from high their veering course to fight,
 As, midst the scenes by wavering fancy wrought,
 Rinaldo fluctuates in a tide of thought ; 390
 'Till in their path, at unawares, they view'd
 What rous'd the warrior from his pensive mood :
 His eyes he rais'd, and 'midst surrounding shade
 (A nobler object mortal ne'er survey'd)
 Two champions saw, in mailed armour dress'd, 395
 By matchless art in sculptur'd brass express :

One hand, embrac'd, the plated buckler held,
 And one, in rest, the vigorous spear impell'd.
 These front to front against each other stood, 399
 With threatening mien, and looks denouncing blood,
 The spears, nor form'd of brass, nor temper'd steel,
 Though fashion'd like the rest with master-skill.
 Two slender scrolls the combatants proclaim'd,
 Here Launcelot, and Tristram there was nam'd.
 Thou wouldst have thought the steeds beneath them
 neigh'd, 405

And earth deep trembled to their bounding tread,
 Not distant far, of polish'd marble white,
 A stately pillar rear'd its towering height,
 On whose fair surface, goodly to behold,
 Mysterious verses shone in letter'd gold. 410
 Rinaldo stood, and long with looks amaz'd
 On this unequall'd work of sculpture gaz'd;
 Surpassing every reach of human mind,
 And such a work as Phydias ne'er design'd,
 Or my Daneses, far o'er Phydias held, 415
 As his the boast of Grecian times excell'd,
 Then where the column rais'd its marble head,
 These words engrav'd the youthful champion read.
 " Here mighty Launcelot and Tristram try'd
 Their mutual strength, each other here defy'd; 420
 These

These rivers still, this air, this conscious plain
 The echoes of their thundering strokes retain.
 These are their manly forms, by magic wrought,
 Such as they here the dreadful combat fought.
 Lo ! these the fatal spears, whose force sustain'd 425
 Their powerful onset, and unbroke remain'd.
 These (strangely form'd of twisted nerve and bone,
 Prepar'd from spoils of savage beasts unknown)
 Are here reserv'd, two warriors' hands to fill,
 Who those surpass in martial strength and skill. 430
 Let others from the rash attempt refrain,
 Nor risk th' adventure they must risk in vain."

The Paladin, who oft had heard the chance
 Divulg'd by rumour thro' the realms of France,
 Address'd th' Iberian knight, who gazing stood, 435
 And uninform'd the sculptur'd wonder view'd.
 To him Rinaldo told, that Merlin's art
 (To whom alone the fates such gifts impart)
 Those heroes dead, their figures here dispos'd,
 And in their grasp the magic spears enclos'd. 440

This heard, th' Iberian warrior, first in pride
 Of all his peers, to bold Rinaldo cry'd :
 Howe'er unmeet I seem with these to vie,
 This strange adventure now I mean to try.

He said, and stretch'd his hand with eager haste 445
 To seize the lance in Tristram's gauntlet plac'd;
 But soon the statue his design repell'd,
 And with a stroke to earth the warrior fell'd.

O! unexampled deeds of Merlin's power,
 Display'd through Gallia's realm and England's shore!
 Deeds far transcending human faith, that seem 451
 The vain illusions of a maniac's dream!

Rinaldo then in turn his hand address'd
 With martial vigour, but with doubting breast;
 When Tristram's image low his head inclin'd, 455
 His gauntlet open'd, and the spear resign'd:
 As if he bade the peerless knight retain
 That lance by numbers fought, but fought in vain.

Not with such transport from its native shoot
 A harmless infant plucks th' enticing fruit: 460
 Not with such joy the miser, brooding o'er
 His golden treasure, swells the heapy store,
 As now the youth the fated spear receiv'd,
 Exulting, he alone that bold emprise achiev'd.

This done, no longer there the warriors stay, 465
 But thence to new adventures bend their way.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE

THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF
RINALDO.

THE ARGUMENT.

Rinaldo and Isolero, travelling along the banks of the Seine, see a bark with damsels sailing down the river, and a magnificent chariot on the shore, with Galarena, wife to Charlemain, and the ladies of her court, guarded by a company of knights. Rinaldo discovers Clarice among the ladies attending on the queen : his behaviour on the occasion. He and Isolero attack the knights, kill or put them to flight, and Rinaldo carries off Clarice by force. Rinaldo's way is intercepted by a strange knight, of dreadful aspect, who first unhorses Isolero, and then, by a magic spell, deprives Rinaldo's horse, Bayardo, of the power of motion. The stranger carries away Clarice in a wonderful manner, notwithstanding the efforts of Rinaldo to pursue him.

THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF
RINALDO.

WHILE Ifolero and Rinaldo view'd
 The stately Seine, and on the banks pursu'd
 Their pleasing way, where, winding from its source,
 To reach the sea he held his silent course,
 A bark they saw before the breezes glide 5
 In easy motion down the yielding tide ;
 Her tackling gay with wreaths and flowers enroll'd,
 Her sails of silver, and her awning gold,
 There lovely dames celestial music raise,
 And blend their minstrelsy with vocal lays : 10
 At once their lips harmonious notes respire,
 At once their flying fingers strike the lyre.
 Drawn from their liquid depth the strains to hear,
 The scaly race and wanton nymphs appear,

Beside

Beside the courtly bark, not sailing o'er 15
The limpid stream, but on the flowery shore,
In regal splendour roll'd a glittering car,
With heavenly females, more than mortal fair ;
The perch was gold, enrich'd with mingled blaze
Of eastern gems, that cast unnumber'd rays. 20
Gold were the wheels, and silver plates encas'd
The various joints, with nails of silver grac'd.
Beneath the seats a purple carpet flow'd,
Where mingled flowers in labour'd colours glow'd ;
With rich embroidery, wrought by skilful hands, 25
And starr'd with pearl from India's wealthy lands.
The seats of ivory fram'd, more dazzling white
Than snows on Apennine's aspiring height :
Ten comely stags, with skins of milky hue,
And gay with painted horns, the chariot drew : 30
Around their necks were golden circlets roll'd,
Their tender mouths were check'd with reins of gold,
By damsels held, accusom'd these to guide,
While Love appear'd in all his pomp to ride.
A hundred knights were near (a shining crowd) 35
Of prancing steeds and polish'd armour proud.
Amidst the splendid wain, in princely state,
High on the throne a dame imperial sat :

Majestic

Majestic wisdom on her features shin'd,
 With every charm that decks the female kind ; 40
 And many a lovely nymph their queen enclos'd,
 With graces rarely to the world expos'd.
 Thus on her car, in silver lustre bright,
 The sun's fair sister through the peaceful night
 Directs her course, while round her silent roll 45
 Unnumber'd stars that gild the glowing pole.
 So Thetis, circled with her azure train,
 In tuneful concert swells the soothing strain,
 When drawn by dolphins through the parting tide,
 The billows, hush'd, beneath her wheels subside. 50
 These dames might bend beneath their sovereign sway
 The bosom most reluctant to obey,
 And teach with love the savage tribes to glow,
 That dwell on mountains clad in Scythian snow :
 What wonder then, if gentle souls, inspir'd 55
 With young desire, by charms like these were fir'd ?
 Thou, watery god ! beneath the neighbouring stream
 Couldst own the force of beauty's fatal beam,
 That, shot from sparkling eyes, resistless came,
 Nor all thy cooling waves could quench the flame. 60
 Thus hissing steel from sprinkled drops acquires
 Intenser heat, and burns with fiercer fires.

But

But chief the wondrous power Rinaldo found,
Long since in love's tyrannic fetters bound :
Unmov'd he stood, but not unmov'd remain'd 65
His struggling heart, that every check disdain'd,
And beating quick, would to his mistress fly,
Bask in her smiles, and languish in her eye.
Amidst this fair and honour'd bevy fate
The peerless maid who rul'd his better fate, 70
Distinguish'd plac'd beside the gilded throne,
Where Gallia's empress, Galarena, shone.
Along the banks their sportive way they hold,
All eyes attracting as the chariot roll'd :
But while with steadfast gaze, with glance on fire, 75
With all the kindling zeal of young desire,
He views that face, whose nameless charms control
His best resolves, and melt his amorous soul,
He calls to mind what late, with anguish heard,
The wounded knight of Clarice declar'd : 80
On this he dwelt, till now the venom'd pest
Sole rul'd the tyrant of his wretched breast.
Behold his transient joy by sorrow chas'd,
His cheering hope by gloomy fear effac'd ;
While every pang that rack'd his inward frame, 85
His tears, his sighs, his loud laments proclaim !

Ah

Ah me ! (he cry'd) shall then a rival gain
 Those charms that held me in their pleasing chain ?
 Depriv'd of her, I lead a life forlorn,
 Like sapless twigs from fading branches torn. 90
 Since thus another dares my bliss invade,
 Ah ! when will death afford his welcome aid ?
 Yes—let me die—since death's an envy'd prize
 To him who, rack'd with suffering, daily dies !
 If wasting grief, deriv'd from cruel woes, 95
 Suffice not yet my hated days to close,
 This hand can bid life's current cease to run,
 And do, what years with rolling course had done.
 It fits to die—and end at once the strife,
 The load of wretchedness, the load of life ! 100
 Repentant then—And shall I die (he cries)
 If other cure than death my fate supplies ?
 How have I, wretch, so lost the sense of right,
 And quench'd in darkness reason's guiding light ?
 What worse than death, unhappy, could I prove, 105
 Should she not only now reject my love,
 But crush each hope that flutters in my breast,
 Of that dear idol still to live possess ?
 Though fortune grace me not with lavish store
 Of sparkling gems, or gold's resplendent ore, 110
Whence

Whence now I seem (so different is our state)
 Unfit to join with her's my humble fate,
 She yet forbids me not, with dauntless soul,
 With strength of nerve, to reach the long'd-for goal.—

Then, perish he! through whom in grief I pine— 115

But first let lovely Clarice be mine.

The fair my captive, and the Pagan * slain,

Who then shall dare my purpos'd will restrain,

In sacred ties of Hymen's rites to join,

By every pledge of truth, her heart with mine? 120

Who then refuse to hail my love's success,

Her virtuous faith, and my desires to bless?

Such thoughts revolv'd, from Isolero's hand

He snatch'd a spear, and where the shining band

Of knights array'd in steel the car enclos'd, 125

He stood, and dauntless all their force oppos'd.

A fierce Maganzan, in Bayona born,

Oreno nam'd, the challenge heard with scorn,

And promis'd Alda, whom with love he woo'd,

To bring yon stranger, by his arm subdu'd. 130

Th' impatient warriors now, with eager speed,

On either side impell'd the foaming steed :

* FRANCARDO..



Nor

Nor either knight his weapon vainly aim'd,
Though different art and strength th' effect proclaim'd.
Along the plated orb, with harmless course, 135
Oreno's weapon glanc'd, with erring force ;
Not so the spear by bold Rinaldo sent,
This thro' the fierce Maganzen's buckler went ;
A buckler, fram'd till then in every fight
To guard its lord from stroke of hostile might : 140
Nor could the plate and mail the weapon stay,
Thro' plate and mail the weapon forc'd its way,
And with a deadlier wound transpierc'd his heart,
Than late receiv'd from love's more feeble dart.
The dreadful wound each breast with terror chill'd ; 145
But thine revenge and headlong fury fill'd,
Stern Aridan ! when breathless on the plain
Thou saw'st thy dearest pledge of Hymen slain.
Not winds more swift than thou to assail the foe,
Whose fatal prowess laid thy offspring low ; 150
But stunn'd and trembling, stretch'd along the land,
Thou fall'st, subdu'd beneath a stranger's hand !
Again Rinaldo to the combat press'd,
Again his lance unbroke prepar'd in rest ;
When fierce Galvano from the warrior crew, 155
With equal speed to meet Rinaldo flew,

G

And,

And, vainly now (the conquest deem'd his own)
 He thus address'd him in a haughty tone :
 The first encounter shall decide our claim,
 And one brave joust secure the victor's fame. 160
 He said : th' event confirm'd the words he spoke,
 The combat finish'd with a single stroke :
 But ah ! far other than his hopes ensu'd,
 His rival victor, and himself subdu'd.
 Rinaldo then, collecting all his force, 165
 Against the rest impell'd his generous horse ;
 And where the thickest press his way withstood,
 He brandish'd round the steely-pointed wood.
 First three his rage o'erthrew : of six he riv'd
 Th' ensanguin'd mail, and four of sense depriv'd. 170
 Unhappy he ! who, warn'd by other's harm,
 Shuns not the power of his destructive arm !
 For know, ye Gods ! your heavenly workman's hand
 Ne'er forg'd for Troy or Argo's favour'd band
 A helm or shield so temper'd, to oppose 175
 The fearful tempest of Rinaldo's blows.

When Isolero thus the fight beheld,
 And Mars in terror striding o'er the field,
 He felt redoubled zeal his bosom warm,
 And shook his quivering spear with powerful arm. 180

Then

Then fierce Anacro midst the throng he spy'd,
 What time the knight with daring wound had dy'd
 Rinaldo's hand and brows, and hop'd to view
 The warrior's death some mortal stroke pursue.

His vest was white, but Isolero sped 185.
 The fatal blade, that from his bosom shed
 A stream, that dy'd his vest and armour red. }

Onward he pass'd, as bold Hernando came
 On this new Mars * to prove his weapon's aim.
 Beneath his arm he drove the cruel blade, 190
 And thro' the mail an ample passage made ;
 Thus deep infix'd, the griding steel below
 Forbade the lifted weapon's threatening blow.

Though either brave compeer amid the fight
 Full many a proof display'd of equal might, 195
 Though, flowing fast from many a gaping wound,
 The blood in crimson steep'd the slippery ground,
 Yet oft themselves the cruel strokes confess'd
 Of hostile swords. by hostile hands addrest.

As when, amidst the dry and burning sand, 200
 The savage-mastives and the shepherd-band
 With two gaunt lions wage the dreadful fray,
 Whom hunger draws to rend the fleecy prey :

* ISOLERO.

The timorous flock, in rustic fences pent,
All doubtful stand, and tremble for th' event: 205
So, death-like paleness o'er each feature spread,
With mournful gesture, and with looks of dread,
The lovely dames their inward feeling show,
Sad victims of unutterable woe !
And oft, as shifts the fortune of the day, 210
Their passions change, their hopes or fears decay.

While thus the battle stood, and Fortune's smiles
Seem'd yet to favour neither party's toils,
A champion, born beneath the freezing pole,
Where through bleak snows the sluggish waters roll,
His lance extending, came, in certain trust 216
To lay Rinaldo prostrate on the dust.
Behold the end of all thy conquests near !
Even now thy days, unblest ! shall finish here :
No longer hope (he cry'd) thy wretched life 220
Shall 'scape the chance of this disastrous strife.
While thus, with empty words, the boaster read
Heaven's high decree, his lance Rinaldo sped ;
Driven through his mouth the bleeding tongue it cleft,
And, in the midst, of issuing speech bereft. 225
He reel'd ; but Faustus, with a pious hand,
The fainting warrior in his seat sustain'd ;

Faustus,

Faustus, then waging unsuccessful fight
With Spain's bold chief *, who sternly to requite
The friendly aid, with falchion fiercely aim'd, 230
Lopt short the pious hand, and left him maim'd.
Nor from the foe, thus maim'd, unpunish'd went
Th' Iberian knight *—the foe, with force unspent,
Th' Iberian's better hand in purple dy'd,
And pierc'd, but slightly pierc'd, his bleeding side;
Thence on Rinaldo heavier strokes bestow'd, 236
That to the saddle-front the warrior bow'd.
Stunn'd with the strokes, while Amon's generous son
Scarce held his seat, on him united run 239
The swarming throng.—A Gascon couch'd his lance
To wound the knight, when lo! by dire mischance,
His brother, for his foe, the weapon found,
Sad author of his own disastrous wound!
Unhappy warrior! by that weapon slain
Against another aim'd, but aim'd in vain! 245
With trembling voice he fell, his vigour fled;
His helmet gash'd a vital current shed.
Rinaldo now (his strength and sense return'd)
With tenfold rage, with tenfold ardor burn'd.

* ISOLERO.

Fernando this, and hapless Nifus knew, 250
The first he wounded fore, the next he flew.
As pour'd from Apennine's tremendous height,
The flood, with foam of torrent furies white,
More fiercely rages in destructive force,
As mounds and fences meet its downward course: 255
So grew his valour midst his foes enclos'd,
And fiercer rag'd, as more by these oppos'd.
Already, yielding now, the fainting band,
Beneath the strokes of his destructive hand,
With hopes of conquest all their courage dead, 260
Confus'd and trembling o'er the champaign fled,
And sudden in Rinaldo's gen'rous breast
All hostile warmth and rival rage suppress'd.
The battle's conflict fans the warrior's fires,
The conflict o'er, the noble blaze expires. 265
Rinaldo now his rapid courser turn'd
To where the troop of lovely females mourn'd
With tears and sighs; while pallid looks impart
The cruel thoughts that rend each trembling heart.
Before this fair and courtly train he show'd 270
A placid mien, and lowly reverent bow'd;
Nor seem'd less gentle now, than late he shin'd
In arms terrific o'er the warrior kind.

Mild

Mild courtesy on valour grace bestows,
As set in gold the pearl or ruby shows. 275

On Galerena then he fix'd his look,
When from his lips these studied accents broke.

Transcendent queen! beneath whose sceptred sway
Proud Gallia bends, exulting to obey :
What grief is mine, that whilst to thee my will 280
Inclines a vassal's duties to fulfil,

The tyrant love compels my feeble heart

To act a traiterous and disloyal part ;

From those bright dames, before their mistress' eyes
To single one, my long-devoted prize ! 285

But he, who oft o'erturns, without control,

The wisest counsel and the firmest soul,

Takes from my deeds all choice—and O! 'twere vain

To oppose his strength, or struggle in his chain.

In such a cause my crime may pardon find, 290

Such crimes are venial in a lover's mind ;

And hence I go, resolv'd some future day

My better zeal shall wipe these stains away.

So spoke the knight, and speaking, from the car
With soft compulsion drew the astonish'd fair, 295

While to her heart the blood tumultuous flew,

And pale and wan her changing features grew.

Fain would the queen the rash attempt withstand,
And snatch the captive from the spoiler's hand :
To free the maid th' enamour'd youth deny'd, 300
And threats and prayers in vain the queen employ'd.
Her on a steed of safe and easy pace
He gently seated, to some distant place
Resolv'd to bear the invaluable prize alone,
And woo her beauties in a land unknown. 305

With looks, where once the rose and lily join'd,
Now wan through fear, with eyes to earth declin'd,
Those lovely eyes that pour'd a silent tide,
The virgin follow'd slow her valiant guide.
The knight, who well by outward signs divin'd 310
The tempest brooding in her troubled mind,
To bend her thoughts his rising hopes to share,
From her sad breast to banish every care,
His winning speech to soft persuasion fram'd,
And thus in humble phrase her pity claim'd. 315

Fair dame (he cry'd) whence springs the cruel grief
That rends thy gentle soul, and mocks relief?
Ah! why does sorrow's sable veil disguise
The native lustre of those angel eyes?
What now appears misfortune's four annoy, 320
May prove thy future good, thy future joy.

For

For heaven's dear sake be then thy tears suppress'd,
And still the sighs that heave thy mournful breast.
Think not my wildest hopes would e'er offend
Thy purer thoughts—first earth asunder rend, 325
To entomb these limbs, ere I the cause supply
To pain thy heart, or dim thy sparkling eye !
Ah no !—securely rest—on thee alone
Depends my will—thy bliss includes my own.
And let me ne'er a wish on aught bestow 330
Unwish'd by thee—my source of joy or woe !

He said, and added more, that not to obey
Love's impulse blind, or passion's youthful sway,
He bore her thence, but urg'd by courage, cool'd
With sober prudence, and by reason rul'd. 335
He told what from the Pagan's * lips he heard,
And dwelt on all he knew, and all he fear'd ;
Then last his name declar'd, till then conceal'd,
And strait his manly face and golden locks reveal'd.
As when from parting clouds, in lustre clear, 340
The stars of Leda's friendly twins † appear,
The swell'd and angry waves no longer roar, .
And blustering tempests vex the deep no more ;

* KNIGHT of the SYREN. † CASTOR and POLLUX.

Thus,

Thus, at the glance of those commanding eyes,
Whence mighty Love his noblest flame supplies, 345
The tides of grief, the winds of terror cease,
And all her stormy breast is hush'd to peace.

The damsel on her lover sweetly turn'd
Her modest looks, while he with ardour burn'd,
With eager gaze devour'd each opening grace, 350
And hung on all the beauties of her face.

But while he ponder'd on the means to bless
His constant sufferings with deserv'd success,
What place might sooth her best, what courtship move
Her coyness to receive his proffer'd love; 355
Lo! one they met, who soon their progress stay'd,
Himself and steed in fable weeds array'd:
Horrid his mien! and on his shield he bore
A speckled dragon in a lake of gore.

Rinaldo, with a stern and haughty look, 360
He view'd from far, and thus indignant spoke.

Say, whither hop'st thou rashly thus to bear
(Ah! wretch!) a dame so honour'd and so fair?
To me a prize, thus foully gain'd, resign—
Be thine the shame of guilt, the purchase mine. 365
Yield, yield her strait—unless thou seek'st to know
How far this sword can pierce, or cleave my foe.

But Isolero, who at distance came,
 With tardier pace, behind the knight and dame,
 Soon as the stranger's challenge reach'd his ear, 370
 Advanc'd with speed, and vainly couch'd his spear.
 Sudden he fell before th' opponent's stroke :
 When thus to Amon's son the victor spoke
 In fiercer tone—With thee my power shall wage
 Far other fight, if thou presum'st to engage 375
 In single trial my destructive rage.

At this the Paladin, with high disdain,
 To proud Bayardo gave the loosen'd rein,
 But sudden he, amidst his fiery course,
 Sunk nerveless down, nor soon resum'd his force. 380
 Unlook'd for chance! and press'd beneath his steed
 Rinaldo lay, nor art nor vigour freed
 Th' impatient youth, who strove, but strove in vain,
 To raise Bayardo, panting on the plain ;
 And swoln with wrath, on either hand he try'd 385
 Threats, strength, and flight, and stroke on stroke
 apply'd.

Unlike his former self the courser lay,
 A useless load amidst the public way.

While thus Rinaldo rav'd, the stranger knight
 Against the champaign struck, with furious might 390

His

His potent spear, and lo! to view disclos'd,
A yawning gulf the central gloom expos'd :
Earth, with deep roar, her opening jaws display'd,
And Nature's laws the force of spells obey'd :
When issuing forth, tremendous to behold ! 395
On whirling wheels a dreadful chariot roll'd :
Four fiery steeds the wondrous chariot drew,
Their mouths distain'd with foam of sanguine hue ;
Their colour dark as night ; thick wreathy smoke
With gather'd flame from every nostril broke ; 400
Each cruel eye, with glaring venom fill'd,
The gazer's breast to sudden terror chill'd ;
Their neighings hoarse, and hoofs resounding loud,
Seem'd bolts and thunders from a bursting cloud.
To this dire car the knight unknown convey'd, 405
Half dead with fear, the pale and trembling maid ;
There plac'd her safe, and seated at her side
He snatch'd the reins the snorting steeds to guide.
Prepar'd for new debate, th' Iberian knight
Regain'd his steed to o'ertake the chariot's flight, 410
But the strong wheels with speed so rapid flew,
That scarce his straining eye-balls could pursue.
Increasing wrath Rinaldo's bosom fir'd,
Deny'd to give that aid the fair requir'd ;

Thus

Book IV. R I N A L D O. 93

Thus torn, ah cruel! from his arms away, 415
Like some poor fawn, the wolf's unpity'd prey,
Ah! hapless youth! how soon his hopes are fled,
Those hopes that late his eager fancy fed!
Despair and grief divide his soul: by turns
He sighs with anguish, and with rage he burns. 420

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE



THE
FIFTH BOOK
OF
RINALDO.

THE ARGUMENT.

Rinaldo, continuing his pursuit of Clarice, at length meets with a beautiful youth in the garb of a shepherd, who appears in great affliction. Rinaldo accosts him, and hears the story of his misfortunes : he and the young shepherd conceive a friendship for each other ; and both, by the advice of the latter, go to consult the oracle of Love. They arrive at the wonderful cavern, where they enter, having passed through the enchanted fire, and, after a sacrifice, hear the oracle delivered from the mouth of the image.

T H E
F I F T H B O O K
O F
R I N A L D O.

AND now the chariot vanish'd from the view,
 While gathering round the dust ascending drew
 A sable veil, that snatch'd from every eye
 The chearful splendor of the golden sky :
 When, sudden from the spelful influence freed, 5
 With thundering hoof the new-awaken'd steed
 Upstarting fierce, indignant spurn'd the plain,
 Once more obedient to the spur and rein.
 Rinaldo, though with grief and shame oppress'd,
 (The charm remov'd) his noble beast address'd 10
 To new pursuit, and urg'd his eager pace,
 Where the fleet wheel had left th' indented trace.
 Thick and more thick, around the car dispos'd,
 The extending cloud an ample space enclos'd,

H

Where

Where not the keenest glance of mortal sight 15
 (Keen as the lynx) could pierce the murky night.
 Meantime with torrent force the rain descends,
 Yet midst the storm and gloom the champion bends
 His anxious search, with unabated speed,
 As undirected flies his trusty steed. 20
 He throws up all the reins, the spur applies,
 And to his breath the smallest pause denies.
 At length, when Phœbus from the golden wain
 His courfers frees, and seeks the briny main,
 The cloud dividing flits in vapours light, 25
 Nor can he see, nor sees th' Iberian knight *;
 No object left, save trees, and lawn, and shade,
 And stately Scine, that cuts the verdant glade.
 What tongue shall tell the cruel pangs he prov'd,
 In those drear wilds, from human seats remov'd? 30
 For such a task all mortal skill were vain,
 Thou, Phœbus, canst alone inspire the strain.
 Wild with his loss, in desperate act he stood,
 By his own sword to shed his vital blood:
 Now death seem'd ready at the call of grief, 35
 Without a crime to give his woes relief.
 And now, with frantic gaze the stream he ey'd,
 Prepar'd to plunge beneath the friendly tide.

* ISOLERO.

But

But hope, that wholly ne'er th' unhappy fails,
While yet the breath of ebbing life prevails, 40
Though weak and crush'd beneath the stroke of fate,
Still struggles to resist th' oppressive weight,
And whispers to his soul some faint relief,
Some soothing thought to calm his rage of grief.
In search of Clarice he means to stray 45
Through all the realms that feel Apollo's ray :
When winter whitens every field with snow,
When Flora bids the rose and lily blow ;
Nor quit the search, till he the dame regain
That held o'er every sense unrival'd reign. 50
The dame once found, he fear'd no luckless hour
Again would part them, though th' united power
Of warriors, bred between the freezing pole
And burning circles, should his hope control :
Full well his mighty strength in arms he knew, 55
With love increas'd, his martial ardor grew.

Lost to himself, if e'er the wandering feet
Of stranger chance th' enamour'd knight to meet,
The knight nor sees, nor speaks ; in visions tost
Of fond conceit, his speech and sight are lost. 60
Or if sometimes a pilgrim's form he views,
His eager tongue enquiries vain pursues ;

When sudden from a voice unknown he hears
The plaints of sorrow in his wondering ears.
The noble warrior with impatient speed 65
To explore the cause impels his mettled steed;
Perchance with some fallacious hope imprest,
Still prompt to harbour in the lover's breast.
And lo! he view'd beneath a pine-tree's shade,
Outstretch'd on earth, a graceful shepherd laid: 70
His age the spring of life, when early prime
To Cyprian Venus consecrates the time;
When love each bosom sways, nor yet begin
The downy hairs to shade the polish'd chin.
Around his limbs a shepherd's garb he drew 75
Of snow-white skin, with spots of fable hue;
And o'er his locks, the loveliest of their kind,
In verdant wreaths the bay and myrtle twin'd.
Bare from the knee his well-turn'd leg expos'd;
His slender foot in azure buskins clos'd 80
Of finest grain, that richly to behold
Were ty'd in varied forms with braids of gold.
So seem'd Endymion once in Cynthia's eyes,
What time descending from her native skies,
Enclos'd by dreams and night's fantastic powers, 85
She pass'd with him the sweetly circling hours.

Thus

Thus oft appears from ocean's wavy bed,
 With splendors beaming from his radiant head,
 The star which beauty's queen complacent views,
 Whose purple ray extinguish'd light renews. 90

In such a strain the courtly shepherd pour'd
 His moving plaints, so sweet his woes deplor'd,
 The fiercest savage at his grief would melt,
 And hearts that never tender pity felt.
 Tears bath'd his cheeks, and tears his eyes o'erflow'd,
 Those eyes that lustre on the day bestow'd, 96
 While ambient air the burning sighs confess'd,
 That burst unceasing from his tortur'd breast.

Ah me! (he cry'd) why can'st thou, love, the foe
 Of every bliss, the source of every woe? 100
 With endless care to work my soul's annoy,
 To cloud my peace, and poison every joy?
 Alas! what boasted honours canst thou claim,
 What mighty triumph to enhance thy fame?
 A simple shepherd at thy feet to lay, 105
 Who own'd, when first assail'd, thy potent sway?
 I little once believ'd thy fatal dart
 Would deign to pierce the homely rustick's heart,
 When Jove's eternal weapons ne'er invade
 The harmless tenants of the rural shade: 110

But since thou deign'st on me, deprest below
Those nobler aims, such humble power to show,
Why wouldst thou fix my thought on views so high,
Where, hope extinguish'd, peace must ever die?
Thou, cruel, treacherous God! concealing still, 115
Beneath fair pleasure's form, the sharpest ill,
Thou bid'st me grasp (O luckless turn of fate!)
An object far beyond my humble state.

In other bosoms love from hope is bred,
Love feeds in mine, and grows, though hope is dead!
By beams of sun or star, the faithful dove 121
Pursues with hope the partner of his love:
The bull, in early spring, for fight prepares,
And, urg'd by this, his savage rival dares:
Each breast, where love is kindled, hope maintains,
In mine, alas! sole love the tyrant reigns! 126

While thus he mourn'd, intent Rinaldo heard
His plaints in bitterness of soul preferr'd;
And tender pity for the youth oppress'd,
With added pangs, his own afflicted breast. 130
Soon as the mourner ceas'd, with eager look
On him the champion gaz'd, and thus he spoke.

O lovely youth! whose sadly moving strains
So sweetly speak thy heart's consuming pains,

Accusing

Book V. R I N A L D O. 103

Accusing love and cruel stars, that shed 135

Their baneful influence on thy hapless head,

To me disclose the story of thy grief,

So pitying Heaven afford thee kind relief.

Behold a knight, estrang'd from every good,

Like thee by fortune and by love pursu'd. 140

Each hour I live, in secret flames I glow,

To others hateful, to myself a foe !

Securely then thy mournful tale disclose,

To him whose bosom throbs with equal woes ;

Since even the wretched soothing ease confess, 145

To find a sad companion in distress.

Touch'd with these courteous words, the stranger
rais'd

His comely face, and on Rinaldo gaz'd,

While down his bloomy cheek the tears pursu'd

Their frequent course, and all his vest bedew'd. 150

Then thus : If thou, O warrior ! seek'st to know

What cruel pangs from amorous passion flow,

Unpitied passion ! from thy steed descend,

And seated on the turf my tale attend.

Hear—since like mine, thy soul has learn'd to prove

The wretched thralldom and the pains of love : 156

Yet own, howe'er thy life with sorrows pine,

Those sorrows far, ah ! far excell'd by mine !

Then let thy courteous lips in turn disclose
The cause from which thy own affliction rose. 160

Where proud Numantia's ancient kingdom lay,
(The rival once of Rome's imperial sway)
Whose sons have oft, amidst th' embattled train,
The country drench'd with blood of Latians slain;
Where now the shepherd swains (a harmless band)
Have fix'd their dwelling from Hispania's land; 166

With evil stars I led my infant years,
Born of a fire whose wealth excell'd his peers.
A stately temple, by our fathers rais'd,
To Venus once with sacred altars blaz'd; 170

And every first returning morn to greet
Of genial May, accustom'd here to meet,
From neighbouring lands the mingled votaries came,
To grace with honour'd sports the Cyprian dame;
Nor wholly now they slight the solemn day, 175
But annual rites to hallow'd Macon pay.

There prizes rang'd reward the victor band:
Who furthest hurls the disk with skilful hand;
Who first, with strength and art superior seen,
O'ercomes the wrestler on the crowded green; 180
Who with his arrow gains the foremost name,
And strikes the mark that mock'd his rival's aim:

Who

Who with swift foot outruns the racer train,
And he whose spear can best the course maintain.
The damsels, sprung from humble state, advance, 185
And lead in contest sweet the sprightly dance :
While those whom Heaven allots a nobler place,
By birth deriv'd from more illustrious race,
With lip to lip exchange the friendly kiss ;
And she who sweetest yields the gentle bliss, 190
By common suffrage gains a wreath, to crown
Her beauty's charms with new acquir'd renown.

And now the sun has clos'd the second year
(To me how slow the days, the hours appear !)
Since to the temple, for my grief and shame, 195
To rites of May the fair Olinda came,
The fair Olinda, cause of all my smart,
Of lovely features, but relentless heart :
Olinda, to our king th' acknowledg'd heir,
Whose fame for beauty distant lands declare, 200
Ah me ! when first she met my dazzled view,
Through all my frame a chilling tremor flew :
Pallid and cold, with pain I drew my breath,
And life seem'd fluttering on the verge of death.
Nor yet these symptoms to myself reveal'd 205
The mortal poison which my heart conceal'd,

But

But still intent that lovely form I view'd,
 And nourish'd grief with love's delightful food.
 At length my wound I knew—but what avail'd
 To know my wound, when every medicine fail'd? 210
 Too late I strove—for love victorious reign'd,
 And o'er my bosom ruthless sway maintain'd.
 My fault I knew—but ah! condemn'd in vain
 The fault that ill befeem'd my lowly strain;
 Still tyrant love compell'd me to forego 215
 Each fond resolve, and rush on deeper woe.
 The living fount, with gurgling waters clear,
 Delights not thus the wearied thirsty deer:
 Not thus the pasture green, and dewy mead,
 Delight the lowing herd and fleecy breed: 220
 Not thus the fanning breeze and cool shade
 The pilgrim, fainting from the sunny glade;
 As those dear beauties charm'd my ravish'd eyes,
 Though by such beauties her admirer dies.
 The games begin - and first the sportive train 225
 Contend to whirl the discus o'er the plain:
 A gentle shepherd, in the manly play,
 From all his rivals bears the palm away.
 The wrestling next succeeds—and I, whom love
 Impell'd, my courage and my skill to prove, 230
 The

The conflict daring, each opponent foil,
And win the general voice to crown my toil.
The games proceed—and now the lovely crew
Of gentle dames their softer strife pursue.
Full many a nymph I saw (O envy'd bliss !) 235
With her I lov'd exchange the balmy kifs.
Ah me ! what sudden thoughts my soul inflam'd !
What tempting frauds my busy fancy fram'd !

Last in her hand the prize Olinda held,
For him whose swiftness in the race excell'd. 240
Prepar'd I stand, nor find declining force
(Though sick with wild desire) refuse the course.
Love can my feet with nimble wings supply :
In viewless motion to the goal I fly—
I pass the rest, and soon the place attain 245
Where sate the charming author of my pain.
Soon as I near beheld the royal dame,
A chilly trembling seiz'd on all my frame ;
The prize I took, and taking gently press'd
Her snowy hand, while virgin coyness dress'd 250
Her lovely cheek in tints of crimson hue,
And prone to earth her modest eyes she threw.

Apollo now withdraws his evening fires ;
With him my brighter sun from view retires,

And

And I, forlorn, in cheerless night remain, 255
The prey of grief, and still increasing pain.
O! had some power, in pity of the strife,
From wearied limbs releas'd this wearied life,
I had not then surviv'd, such pangs to know,
And feel the growing pangs of deeper woe! 260
In what dire conflict pass'd the sleepless night!
How dragg'd the heavy hours till morning light!
No more I hop'd to view that angel-face,
Those sparkling eyes, and every nameless grace;
But fate far other doom'd, whose froward will 265
Prepar'd to plunge me yet in deeper ill,
Our clime, our pleasures charm'd the royal fair;
The temperate seasons, and the genial air,
The shelter'd vale, the gently-swelling hill,
The shady forest, and the limpid rill; 270
The sylvan game—from early childhood bred
To rural sports, a huntress' life she led;
And hence she chose a castle's ancient seat,
And fix'd her dwelling in the lone retreat.
Oft times she issues forth at opening day, 275
With morning breeze, and Phoebus' glimmering ray,
What time the tender plants and flowers we view,
Bespread with sprinkled drops of silver dew:

Begirt

Begirt with huntsmen and with knights she stands,
 With dames and damsels drawn from foreign lands: 280
 She follows now swift stags and timorous hares,
 And now for harmless birds her net prepares.
 I that, with partners skilful in the chace,
 Was ever wont the field and lawn to trace,
 And through the country bore an equal name 285
 With those who praise for skill and swiftness claim,
 'Was soon with courteous look and speech retain'd,
 And midst her troop an honour'd station gain'd.
 Still was I near, for ever at her side;
 It seem'd that fortune now my wish supply'd: 290
 Her dog I led, her golden bow I bore,
 Or held her quiver with its deadly store.
 I deem'd it bliss to touch that envy'd vest,
 Whose amorous folds her lovely person press'd.
 Thus, thus I liv'd, till Phœbus' annual ray 295
 Again brought back the morn of flowery May;
 When restless love, who gives not perfect joy,
 While sweets untry'd the lover's thoughts employ,
 Who draws his votaries on to new desires,
 And, while he quenches, kindles fiercer fires, 300
 Impell'd me first to dare the fraudulent deed,
 Whence all my sorrows, all my woes proceed!

He

He with dark clouds obscur'd my reason's light,
Nor let my judgment sever wrong from right.
I purpos'd now, in female garb array'd, 305
To join the dames, myself a seeming maid ;
So might I hope (O! fancies rash and wild !
For which I live from every good exil'd)
To press that ruby lip, whence Cupid aims
A thousand darts, and lights a thousand flames. 310
Nor hard it seem'd to fashion such deceit ;
My youth, my blooming form secur'd the cheat :
No tender hairs, matur'd by ripening time,
Embrown'd my cheeks, that glow'd with rosy prime.
Full soon a vestment, fring'd with gold, I chose, 315
And all that female art or cost bestows
To deck their charms—my secret I disclos'd
To one in whom my faith had long repos'd ;
Then reach'd the temple, where I saw resort
The train of females to their festive sport ; 320
While o'er my face a snowy veil I threw,
To hide my features from the general view.
But, eager for their rites, the female throng,
Of me regardless, pour'd in shoals along.
Securely mingled with the rest, I seem'd 325
Among the maids a maid, and so by all was deem'd.

Full

Full many a lip (each fair in turn carest)
 With little joy, with less desire I press'd ;
 At length I came to where Olinda stood,
 Soul of my thoughts, my every earthly good ! 330
 Around her waist, as ivy clasps the vine,
 My arms I threw, and glu'd her lips to mine :
 When struck with instant doubt, all pale, amaz'd,
 The startled virgin on my features gaz'd :
 A sudden tremor then my members shook, 335
 The conscious blood my guilty cheek forsook.
 Her doubts increas'd ; with fix'd and nearer view
 She mark'd, and ah ! too soon my face she knew.
 Then fury kindling in her sparkling eyes,
 With low, but firm determin'd voice, she cries : 340
 How dar'st thou, wretch, so foul a treason frame,
 How dar'st to act what stains the brow of shame ?
 Hence—instant fly this interdicted plain !
 Nor hope once more to approach our chaste domain ;
 And if I now forbear with rigorous hand 345
 To claim the penance crimes like thine demand,
 Know this—I fear lest rumour's breath should raise
 Some lying tongue to taint Olinda's praise.

But wherefore should I vainly now reveal
 The cruel pangs I then was doom'd to feel ? 350

Whose

Whose sole remembrance still renews the smart
Of every wound that festers in my heart :
I fought to die—but when I drew the blade
To take my life, my friend the weapon stay'd :
To change my thoughts he try'd, nor vainly try'd, 355
With one who never yet his suit deny'd.
He urg'd me thence for France to bend my way,
Where (if report was true) a cavern lay,
Whose wonders wide around all tongues proclaim,
Nor tell its equal in the world of fame. 360
There, from a golden image, Love foreshows
To all his vassals future joys or woes,
And sage advice affords in every state,
Of threatening danger, or of adverse fate.
This day, when morn with early splendor glow'd, 365
The destin'd path a reverend stranger show'd.
Not hence remote, o'erhung with nodding shades,
The fatal cave a mountain's side pervades.
Say now, fir knight, what pangs thy breast may prove
From cruel destiny, or wayward love. 370
Then let us both to yonder cave repair,
And from the image needful counsel bear.

Rinaldo briefly next his story told :
Together now their friendly way they hold ;

Nor far they journey, ere the mountain nigh 375

They view, and soon the wondrous cavern spy :

A burning fire the cavern's mouth defends :

Full opposite a column's height ascends ;

Deep fix'd in earth of polish'd steel it shines,

And bears inscrib'd these monitory lines. 380

“ With fearless feet, ye loyal lovers ! press
That formidable cavern's deep recess ;
But you, ye perjur'd train, far hence retire,
Nor hope to pass yon interdicted fire.”

The lofty mount, that seem'd of living stone, 385

In lustre bright, like flamy crocus shone,

A magic work ! around whose sculptur'd base

A thousand figures rose with vary'd grace ;

The wars of Love, his numerous battles gain'd,

And all his trophies from the Gods obtain'd. 390

Florindo (thus was nam'd the gentle youth,

In love a mirror of unfully'd truth)

With courage equal to his faith, prepar'd

To attempt the cave, the burning terrors dar'd,

And passing through (as if a welcome guest) 395

His sense a pure and balmy air confess'd,

Such as from thick and mortal dregs refin'd

Feeds not the transient life of frail mankind.

Rinaldo, who, with looks intent, survey'd
The ancient loves of fabled gods portray'd, 400
Soon as he saw Florindo fearless cast
Amidst the fiery blaze, and safely past,
Eager to follow, with impatient speed
He safely first secur'd his foamy steed ;
To Vulcan's threatening then his limbs he gave, 405
And trod with step secure the secret cave.
Three holy priests there chosen to reside,
And every ritual for the place provide,
Devout attendants on the bowyer-god,
The strangers welcom'd to their lone abode ; 410
And at their altar, bade the knights prepare
To supplicate the winged power with prayer
And pious vows, breath'd forth from purest thought,
As by their kind and sage instructors taught.

Mean time the Paladin, whose better mind 415
The purer lore of Christian grace refin'd,
Abhorr'd these rites ; nor deem'd that aught divine
In sculptur'd gold would heavenly powers confine ;
But rather judg'd some fiend of hell, conceal'd
In such a form, the future times reveal'd : 420
For this, apart the gentle knight retir'd,
And these vain rites with silent gaze admir'd.

Indignant

Indignant now the idol had deny'd
His favouring ear, nor to the youths reply'd,
But Merlin, he who fram'd the wondrous spell, 425
Constrain'd the image each event to tell,
And wisely had prepar'd with prescient power
For every chance of this predestin'd hour.

A milk-white bull, that never yet had known,
In furrow'd field beneath the yoke to groan, 430
Whose breast but late with amorous heat on fire,
Confess'd the pleasing stings of young desire,
A grateful victim on the altar laid,
To mighty Love a sacrifice they paid ;
And next, to thee ! his beauteous mother, flew 435
Two gentle doves of more than snowy hue.
The rites complete, the cavern trembles round,
An earthquake seems to rock th' affrighted ground,
Above, below, repeated echoes groan
With dreadful voices, and with sounds unknown. 440
So when the south assails the stormy waves,
The roaring sea with double fury raves.
The statue nods his head, his pinions quake,
And rattling from behind his golden arrows shake :
When from his lips releas'd, these accents came : 445
" Rinaldo, thou pursue the path of fame,

Thy first desire ! with glory gild thy life,
 Then take the lovely Clarice to wife,
 And crown thy bliss—know he, that late convey'd
 From thy victorious hand the peerless maid, 450
 (The maid whose beauties, with attractive charms,
 Estrang'd thee from the great pursuit of arms)
 Was Malagigi, whose o'erseeing care
 His chariot brought, from thee thy prize to bear,
 And to her friends restore th' affrighted fair. 455 }
 Thou too, Florindo ! glow with martial fires,
 Since arms must lead to all thy soul desires :
 For know, if yet the truth unknown remain,
 Thou draw'st thy birth from blood of royal strain."

The voice prophetic left each beating breast 460
 With doubt uncertain, yet with hope imprest ;
 To anxious fear supply'd a short relief,
 And chac'd awhile the gloomy clouds of grief.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE

THE
SIXTH BOOK
OF
RINALDO.

THE ARGUMENT,

Rinaldo and Florindo arrive where the Christians and Pagans are encamped. Description of the discipline observed in the camp of Charlemain. Florindo leaves Rinaldo, and is introduced to the emperor, from whom he receives the rank of knighthood. He delivers a challenge on behalf of himself and Rinaldo, whose name he conceals, to enter the lists with any knights. The challenge accepted and proclaimed, as well among the Pagans as Christians. The jousts begun by Rinaldo, who vanquishes all opponents. He engages Atlas, the great champion of the Pagans, and wins the sword Fufburta. He fights with several Christians, and among others, kills Hugo, a young warrior of great estimation. Charles incites Orlando to revenge his death. Orlando and Rinaldo meet, unknown to each other: their battle described, till they are parted by the emperor, struck with the valour of the unknown knight. Florindo afterwards signalizes himself in various encounters. The day being ended, he and Rinaldo depart from the camp, Charles having in vain endeavoured to detain them.

THE
SIXTH BOOK
OF
RINALDO.

THE generous youths the cavern now forfook,
 And to Italia's realms their courſe betook,
 Where, preſt by royal Charles, the Pagan ſtate
 Already fear'd the worſt from adverſe fate :
 In preſence here of Pepin's mighty ſon *, 5
 They hop'd for wreaths in liſts of glory won ;
 And here Florindo purpoſ'd to demand
 The rank of knighthood from the ſovereign's hand.
 The ſoil they travers'd, which the Julian name
 And Julian deeds have long conſign'd to fame. 10
 The rugged Alps they croſt, in vain oppos'd
 To Afric's mighty chief †, whoſe art diſclos'd
 A paſs untry'd, to thee imperial Rome,
 Denouncing bloody war's impending doom.

* CHARLES.

† HANNIBAL.

And next they view'd Italia's honour'd clime, 15
In reverence held to far-succeeding time.

Hail, sacred realm, with palms and trophies crown'd,
All hail, for virtue and for arms renown'd !
Of heroes, demigods, whose glories fill
The earth, of genius fruitful mother still ! 20
'Twas thine to spread thy signs and conquering bands
To Nabatei and Hesperia's lands,
And scorning every hostile power combin'd,
(As just as brave) give laws to all mankind.

Rinaldo thus ; and speaking, as he past, 25
His eager eyes around the plain he cast ;
And saw the prospect rich on either side
With peopled towns and cities' towery pride ;
But no adventure met, that here might raise
His generous worth, and yield his valour praise ; 30
Or give the meed, which honour'd toil bestows,
The meed by virtue earn'd—deserv'd repose ;
Though long they travell'd many a tedious night
Beneath the chill of Dian's silver light.

At length they came, by early dawn of day, 35
Where near encamp'd the Franks and Pagans lay ;
And saw their banners to the breezes stream,
And armed hosts reflect the dazzling beam.

Now

Now rose the sun from ocean's wavy bed,
No vapoury cloud obscur'd his golden head, 40
And striking full on arms of vary'd hue,
From burnish'd steel a thousand splendors drew,
That darting to the skies a trembling light,
With glory pain'd, yet pleas'd the aching sight.
The plain appear'd to burn with Etna's fires, 45
When flash succeeding flash her gaping mouth respire.

Here Charles in three divides his martial bands,
Himself with one a rising ground commands ;
With one is Namus station'd on the plain ;
And prudent Amon guides the remnant train. 50
The fearful Pagans, by their foes enclos'd,
In Aspramont their troubled ranks dispos'd ;
Though numbers still, in many a neighbouring post,
Maintain'd their strength against the Christian host.
When now the attentive knights had view'd from far
The field, the camp, and all the pride of war, 55
Florindo, generous youth, revolv'd in mind
The noble purpose he so late design'd,
And urged his course to where in princely state,
Above the subject plain the monarch sat. 60
Not so Rinaldo ; he his courser rein'd,
And pensive on the field below remain'd.

Amidst

Amidst the warlike bands Florindo press'd ; [breast)
(Arms fenc'd their limbs and valour warm'd their
He saw them bent to various sports that frame 65
The nerves to toil, and rouse the martial flame,
All vile and coward souls, whose abject sense
Delights in slothful ease, are banish'd hence :
Nor dice, nor useless games the brave debase ;
Nor Bacchus here, nor Venus finds a place. 70
He only meets regard, whose force and art
From the tough bow can send the deadly dart :
He that with cumbrous shield, and heavy mail,
Can steepy heights with skill and vigour scale :
He that can leap, (regardless of a foe) 75
With nimble feet, the fosse that yawns below :
He that can fearless in the hardy field,
Now high, now low, the leaden cestus wield :
He that with nervous arm the sword can rear,
In fiery circles wave ; or shake the spear ; 80
And he, whose art with each opponent vies,
To win in crowded list the wrestler's prize :
Who dares to wield the ponderous disk engage,
And he who turns the war-instructing page :
Who, sheath'd in arms, on foot essays the course, 85
And he who curbs, or winds the fiery horse.

How

How loft are now the hopes of ancient praise,
 The manners, customs of primæval days !
 What different scenes in war (O foul disgrace !)
 We now behold amongst the Christian race ! 90
 He, that in slothful ease, in idle games
 Spends every hour, and Bacchus' feasts proclaims ;
 Who all his prime to joys of Venus gives,
 He, only priz'd in camp and army lives !
 What wonder then, if that infernal pest, 95
 That ancient foe to dying Greece confest,
 Should now with threats our western world annoy,
 By ruthless arts industrious to destroy !—
 But whither thus forgetful of the way,
 Do grief and anger draw my muse astray ? 100
 Whither can love and pity lead my mind ?—
 Ah ! turn and tread the paths we left behind.

Now, guided by a squire, Florindo went
 To seek the monarch in his regal tent ;
 Arriv'd, he found the guard that watch'd the gate, 105
 And begg'd admision to the sovereign state.
 Soon as with awe-struck eyes the king he view'd,
 He bent his knee—a solemn pause ensu'd :
 A transient colour flush'd his cheek with red,
 Then humbly thus with modest words he said. 110

O king !

O king ! to thee I come, whose glorious name
Like Phœbus shines amidst the world of fame :
I come from thee to obtain the rank of knight ;
With gracious hand confer the honour'd rite.

Thus he : the monarch at his presence mov'd, 115
That spoke a gentle birth, his suit approv'd,
And hail'd him knight, though yet unknown the race
From which his secret origin to trace :
Nor knew the youth himself what blood to claim,
Or what his lineage or paternal name. 120
Florindo pray'd Orlando's noble hand
(The scourge of God and bulwark of a land)
Might to his side the honour'd sword apply,
A sure presage of future victory.
Nor this the noble Paladin deny'd, 125
But to his suit in courteous words reply'd.
The gentle youth his thanks to each renew'd,
Then thus his interrupted speech pursu'd.

A knight awaits me near, with me avow'd
The slave of Love, and to his service bow'd: 130
We, by his torch and darts, have sworn to wield
Our arms for him, his champions in the field :
Before thy presence, Charles ! will we maintain
(The choice of weapons to our foes remain)

That

That he alone can true renown acquire, 135

Whom Love shall guide and warm with noble fire.

And hence, should one amongst your warriors prove

(Though strange to tell) the foe of mighty Love,

And this avow—the contest let him try—

A knight prepar'd, shall make with arms reply. 140

This bold defiance general honour won,

And many a warrior wish'd the course to run.

Then gave the king, by herald's voice, command

To spread the challenge through the Pagan band.

Soon wide the rumour flew ; and those whose heart 145

Ne'er felt the stroke of Love's resistless dart,

Or those who late the vassals of his sway,

Esteem'd his laws not easy to obey ;

Who now releas'd from bondage, still retain'd

Remembrance of the woes they once sustain'd ; 150

Appear'd with spear and shield to oppose with joy

His tyrant empire, and his power destroy.

Already Charles, descending to the plain

To mark how well the strangers would maintain

Their challenge given ; around their sovereign stand 155

The gallant leaders of each martial band.

Rinaldo, who the first encounter dar'd,

Awaiting stood with shield and lance prepar'd.

Gualtero

Gualtero first advanc'd the joust to meet,
 And headlong first was tumbled from his seat: 160
 A mingled murmur from th' assistants broke,
 Who wondering, view'd this unexpected stroke.
 The murmur ceas'd, as Anghileno came,
 To conquest us'd, in arms a mighty name.
 Each champion's helm the hostile spear receiv'd; 165
 But Anghileno, from his saddle heav'd,
 A shock so rude unable to sustain,
 Stretch'd at his length, lay weltering on the plain.
 Then Berlinghero, who the fall beheld,
 To avenge his shame with rage impatient swell'd: 170
 He plac'd the spear in rest, he spurr'd the steed,
 Swift as a bow impels the feather'd reed:
 But, fiercely smote, he stagger'd in his seat;
 The reins his hand, the stirrup left his feet:
 Again recover'd to renew the joust, 175
 Hurl'd from on high he tumbled on the dust.
 Full many, long by beauty's charms inspir'd,
 Yet now with generous emulation fir'd,
 Essay'd the conflict, but in vain essay'd,
 Each, like his fellows, on the plain was laid. 180
 Thou first, though strong of nerve and large of bone,
 O fierce Ricardo ! from thy seat wert thrown.

Rinaldo's force Alcastus, Brufus found ;
 Orion, Bressus, Pulion, press'd the ground,
 Ghismondo soon, like these, commenc'd the fray, 185
 And soon, like these, on earth ill-fated lay.
 With him Orino falls, who furious came ;
 Whose eager haste deceiv'd his weapon's aim :
 His elder born, Arbano try'd the course,
 His second prov'd no less Rinaldo's force ; 190
 Then Aldrimantes third, their youngest bred,
 Along the earth his vanquish'd members spread.

While thus with ease Rinaldo from his seat
 Each warrior threw, and turn'd their quivering feet
 Against the sky—behold, in armour bright, 195
 The Saracen, fierce Atlas, rush'd to fight :
 Huge as a tower he strikes the astonish'd eyes,
 His steed appears an elephant in size.
 The warrior view'd him with a brave disdain,
 And, fir'd with ardor, loos'd his courser's rein. 200
 Without a word or signal to engage,
 On him the Pagan rush'd in threatening rage :
 Nor more the generous foe his speed delay'd,
 But couch'd the lance yet ne'er in vain essay'd.
 The mute spectators gaze, intent to view 205
 Which knight to earth the rival knight o'erthrew :

Of

Of those their hearts through doubt and terror beat,
Of these through noble ire and martial heat.
With such a force, transcending human thought,
Achilles once and gallant Hector fought, 210
Where Ida, veil'd in clouds his sacred head,
And Xanthus' stream through subject meadows spread.
So rude the shock, that each appear'd to yield,
And, staggering, thrice to either side they reel'd :
Alike impetuous clos'd each fiery steed : 215
Of slenderer make, but sprung of fiercer breed,
Bayardo drove to earth the rival beast,
And gave to cruel death a welcome feast.
Slow rose the Saracen, who freed with pain,
His feet encumber'd by the courser slain. 220
Meantime the knight forbears to aim a blow,
But lights, with spear unbroke, to await the foe.
Proud Atlas, with a smile, insults the knight,
Soon as he views him from the courser light ;
Then from the scabbard freed he whirl'd around 225
His sword Fusberta, first of swords renown'd :
Rinaldo dauntless his opponent fac'd,
His better foot before he firmly plac'd,
His left behind—and in the midst the spear
He grasp'd, and dar'd the foe to combat near. 230

The fiery African * to meet the foe
Advanc'd, and aim'd a long-descending blow ;
The brandish'd spear the falchion's aim withstood,
And from his shoulder drew the purple blood.
With rising joy th' exulting Christians view, 235
But saddening fears oppress the Pagan crew:
The giant foams, deep rage each feature dyes,
And flames of fire flash dreadful from his eyes :
Loos'd from his grasp he let the sword remain,
Secure suspended by an iron chain, 240
Then seiz'd the spear, and with resistless might
Had nearly thrown to earth the Christian knight:
The spear he wrested from his struggling hand,
And hurl'd the weapon on the distant sand,
Fusberta fierce he wields—What now sustains 245
Thy force, Rinaldo ! say; what help remains ?
How could'st thou, thus disarm'd, elude thy fate ?
Loft is thy weapon ; but in every state
Thy heart is unappall'd—he marks with heed,
The falchion rais'd, and, leaping round with speed, 250
Avoids the weapon that in vain descends,
And through resounding air an idle passage rends.
But ere the Pagan aims a second blow,
Rinaldo closes with his desperate foe;

* ATLAS.

K

The

The right-hand seizing, with his dagger's-point 255
He wounds the wrist, then from the feeble joint
The falchion tears, while helpless to withstand
The giant views disarm'd his better hand,
And from his own good sword, with sad survey,
Sees death impending o'er his closing day. 260

Now those, who lately deem'd the stranger knight
Less wise than daring in so fierce a fight,
Whose arm, no trusty weapon at his side,
With single spear his mighty foe defy'd ;
While mute with wonder on the field they gaz'd, 265
His prowess equal with his courage prais'd :
Yet not a thought suggests Rinaldo's name,
'Though known to each his early thirst of fame.
The warrior soon his deadly falchion sped,
From the huge trunk to lop the gasping head. 270
Low sunk the corse, a pale and useless load ;
The haughty soul, while blood in torrents flow'd,
Dire howling, sought Avernus' black domain,
To dwell with horror, grief, and endless pain.
His spear regain'd, once more to fight address'd, 275
His generous courser young Rinaldo press'd,
But first (his well-earn'd prize) exulting ty'd
'The sword, Fusberta, to his manly side :

He

He saw completed thus his solemn vow,
 A weapon purchas'd from so fierce a foe : 280
 A foe, from whom such peril late he found ;
 A sword for temper through the world renown'd
 To cleave the mail, or aim the pointed wound. }

When Otho (who apart reluctant stood,
 Defrauded of his turn by Atlas) view'd 285
 The lifeless chief, his spear in rest he took,
 But fell, in front by brave Rinaldo struck.
 Then, hapless fortune ! from his saddle cast,
 By ruthless steel good Hugo breath'd his last.
 First with Rinaldo's bosom chanc'd to meet 290
 The hostile spear, and shook him in his seat,
 While fruitless he pursu'd his erring course,
 And spent in hissing air the weapon's force.
 Hence, rous'd to fury, on the youth he flies,
 Beneath his fury gallant Hugo dies ! 295
 One instant through his heart the weapon guides,
 One instant from his neck the head divides.
 The fatal sword that drove through Hugo's breast,
 The heart of Charles with equal anguish press'd ;
 For while in court he held an honour'd place, 300
 He shar'd, o'er all, his sovereign's partial grace,
 And now, to see him unreveng'd expire,
 His royal bosom glow'd with generous ire :

To great Orlando, standing near his side,
He turn'd, and thus, with friendly ardor, cry'd. 305

O ! thou, my best belov'd, my more than son,
O ! thou, the strength, the guardian of my throne !

Behold'st thou not, where gentle Hugo slain

By impious hands, deserts his social train ?

In prime of life, an early sacrifice, 310

Crown'd with our love and crown'd with fame he dies !

How bold in fight, how active to pursue,

How strong in virtue, to his king how true !

His loss o'er France should spread the cloud of grief,

And every eye lament their blooming chief. 315

But we ! O kinsman ! to his merits owe

The tenderest duties paid by kindred woe.

Shall such a champion thus resign his breath,

And unreveng'd wilt thou behold his death ?

Shall yonder foe that well-known courage quell 320

By which Almontes and Troyano fell ?

Subdue the boaster's pride—assert the claim

Of tribute due to Hugo's honour'd name.

Exalt once more the fully'd pride of France,

That now lies crush'd beneath a stranger's lance. 325

With words like these, the monarch would excite

His kinsman brave to meet as brave a knight :

But

But he, who first from empty strife refrain'd,
Nor fought for trophies in the joust obtain'd,
Declines the field ; till at his sovereign's prayers 330
He yields his will, and for the list prepares.

All, save his helmet, arm'd the warrior stands,
Then sudden for the fight his helm demands.
Soon o'er his brows the honour'd load is plac'd,
That once Almontes' noble temples grac'd. 335

Rinaldo, by his shield Orlando knew,
That, near advancing, to the combat drew,
And, joyful for th' event, his courser wheel'd
To dare the trial of that glorious field.

Here, muses, let your sacred fountain flow, 340
And mightier succours on your bard bestow !
Here equal to the theme his voice to raise,
And martial subjects sing in martial lays :
And thou, Minerva, now my soul expand,
As then thy power confirm'd each champion's hand :
'Tis thine no less in verse than arms to shine, 346
Of Mars or Phœbus either palm is thine.

As when in conflict on the wavy main,
Two vessels arm'd the dubious fight maintain ;
By turns their force against each other try, 350
While oars and changing winds their aid supply :

Dire marks of rage are seen on either side,
And deep beneath them groans the trembling tide :
So met the knights : with equal strength impell'd
The spears in thunder through each buckler held 355
Their dreadful course : each steed the shock confess'd,
First Brigliadoro, then Bayardo prefs'd
The sounding earth—again the strife to dare,
At once arose these thunderbolts of war,
Still prompt to strike, or ward the coming blow, 360
Each sees the valour of his gallant foe.
Before his breast Orlando's buckler blaz'd,
His better hand the fatal falchion rais'd.
While, circling round, in vain Rinaldo tries
With rapid step, and with observant eyes, 365
To find some pass expos'd ; the cautious knight
Mocks all his hope—a master of the fight !
No feint, no motion draws him from his guard,
To shift his station or neglect to ward.
At length his breast expos'd Rinaldo leaves ; 370
His breast expos'd, the rival sword receives :
For while above Orlando's weapon flam'd,
And seem'd at good Rinaldo's helmet aim'd,
Descending sudden, from his breast it drew
Some drops that ting'd the mail with purple hue. 375
Blood

Blood dew'd his mail, but from his eye-balls came
 With rage unequal'd, streams of livid flame !
 All caution now forgot, the steel he drove
 Against the creft, loud hissing from above :
 Orlando's head could scarce the blow sustain, 380
 He bent his knees, and stagger'd round the plain ;
 But soon recover'd, and as sense return'd,
 With boiling rage his inmost bosom burn'd.
 Such Jove appears, when from his wrathful hand
 He darts through sable clouds the forky brand. 385
 Rinaldo now prepar'd, as near him drew
 The fierce Orlando, terrible to view,
 Behind his buckler crouch'd, to meet the blow
 Impell'd with either hand by his tremendous foe.
 Thus, when the humid wind deep murmuring round,
 With rain unfriendly threats the fertile ground, 391
 The pilgrim, who beholds the lowering skies,
 To shed or cot for welcome shelter flies.
 But, though with frantic haste, the erring steel
 Turn'd in his grasp, and flat the weapon fell ; 395
 The buckler, with the force, in pieces broke,
 His helm beneath receiv'd the cruel stroke ;
 The creft it rent, but safe the casque enclos'd
 The warrior's head, and further harm oppos'd.

So fierce a shock unable to sustain, 400
 With both his knees Rinaldo press'd the plain :
 But soon great Amon's son recover'd stood,
 With rage redoubled, and with strength renew'd :
 His kinsman's shoulder felt the blade, whose force
 Through sever'd plate and cuirass held its course, 405
 And issuing blood had dy'd his shining arms ;
 But fate secur'd his life with potent charms.
 Like Cygnus or Achilles (names renown'd)
 Orlando's frame defy'd the threaten'd wound.
 Who now shall tell what direful strokes they dealt, 410
 How each from each the weapon's fury felt ;
 What shatter'd mail and harness rent away,
 Around the plain in glittering fragments lay ?
 What skill or vigour either knight display'd,
 Whose like in battle heaven had ne'er survey'd ; 415
 That heaven, which every mortal deed descries,
 By beams of day, or night's unnumber'd eyes ?
 The Christian host, the Pagan bands amaz'd,
 In awful silence on the combat gaz'd ;
 While with himself imperial Pepin's son *, 420
 Revolv'd what unknown knight such praise had won.
 Francardo now, Mambrino he divin'd,
 And now Clarillo rises to his mind.

* CHARLES.

Three

Three knights, whose worth is Fame's eternal theme,
Beyond the seven-mouth'd Nile or great Euphrates'
stream. 425

Meantime his cuirass-plates Rinaldo view'd,
And smarting breast with issuing gore bedew'd,
But found with edge or point he vainly try'd
To wound Orlando, who a wound defy'd.

And now his thoughts suggest in closer fight 430

To essay the prowess of the rival knight :

He hopes in wrestling yet his foe to foil,

Himself well nurtur'd in the manly toil.

His aim Orlando views, nor shuns to meet

The proffer'd conflict, fearless of defeat. 435

And lo ! the struggling warriors closely join'd,

With face to face, with arms and legs entwin'd,

His better foot Rinaldo now address'd

Against Orlando's left, and now his breast

With nervous vigour to his own he press'd. 440 }

Orlando then, with ever dauntless heart,

To strength unequal'd adding matchless art,

Around his neck in strict embraces clung,

And like Typhæus huge, a dreadful burthen hung:

Impatient now, the fruitless strife they view'd, 445

And briny streams each weary limb bedew'd.

At

At length again the former fight they brav'd,
 Now high, now low, their gleamy swords they wav'd.
 Their former fight renew'd, the plain around
 Again return'd the clashing armour's sound ; 450
 In air the strokes re-echo'd long and loud,
 Like peals of thunder from a bursting cloud.
 But royal Charles, who view'd with wondering eyes
 Two champions thus contend for honour's prize,
 Forbade all further strife—Enough in fight 455
 He deem'd the prowess shewn by either knight.
 Himself had every vengeful thought suppress'd,
 Which late the stranger kindled in his breast,
 And own'd the sovereign force of honour's charms,
 Of virtue, prov'd in deeds of glorious arms. 460
 Though rare it seems in human power to quell
 Th' impassion'd starts that in the soul rebel,
 The wise, on cool reflection, still restrain
 Each wild excess with reason's curbing rein :
 And oft it proves, where love of virtue dwells 465
 In generous minds and evil thence expels,
 By slow degrees it quenches all desire
 Of fell revenge, till hate and rage expire.
 For noble spirits, of congenial kind,
 Whom friendly links of social union bind, 470

If e'er perchance, awhile the tie they loose,
Soon stronger love the gentle band renews.

The prudent king, his anger chang'd to love,
Between the noble knights his courser drove :
So seems some barrier rais'd amidst the meads, 475
To part the rage of two ungovern'd steeds.
He with a look those haughty chiefs restrain'd,
A look where more than mortal greatness reign'd,
Then thus in soothing speech their ears address'd,
And calm'd the rage in either rival breast. 480

Ah ! cease in such a quarrel to pursue
Your mutual peril—wrath and hate subdue ;
And since each knight has made in combat known,
His skill and force, to either army shown,
Now show how each, at reason's powerful sway 485
Himself can conquer and her laws obey.
Your virtues prov'd, attend a monarch's prayer—
Let others now the field of glory share.

Embrace, my sons ! and let me hope to find
All discord chac'd from either generous mind. 490
And thou, O valiant stranger ! now unfold,
(Whose hand is mighty as thy heart is bold)
Thy name and lineage—so my lips may tell
A knight whose worth and deeds all praise excel.

Rinaldo

Rinaldo then—O ! king, my humble state 495
 But little claims attention from the great,
 And least from thee—nor can I, void of shame,
 In arms unknown, reveal my worthless name.
 For what thou further bid'st, whate'er befall,
 I stand prepar'd to obey thy will in all : 500
 And here the laurel and the palm of fight
 I gladly yield to yon unconquer'd knight.

He said ; and reverent low his head inclin'd
 To kiss his kinsman's hand, whose noble mind
 Forbade this homage, but with courteous grace 505
 Conferr'd the welcome of a friend's embrace :
 Him glorious victor of the field he nam'd,
 And to the skies his valour's praise proclaim'd :
 Then, at his word, a suit of arms was brought,
 Compact of scale, with art and labour wrought, 510
 Of adamantine temper, prov'd in fight,
 His trophy conquer'd from a Moorish knight.
 The azure surcoat, splendid to behold,
 With silver rich, and rich with labour'd gold.
 These arms he gave the youth ; for well he view'd 515
 Rinaldo's arms in battle pierc'd and hew'd.
 Nor by his kinsman would the noble son
 Of Amon rest in courteous deeds outdone ;

But

But bade his squire produce a lion's hide,
The tawny hairs with white diversify'd ; 520
A native once of Afric's savage land,
The present of a gentle baron's hand :
Ponderous the spoils ! with head and grisly jaws,
With yellow curling mane and golden paws.
This gift Rinaldo destin'd to requite 525
The generous courtesy of Brava's knight *.

Meantime the stern Maganzan Gryphon stay'd,
And rav'd impatient for the joust delay'd.
The haughty warrior from his steed on high,
With warlike port attracted every eye. 530
Such was his pride, he deem'd the prize from all,
For deeds of valour, on himself must fall.
With him had nearly now Rinaldo clos'd,
But here the young Florindo interpos'd.
Already had he wrought (the youth declar'd) 535
Such deeds as each with wonder should regard ;
Behov'd him now, all bleeding from the fray,
To heal his wounds, and yield the glorious day
To him, who ne'er had earn'd a warrior's name,
A ~~calm~~ spectator of the deeds of fame. 540

Behold, O Gryphon ! he whose force shall make
Thy lofty soul her empty pride forsake !

* ORLANDO.

Thou,

Thou, that didst scorn Orlando's arm to fear,
Now fall'st (O shame !) beneath a stripling's spear.
Florindo then Avino laid in dust ; 545
And Ansuigi vanquish'd in the joust :
Alike his arm with Dionysius dealt ;
His force Avorio and Anselmo felt :
The Scot Salmones, English Albert found ,
Vistanio, sent from Paris, press'd the ground. 550
With these he hurl'd to earth a numerous train,
And reap'd full harvest of the martial plain.
Rinaldo, with expanding heart, survey'd
The noble deeds his brave compeer display'd.
At length, the jousts complete, the day expir'd, 555
And Charles, attended, to his tent retir'd ;
But ere he parted, fought awhile to stay
The two brave warriors from their purpos'd way ;
And urg'd again Rinaldo to reveal
His name and country, nor his state conceal ; 560
But urg'd in vain—and hence the monarch ceas'd
From more entreaty ; and the knights releas'd
With fair accord—when these in haste withdrew,
Through other lands adventures to pursue.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE

THE
SEVENTH BOOK
OF
RINALDO.

THE ARGUMENT.

Rinaldo and Florindo depart from the Christian camp, and hear the lamentation of Hugo's father for the death of his son killed by Rinaldo. The two knights arrive in the mournful wood, where they find a company of knights weeping over the tomb of a dead lady. Rinaldo engages the knight of the tomb, and destroys the enchantment. Story of the knight of the tomb. Rinaldo and his friend afterwards arrive at the Palace of COURTESY, on Mount Paufilippo. The place described. Their reception.

T H E
S E V E N T H B O O K
O F
R I N A L D O.

T H E warlike pair forfake the tented plain,
Where no fresh palms to grace their deeds
remain,

Since in their forts the Moorish squadrons lie,
Nor issue forth the chance of arms to try.
The knights their way to new adventures take, 5
To encounter future toils for honour's sake;
That honour warm in every noble breast,
The foe of sloth and unperforming rest.

Meantime they see from kindled torches stream
Across the fields full many a friendly beam; -10
That through the gloom of all-concealing night,
Restores each object to the doubtful sight.
And listening now, the deep complaints they hear
Of sorrow breaking on the troubled ear :

L

Loud

Loud and more loud the plaintive accents grew, 15
Till nearer now the lights approaching drew :
With these a man low bent with weight of years,
Such as the closing stage of life appears :
His limbs array'd in mourning's sable vest,
With heart-felt anguish on his looks imprest. 20
He sigh'd, he wept, he beat in wild despair
His cheeks, and breast, and rent his hoary hair.
Lo ! this the fire of gallant Hugo slain,
The fire, who mingling with the martial train,
Through care paternal with his offspring came ; 25
Too old himself to fight in fields of fame.
With stars averse, with ill-presaging skies,
He came, alas ! to see with woeful eyes,
The fatal chance ; from such a fight to prove
The deepest anguish of a father's love. 30
Soon as the pale, the headless corse he view'd,
In issuing streams of crimson gore imbru'd,
He fell, and falling on his Hugo's breast,
The body in his wild embraces press'd ;
Then to the wound his reverend face apply'd, 35
The wound still gaping in his bleeding side :
So lay the wretched fire, his senses fled,
Himself half senseless o'er the senseless dead.

But when his spirit to its home return'd,
Again he wept, with sighs his bosom burn'd, 40
Till from his trembling lips these accents broke,
And thus in agony of soul he spoke.

O son belov'd ! O son, my sole delight !
My only offspring, slaughter'd in my sight !
There liest thou slain—and, ah ! heart-rending thought !
For such a cause to death untimely brought ! 46
O ! fatal end of unavailing prayer !
O ! fruitless hopes ! O vows dispers'd in air !
Why must I, ruthless powers ! such grief sustain !
Ah ! why of heaven and heaven's decrees complain ? 50
Yet thou, who gave him birth, in death art blest,
Thou, dearest comfort ! sleep'st in peaceful rest ;
While I, unhappy, but prolong my date,
To drain the last and bitter dregs of fate !
Ah ! where is now the visage lopt away 55
From that dear trunk ?—perchance a stranger's prey !
No more that face a father's eyes shall bless !
No more a father's kiss that lip shall press !

He said, and searching round, with heedful view
In blood and dust the fully'd features knew : 60
Eager he ran, his frantic hands he spread,
Unlac'd the helm, and kiss'd the ghastly head,

Then bath'd it with his tears—heart-breaking fight !
An object dire of horror and affright !
Fix'd on the head he bent his earnest look ; 65
This in his pious trembling hands he took ;
This to his lip from time to time he drew,
Nor shrunk with terror from the dreadful view ;
How strong paternal love !—at length renew'd,
He thus, with sobs increas'd, his plaints pursu'd. 70

Ah ! where is now that eye's dear lustre fled ?
The grace so lately o'er those features spread ?
These cheeks no more their bloomy colour boast,
The lively ruby of his lip is lost !
Is that the face (with squalid gore imbru'd). 75
The face which once with fond delight I view'd ?
The more my blessing then, the deeper now
I feel my sorrows—sunk from joy to woe !
Ah ! take the last sad rites to grace thy shade,
The rites more fitly to a father paid. 80
With these unhappy hands thy eyes I close,
Farewell !—for ever now in peace repose.
By me if unreveng'd my Hugo lies,
Know Heaven such solace to my age denies ;
That Heaven which now, with time's all-wasting course
Has drain'd my wither'd limbs of youthful force. 86

Touch'd

Touch'd with the sufferer's fate, Rinaldo felt
His generous breast with tender pity melt :
Fain would he yield his pangs some kind relief,
By nature prompt to sympathize with grief: 90
But well he knew his speeches must impart
Not balm, but anguish to a father's heart :
Then silent from the mournful scene he goes
Lamenting thus another's cureless woes.

And now in rustic sheds the warriors choose 95
A shelter from the night and lunar dews.
But soon as morn revives her purple fires,
And banish'd darkness to her cave retires,
By ways untrod they pass, obscure and rude,
And reach at length a solitary wood, 100
Where glooms, abhorrent of the cheerful day,
Exclude the light of Phœbus' friendly ray.
Here, slowly winding from its neighbouring source,
A turbid river rolls with noiseless course,
The bottom hid from sight : beneath the tide 105
No fishes breed, no gentle nymphs reside.
The waters thence an ample circuit make,
And stand collected in a spacious lake,
Around whose margin yews and brambles grow,
But no fair trees that grateful shade bestow. 110

In vain around him gaz'd each gentle knight,
Where not an object glads his pensive sight :
No charms had Nature there—all, all impress'd
Unwonted sadness on the stranger's breast.

The sky was ever thick, with clouds obscur'd, 115

The air for ever putrid fogs endur'd ;

Deform'd the plants, the river foul with stains,

Nor herbs, nor flowers enrich the barren plains.

The youths proceeding, as they nearer drew,

A stately sepulchre attracts their view, 120

And round the structure many warriors stand

With looks of anguish, a despairing band !

Each seems with pangs of thrilling grief oppress'd,

They rend their locks, they beat their manly breast ;

They vent their sorrows in unwonted cries, 125

While to their plaints the sounding wood replies,

The sepulchre, compos'd of living stone,

Resplendent as the polish'd mirror shone ;

Transparent as the crystal stream, that shows

Whate'er the banks within its bed enclose, 130

That both the warriors, gazing on the tomb,

Could pierce the secrets of its inmost womb ;

In which, enshrin'd (O wondrous to declare !)

A dame they saw, of features heavenly fair ; 134

Though

Though dead, yet even in death, her beauteous frame
Could heaven and earth with kindling love inflame.

In her white breast a dart impurpled stood,
And at her back appear'd the pointed wood.

Like fleecy snow was seen her visage pale,

Like snow just dropt from Juno's frozen veil. 140

Her eyes were clos'd, yet clos'd love still reveal'd

Those treasur'd sweets no envious lids conceal'd.

While either champion, in a thoughtful mood,
With looks intent the lifeless damsel view'd,

Lo ! from the warriors one, whose aspect show'd 145

More deep distress, whose tears more constant flow'd,

Suppress'd his issuing plaints, but when he ceas'd

From outward plaint, his inward grief increas'd :

His helmet he regain'd, his courser press'd,

And in these words the martial friends address'd. 150

Ye knights ! prepare from yon ill-omen'd lake,

These waters form, a potent draught to take ;

The virtue such, that he whose lip receives

The spelful stream, with sudden anguish grieves ;

Thenceforth for ever fix'd his hapless doom, 155

To mourn the dame that sleeps in yonder tomb.

No more delay—the fatal beverage try,

Or make th' election by this hand to die.

Rinaldo, smiling as in scorn, reply'd :

Then, warrior, let the chance of arms decide. 160

Since enmity and strife thy soul requires,

Thou meet'st a man to answer thy desires,

If by thy hand Heaven dooms me to be slain,

Now take my life as Heaven's decrees ordain. 164

While thus he spoke, both fearless wheel'd the steed,
And fearless met with courage, strength, and speed.

One at the breast, one at the helmet aim'd,

And either thrust the champion's skill proclaim'd.

Rinaldo fell before the forceful stroke,

The weapon's fury on his head-piece broke : 170

But he, with deadlier might his lance address'd,

And pierc'd the rival warrior's heaving breast.

With wrath and conscious shame Rinaldo glows,

And, soon recovering, from the plain he rose,

Fierce for revenge – but when along the ground 175

He saw the foe in streams of crimson drown'd,

All hostile rage his generous heart forsook,

And pity there her gentler dwelling took.

He ran and loos'd the helmet from his head,

To call back life that seem'd for ever fled ; 180

Soon as his face receiv'd the freshening breeze,

The wounded knight reviv'd by slow degrees ;

He

He rais'd his eyes, a mournful sigh he heav'd:
 Rinaldo, though with mild compassion griev'd,
 Yet question'd wherefore (not exempt from blame)
 His mind devis'd this challenge strange to frame. 186

He then— My lips sincerely shall disclose
 The cause from which this custom first arose,
 If death permit, whose unrelenting gloom
 Enfolds me round, and seals my speedy doom. 190
 Should such a law to thee unjust appear,
 Condemn that destiny, whose lot severe
 Fair knighthood's love compell'd me to forego,
 And seek my comfort from another's woe.

In prime of life by fate's decree, I found 195
 (Ill fate for me) my early wishes crown'd.
 I woo'd and won to wife a peerless maid,
 Whom now thou seest in yonder marble laid.
 A knight was I for prowess far esteem'd,
 A virgin she above her sex was deem'd 200
 Of more than human charms—her heavenly face
 Might bend to love the most obdurate race.
 No suitors yet her gentle heart impress'd
 Save I alone—I all her thoughts possess'd,
 And while full many a yielding maid and dame 205
 Stood prompt with me to feel the rapturous flame,
 Her

Her charms alone my constant faith employ,
So glide my hours and days in peace and balmy joy!
But ah! from black Tartarean shades below,
There came, to change at once my bliss to woe, 210
That impious pest, who thro' the world destroys
The hope of love and poisons all his joys:
Dire Jealousy, with false destructive tales
My wife, my dearest Clytia's breast affails.
Oft was I wont alone, in sylvan sport, 215
Amidst these woods and coverts to resort;
And when the sun shot forth his warmest ray,
To seek for shelter from th' oppressive day;
Here, in this grove with nature's gifts array'd,
With every charm that decks the flowery shade, 220
Not such as now—when lazy horror reigns
And chills with sadness all the curdling veins.
In this retreat (for beauty then admir'd)
The nymph Hermilla oft with me retir'd.
The distaff, loom, and needle's art disclaim'd, 225
She bent the bow, the dart and arrows aim'd;
And while she glow'd to mix in Cynthia's train,
Disown'd the goddess of th' Athenian fane.
Fair was Hermilla's form, her features fair,
Ah! cruel form that wrought my soul's despair! 230
There

There were who Clytia's hapless ear abus'd,
 And my unchanging heart of change accus'd ;
 That cruel I, for all her love display'd,
 With base return such constant faith betray'd ;
 That oft, for shelter from the burning heat, 235
 With me Hermilla shar'd this cool retreat.
 But Clytia ere her lips my crime reprove,
 Resolv'd to witness first my breach of love.
 The place she sought, and at my wonted hour
 Remain'd in covert of the thickest bower. 240
 I came, with moisture dew'd, with toil oppress'd,
 And woo'd, reclin'd on earth, refreshing rest.
 Not distant far, beside the dimpled lake,
 I heard a rustling in the leafy brake ;
 Then (hapless wretch) my fatal dart I threw— 245
 (I deem'd some sylvan game conceal'd from view)
 Swift flew the dart with unresisted force,
 And held through twisted boughs its certain course ;
 Then deep in Clytia's breast a passage found,
 And, wounding her, gave me a mortal wound. 250
 Ah! me, she fell beneath the deadly stroke,
 When from her lips a cry of anguish broke
 In feeble notes that chill'd my startled breast,
 Though the poor sufferer stood not yet confest.

Struck

Struck with the sound I flew, and dreadful view'd 255
(A sight in memory ever still renew'd)

My lovely bride, as fainting pale she lay,
And pour'd in sanguine streams her life away :
With frantic haste my arms around her twin'd,
Close to her pallid lips my lips I join'd ; 260

And strove the purple current to restrain,
At least awhile her fleeting soul detain,
And ere she breath'd her last this comfort prove,
To exchange a few sad words of parting love.
At length she half unseal'd her heavy eyes, 265

She saw my tears, she heard my mournful cries,
She wept, she sigh'd, while scarce my trembling ear
In broken accents seem'd her voice to hear.

O ever dear ! O best lov'd (I cry'd)
What envious fortune tears thee from my side ? 270

Forfake not thus thy bosom's faithful lord,
Curst in thy death and by himself abhorr'd !
At least behold what vengeance for thy sake
This hand, in justice, on myself shall take :
Here turn thy eyes—this last this mournful time, 275
Nor punish thus a wretched husband's crime.

I said : on me she fix'd a tender look,
That pierc'd my inmost soul, when thus she spoke.

O ! dearest

O ! dearest consort ! since malignant fate
Forbids our union here a longer date, 280
If pity yet for Clytia warm thy breast,
Refuse not now to indulge my sole request ;
So when I tread the lonely Stygian coast,
This thought may sooth my melancholy ghost,
That she, Hermilla, cause of all my woe, 285
Shall ne'er with thee the rites of Hymen know—
Grant this—O ! dear by every tender band—
She said, and stretching forth her chilly hand,
Embrac'd my neck, then clos'd her swimming sight,
Ah ! never, never more to view the light ! 290

I then—My best lov'd, life's dearest part !
What doubts have touch'd thy fond misguided heart ?
Ah me ! what causeless fear, what light surmise
Dissolves the knot of love's most sacred ties ?
Ah me ! one luckless hour of rash belief 295
Condemns my future days to endless grief !
O wretched man ! whose too, too changing state
Subjected lies to every frown of fate !

Thus I—my words when dying Clytia heard,
A ray of joy her mournful features cheer'd, 300
As if her spirit blest its near release,
To leave its earthly pains for heavenly peace.

Wild

Wild with my loss, I stood prepar'd to shed
My life, now hateful for my Clytia dead,
But that I deem'd my blood alone would prove 305
Too light atonement for offended love.
I will'd those pangs, which every wretch must know
Who lives self-tortur'd, to himself a foe,
Who loaths the sun in heaven's ethereal vault,
Should be the lasting penance for my fault. 310
And that my soul might never know relief,
For ever near the object of its grief,
I caus'd a sage, in arts of magic skill'd,
Of clear pellucid stone yon tomb to build,
That holds the once dear partner of my heart, 315
Still in her breast infix'd the fatal dart :
Though dead, by spells preserv'd in beauty's prime,
Unchang'd by seasons, undecay'd by time.
But ill these scenes, where peace and joy combin'd,
Beseem'd the anguish of a wounded mind : 320
Hence, at my prayer, the sage consenting, fill'd
These shades with gloom that every bosom chill'd,
Congenial glooms—nor here an object brought
To abstract from present grief the brooding thought.
Such was th' enchanter's power, his words had force
To shake the earth, and trouble Phœbus' course. 326
And

And more—to find in my disastrous state,
Friends of my woes and partners in my fate ;
That Clytia's death might ever be deplor'd
With rites befitting her my soul ador'd; 330
I will'd him here his further arts to frame,
And charm the streams, that each who hither came
To quench his thirst, might nourish in his breast
Strange griefs for her that lies in silent rest;
So should he here reside in fix'd despair, 335
And join with me to mourn the hapless fair ;
As now thou see'st, where wrapt in sorrow's gloom
With eyes intent they gaze on yonder tomb.
Hither I came, prepar'd, by night, by day,
In this abode to wear my life away : 340
And every warrior here, by fortune brought,
This arm compell'd to taste the fatal draught :
But know, with my unhappy being ends
The magic influence which the stream attends ;
And each, who now bewails my Clytia's fate, 345
Returns that instant to his former state.

He said, and fainting at th' approach of death
Scarce spoke the latter words with faltering breath,
When soon his spirit freed, dissolv'd in air,
And soar'd aloft to join his kindred star. 350

The warrior dead, the rest who lately kept
Their vigils sad, and round the damsel wept ;
Their cause of grief forgot, no longer mourn'd,
But peace and calm to every mind return'd :
Each look'd on each, and long in dubious thought 355
Révolv'd the wondrous change so swiftly wrought.

Rinaldo, forrowing for th' unhappy knight,
So late expir'd before his pitying sight ;
Yet joyful for the new-deliver'd train
Of knights releas'd from magic's dreadful chain, 360
To them, with friendly mien, his speech address'd
And clear'd the doubts that rose in every breast :
The tale disclos'd, to him they grateful bow'd,
To him their lives in future service vow'd.

The warriors soon behold, with wondering eyes, 365
Above the plain a second tomb arise,
And sudden, plac'd beside the former stand,
The work stupendous of some viewless hand ;
And more they marvell'd, as they now survey'd
Within the tomb the slaughter'd champion laid ; 370
And read conspicuous on the polish'd stone
In letters grav'd the sad event made known ;
There trac'd, to every stranger to relate
Each lover's passion, and their hapless fate.

Now

Now all the warriors from the shade withdrew, 375
 By different ways their fortune to pursue,
 Fair greeting first exchang'd with courteous show,
 As knights are wont at parting to bestow.

With Amon's mighty son * remain'd behind
 Florindo sole, in bonds of friendship join'd. 380
 As urg'd by instinct sage, the hound pursues
 The various game, and winds the tainted dews,
 Hunts every bush, each dell, and thorny brake,
 And lurking caves where beasts their covert make,
 So smit' with generous love of honour's name, 385
 Each knight adventures seeks and deeds of fame.

The third succeeding day, what time the sun
 From east to west had half his journey run,
 They see the Tyrrhene ocean's placid wave
 The pleasant shore with silent motion lave, 390
 And round them stretch'd th' enamell'd mead they
 view,

That smil'd with flowers of every dazzling hue ;
 Their hues as various as the nameless charms
 That grace the maid whose love my bosom warms.
 That blooming youth †, whom once in luckless hour 395
 The discus slew, here springs a fragrant flower ;

* RINALDO.

† HYACINTHUS.

M

And

And he *, who self-deceiv'd, for grief expir'd,
 Insensate, with his own perfections fir'd ;
 And he †, whose manly graces once could move
 Thee, beauteous Goddess, ever prone to love ; 400
 Compel thee Mars, and Vulcan to forego,
 And quit thy heaven to range the woods below.
 Acanthus, nardus, here their odours shed ;
 Their leaves the crocus and the lily spread ;
 With plants, and flowers, and shrubs, that Nature's
 hand 405
 Ne'er gave to enrich another favour'd land.
 Midst these, in gentle murmurs to the main,
 A crystal river rolls his serpent train ;
 His beauteous horn with coral fill'd and gold ;
 Not Tethys' realms more splendid treasures hold : 410
 Nor oaks, nor elms, nor beeches here are seen :
 But myrtles fair, and laurels ever green,
 With nameless trees, their leafy arms extend,
 And from meridian heat the soil defend.
 There lovely birds the heart to rapture move, 415
 The heart that ne'er could tender passions prove ;
 And while from branch to branch they sportive fly,
 In notes melodious to their mates reply.

* NARCISSE.

† ADONIS.

Tbc

The warriors gaz'd with wonder and delight,
While fancy painted to their mental sight 420
Such Eden was, that once our parents held,
Where Adam with his Eve, his confort dwell'd.
And now they heard a horn resounding far,
That struck with pleasing notes the trembling air;
And soon in view two courtly damsels came, 425
Of fair demeanor and of beauteous frame :
This, round her head her wavy locks entwin'd
In twisted braids, with pleasing skill confin'd :
O'er these a net of labour'd work was roll'd,
The knots adorn'd with pearl and finest gold. 430
That, o'er her shoulders, with a careless air,
In art neglected left her flowing hair,
Which now the softly fanning breeze unfurl'd,
Now blew aside, now rais'd, or fondly curl'd.
That, on her limbs a silken purple wore, 435
With golden lilies rich embroider'd o'er :
This, round her beauteous form a vesture drew
Instarr'd with gems, and of the laurel's hue.
White was the palfrey either damsel rode,
And to their feet the silver trappings flow'd ; 440
And all their squires with like device and vest,
The guise and colours of their dames express'd.

Soon as they join'd the knights, each gentle maid
 To each brave knight a lowly reverence paid,
 Then ask'd a friendly boon ; and to comply 445
 With what they wish'd, no warrior could deny.
 Rinaldo then—And who, so fair address,
 Would spurn, how hard so'er, your joint request ?
 'Tis yours, O dames ! to speak your sovereign will,
 And ours, with prompt obedience to fulfil. 450
 To him they thus return'd —The boon attend,
 And let your glad consent our suit befriend.
 Vouchsafe this day to grace our friendly seat,
 Where yonder palace yields a near retreat :
 Lo ! on that hill oppos'd the structure stands, 455
 And wide around the subject plain commands.

This said ; they turn'd, the noble knights to guide,
 Who now in pleasing converse, side by side,
 On these fair dames all praise and thanks bestow'd ;
 To these fair dames all praise and thanks they ow'd.
 The knights and dames the nearest path pursu'd 461
 Till rising near, the beauteous hill they view'd,
 Whose verdurous sides perpetual charms disclose,
 Beneath whose foot the Tyrrhene ocean flows :
 'This Paufilippo nam'd—here Nature breeds 465
 All wondrous works, and even herself exceeds.

In

In lasting bloom here Chloris ever dwells,
 Pomona here her richest store excels :
 The Graces here in dance eternal stand,
 And Love and Venus join the frolick band : 470
 Forfaking Cydnus, once their dear retreat,
 In these sweet groves they fix their happier seat.

The hill's proud summit gain'd, once more they hear
 The horn's shrill notes refounding in the ear :
 'The bridge is lower'd ; attending dames that wait 475
 The signal, issue from the palace gate.
 Their limbs were lovely, lovely every face,
 Their vestments fashion'd with becoming grace.
 Courteous their mien ; but from each feature beam'd
 Such modest charms as virgins best befeem'd. 480
 Then one, that o'er the rest the sceptre sway'd,
 Whose high behests the obsequious train obey'd,
 Receiv'd the warriors with a smiling look,
 And each by turns, in accents mild, bespoke.

Their hands she seiz'd and through the lofty gate 485
 Convey'd to sumptuous rooms of regal state,
 With cost and labour fram'd, whose meanest part
 Eclips'd the noblest works of mortal art.
 And now they reach'd the winding stairs that shone
 With polish'd white of alabaster stone ; 490

And gain'd a spacious hall from which they view'd
 The plain, the mead, the shore, and Tyrrhene flood,
 The sense refresh'd here every breeze inhales ;
 Where dawns the day, and where its splendor fails ;
 Where blows the north, and where on tepid wings 495
 From warmer climes the south his tribute brings.
 Full in the midst a stately altar rais'd,
 With gold and gems in mingled lustre blaz'd.
 A picture here, whose vivid colours glow'd
 With matchless skill, a female likeness show'd, 500
 Whose more than human charms the soul surprise,
 Benignant looks, sweet smiles, and piercing eyes :
 Her open hands seem'd ready to relieve
 The wants of each, and ever prone to give :
 Across her breast a figur'd scroll was spread, 505
 On which in letter'd gold these words were read :
 " 'Midst all the virtues most rever'd on earth,
 Daughters of heaven, I boast celestial birth ;
 And none but he, whose heart I deign to fill,
 Shall e'er ascend true Honour's sacred hill." 510
 Around were hung, in each conspicuous part,
 Unnumber'd semblances of living art,
 Of either sex, of various features seen,
 Of different habits, and of different mien.

Apelles' pencil scarce of old display'd, 515
 Nor Salviati since such forms portray'd;
 That Salviati, who with tints can shame
 Fair Nature's works, and kindle Envy's flame.

When now, with steadfast gaze, each gentle knight
 On these awhile had fed his eager sight, 520
 And round the hall, with like amaze, beheld
 The countless wealth that every wealth excell'd;
 They ask'd the dame who rul'd this courtly place,
 What pencill'd virgin, with transcending grace,
 Adorn'd the dome; and what the names of those 525
 Whose likenesses round each painted wonder shows.
 Of her they next enquir'd, of all the train
 Of gentle damsels that with her remain;
 And how such females, bright in blooming charms,
 There liv'd secure from danger and alarms? 530

So question'd they. Some fitter time shall show.
 (Replied the dame) what now ye seek to know.
 Then to an inner room the knights she led,
 Where choicest cates the sumptuous banquet spread.
 And now a ready troop of damsels fair, 535
 Ministrant stood to attend the warlike pair.
 One from the cuirass-plates the breast reliev'd,
 And one the dagger and the sword receiv'd.

Some laid the bracelet, shield, and helm aside,
 This loos'd the greaves, and that the spurs unty'd. 540
 Some on their hands, from golden vases stor'd
 For plenteous use, the fragrant liquors pour'd,
 Twice ten fair damsels with the warriors shar'd
 The genial banquet, which before prepar'd,
 As many damsels in profusion plac'd, 545
 With every viand that allures the taste.
 As many Bacchus' generous juice supply'd,
 And mix'd with limpid streams the sparkling tide;
 While with soft music's melting strains combin'd,
 As many more their warbling voices join'd. 550
 And now the social rites to nature paid,
 Their hunger sated, and their thirst allay'd;
 When from the board the snow-white linen roll'd,
 Disclos'd the carpet wrought with flowers of gold;
 The dame in station rais'd above the rest, 555
 Turn'd to the stranger-lords, and thus address'd
 With gracious answer to their late request.

In Naples, seated by the neighbouring main,
 A noble dame once held the sovereign reign,
 A noble dame, for every virtue fam'd, 560
 But chief o'er all for courtesy proclaim'd.
 She, warm with generous zeal, to extend her praise.
 By some great work to far-succeeding days,

With

With force of potent spells (that age beheld,
 Her power in magic spells by none excell'd) 565
 To COURTESY, her virtue most rever'd,
 On this fair hill the stately fabric rear'd ;
 Her image o'er the sacred altar plac'd,
 Thence ne'er by hands remov'd, nor time defac'd :
 In lively tablets drawn she hung around 570 }
 The forms of all, thro' every region found,
 In present, past, or future times renown'd, }
 The heaps of wealth she treasur'd here, decreed
 By her bequest for every generous deed,
 No time can waste—though years on years the sun 575
 His course through Cancer and through Taurus run,
 None e'er like her achiev'd such lasting fame ;
 No king with her can equal riches claim :
 And at her death she will'd this wealth and place
 Should still be govern'd by the female race ; 580
 By damsels, who, of noble parents born,
 In happy Italy, the world adorn ;
 Who, by her laws, not only must afford
 To friend or stranger hospitable board,
 And sheltering roof ; but search around to make 585
 Each knight and dame with them refection take.
 For this she bade, that from their gentle band
 Two dames should traverse o'er the flowery strand,
And

And kindly there each passing stranger greet,
And urge the willing guest to this retreat. 590
But lest the fair should find their virgin fame
Expos'd to rude attack of lawless flame,
With wondrous force her spell the hill defends,
And twice three miles around the charm extends.
Whoever dares (by ruffian passions sway'd) 595
To touch with hands impure the blushing maid,
Sudden his frame consumes with hidden fires,
Till, rack'd with mortal pangs, the wretch expires.
But as the spell defends with certain power
The maid who prizes virtue's deathless flower, 600
So she, who once forgets her better fame,
Shall, banish'd hence, be here no more a name.
As lifeless limbs are driven from forth the deep,
As shepherds drive away th' infected sheep:
So this all wondrous force of magic spells, 605
From these abodes the hapless dame expels,
Who, drawn by love, or urg'd by sordid gain,
Consents to yield to foul dishonour's stain.
While here we live, our friends securely rest,
To see us blest in peace, in virtue blest. 610
This princess, Alba nam'd, to win the crown
From all who sought by courteous deeds renown,
And

And show her friendly care to knights, that rove
From clime to clime adventures new to prove,
A wondrous bark of magic texture fram'd, 615
And this the queen the BARK ADVENTUROUS nam'd :
For every warrior that in this confides,
The vessel swift to some adventure guides,
Without a pilot's aid, by spelful force,
Through billowy seas she holds her certain course, 620
And safely bears each fearless errant knight,
Where deeds await to prove his dauntless might :
As you, if feats like these your courage move,
O noble warriors ! may the danger prove.
Not distant hence the ready bark we keep, 625
Where rolls against our shore the curling deep.
It only rests yet further to unfold
In this our female state what rule we hold :
Each year we fix on one amongst our train,
Who o'er the rest assumes the rightful reign : 630
'Tis her's to bid—her bidding we obey,
If wise her words and virtuous is her sway ;
And I but late by just election claim
This honour'd rank, Eurydice my name,
From brave Guilantes I derive my birth, 635
Who rul'd in Capua when he liv'd on earth,

The

The virgin ceas'd ; but soon her speech renew'd,
And next to tell the name and race purfu'd
Of every gentle dame, till rising night
With gloomy shade succeeding cheerful light, 640
Each, at her will, retir'd to soft repose,
Till bright in heaven new beaming morn arose.

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

THE

THE
EIGHTH BOOK
OF
RINALDO.

THE ARGUMENT.

Rinaldo and Florindo hear the account of the pictures in the Palace of COURTESY. They take their leave of the ladies and enter the enchanted bark. They engage an armed vessel belonging to Mambrino, that had just captured another vessel, and set many knights and ladies at liberty. At length they conclude their voyage, and land near a stately pavilion, where they see a solemn sacrifice performed before an image, which proves to be the likeness of Clarice. Rinaldo contends with Francardo. Death of Francardo. Battle of the two knights with the knights of the pavilion, till the latter are either slain or put to flight. Departure of Rinaldo and Florindo.

THE
EIGHTH BOOK
OF
RINALDO.

AURORA waken'd by the pleasing strain
Of wanton birds, forfakes the placid main,
With rosy fingers rends the veil of night,
And spreads the cheerful streaks of growing light,
While at her gifts, with full accordant voice, 5
The air, the waters, and the earth rejoice,
And soft descending from the smiling sky,
Like lucid pearl the morning dew-drops lie.

Soon as the knights had left their downy rest,
In polish'd steel their manly limbs they drest, 10
And with the noble train of dames repair'd
To where the mimic forms such life declar'd.
Each warrior wish'd the favour'd names to know,
To which their honour future times should owe,

And

And what the worth, which oft by Alba nam'd, 15
From age to age succeeding tongues proclaim'd.

Well knew the fair Eurydice, and well
To others ears the grateful truths could tell:

Prepar'd to answer all each knight desir'd
(For either knight an equal wish inspir'd) 20

On both she fix'd awhile her earnest look,
Then on each shape portray'd, and thus she spoke.

Behold a generous pair, whom yet unborn,
In time the sacred purple shall adorn !
Lo ! there Hippolito, from western skies 25

Well known, to where the beams of morn arise ;
And Hercules Gonzaga—these shall make
The power of heresy before them shake,
And, form'd for high attempts from early birth,
Give to the church her laws, and laws to earth. 30

See one, who near the hallow'd altar plac'd,
His brows with more than regal honours grac'd,
Is blest'd with gifts beyond a mortal's pride,

And next in virtue to the gods ally'd,
Of Este's blood—he Lewis shall be nam'd, 35
Scarce yet a youth, but with the foremost fam'd.

'Midst all the glories that his deeds may boast,
Fair Courtesy shall raise his merits most,

And

And subjects for the bard and sculptor give,
 In tuneful verse or breathing stone to live. 40
 Now turn, and mark yon fearless chief that dares
 Like Mars's son, and Mars's likeness bears.
 To such desert what honour can we join,
 What honours frame to worth so near divine ?
 For him the Po shall roll a softer tide, 45
 And Ocean's self with friendlier billows glide :
 Alphonso he—the second of the name,
 And blest Ferrara shall his sway proclaim.
 See one, whose awful brow and look severe,
 With regal majesty combin'd appear ; 50
 Of great Francisco son, whose mighty deeds
 In peace he equals, and in war exceeds.
 Urbino, by his sage dominion blest,
 Shall find nor dangers threat, nor ills molest,
 But through her peaceful lands with joy behold 55
 A happy country, and an age of gold.
 This youth shall singly wars on wars maintain,
 And lead succeeding armies to the plain :
 Second to none, a thunderbolt in fight,
 A prudent leader, and a valiant knight. 60
 Ne'er shall he die—for who can yield to death,
 That lives in every heart, in every breath ?

Of two, that each a youthful aspect bears,
See one the sword, and one the mitre wears.
This Hannibal of Capua, whose relief 65
Display'd for Rome, shall change to joy her grief.
And this, with fortitude and wisdom join'd,
By noble deeds the path to heaven shall find.
Count Stanislaus, of Tarnovio nam'd,
Whose praise shall stand among the first proclaim'd.
Lo! Scipio Gazuol, near—who seems the vase 75
Of every virtue, every courtly grace;
To Pallas, Phoebus, and the Muses dear,
Still virtue's friend, to vice a foe severe.
Fulvio Rongone see, who boasts he won, 85
Afar and near, the rank of honour's son.
See Hercules Fregoso next aspires,
Whose pen and sword, an equal spirit fires.
Then he, whose looks a gentle mind proclaim,
Shall boast of Sforza Santinello's name. 90
Now turn, and view, whate'er of beauteous kind
The heavens can yield, in narrow space combin'd;
The sun beside ne'er sees so fair a sight,
The sun that looks through all with piercing light.
Behold Victoria, of Farnesian blood, 95
Magnificent and courteous, wise and good.

Eftensian

Eftensian Lucrece then, whose locks fhall prove
The golden net of hymeneal love :

Whofe sparkling eyes indulgent nature arms
With every modeft grace of female charms. 90

Here Pallas and Pieria's virgin band
Alike our censure and our praife demand :

Our praife, that ſhe with them for conqueſt vies,
Our censure, that ſhe gains from them the prize.

Two ſiſters follow, pious, wiſe, and ſage, 95
In every gift the wonder of their age ;

And faithful guides, amidſt this vale of ſtrife,
To lead from ſin's abode to heavenly life.

Lo ! one whom beams of beauty's light encloſe,
Whence Love himſelf with kindling ardor glows : 100
Claudia Rangona—not to fame made known
By others' pens, but honour'd by her own.

The noble virgin ceas'd, and either knight
Her pleaſing converſe heard with like delight.
Meantime with mutual zeal the warriors glow'd 105

To plough, through briny waves, the liquid road,
And humbly now the gentle train addreſs'd,
To grant the fatal bark to their requeſt :

Nor theſe the bark to their requeſt deny'd,
But gifts with this, of nameleſs price, ſupply'd. 110

Rinaldo for his steed Bayardo, gains
 Resplendent trappings, and embroider'd reins;
 Which every gazing eye with pride surveys,
 Where frequent jewels dart a mingled blaze:
 The polish'd bits of damask'd silver shine, 115
 The stirrups purest silver from the mine:
 The like the saddle-bow, of sumptuous cost,
 With many a form in fair device emboss.
 They give Florindo o'er his arms to wear,
 A mantle wove in gold of texture rare: 120
 A task like this ne'er grac'd Irene's thought,
 Nor such Arachne or Minerva wrought.
 There busy hands the needle's art bestow,
 And every deed of Phoebus' sister show.
 But chief the work with mimic life express'd 125
 The pangs of Niobe's distracted breast:
 'Twas nature all!—she wept her children dead,
 (Pale death itself o'er every visage spread)
 With hands conjoin'd she lifts her haggard eyes,
 And seems in dumb despair to threat the skies. 130
 Behold in guise succinct her vestments ty'd,
 The ready quiver pendent at her side,
 With locks some braided, some dispers'd in air,
 Her crooked bow the virgin goddess bear:

Her

Her tresses seem to wave, while kindled ire 135
From every feature darts vindictive fire,
And, as her hand the ruthless weapon wings,
Through parting clouds the dreadful arrow sings.
Her living daughters round (a mournful train)
Grow to the bosoms of their brethren slain, 140
And, truly drawn, in every act appear
The dire effects of grief and mortal fear.
One, while she opes her rosy lips in vain,
To soothe with pious words a mother's pain,
Full in her mouth the fatal weapon lies, 145
Cuts short her speech, and as she speaks she dies.
This fondly stretching forth (ah! hapless maid!)
Her better arm to lend a sister aid,
A single shaft, with deathful force addrest,
Drives through her arm to pierce her sister's breast.
A third, all pale and fainting on the ground, 151
Feels in her bleeding side the feather'd wound :
And by the same resistless dart transfixt,
A fourth beholds their life's warm current mix'd.
A fifth congeal'd with creeping terror stands, 155
And clasps in speechless gaze her chilly hands,
Another sees her wretched sisters die,
And lifts her trembling feet in act to fly.

Sad Niobe the last distraction feels,
 And, with her body bending o'er, conceals 160
 Her sole surviving child, who panting seems
 To screen her own beneath her-mother's limbs.

Now to the shore the knights their course address'd,
 And now the fatal bark securely press'd.
 Her freight receiv'd, she parts, with instant speed, 165
 As from the bowstring leaps the bounding reed.
 The waves divide and murmur with disdain,
 Before the prow white curls the frothy main.
 Meantime far distant from the land she flies, 169
 The land now vanish'd from their wondering eyes,
 And nought appear'd but circling waves and skies. }
 Her course direct th' enchanted vessel steers,
 Nor right nor left her steady sail she veers :
 From sea to sea, her magic way she cleaves,
 And far behind the Tyrrhene waters leaves. 175
 The setting sun withdrew his feeble ray,
 And by his absence veil'd the face of day ;
 With silent motion now, ascending night
 Roll'd round the sphere with every starry light ;
 When sudden sounds their listening ears invade, 180
 The voice of sorrow wailing through the shade ;
 Like those who mourn, oppress'd by ruffian force :
 To this, self-mov'd, the bark directs her course,

Wondrous

Wondrous to tell ! as spelful magic guides,
 Less swift a dolphin cuts the whizzing tides. 185
 Now, near at hand, the warlike pair descry'd
 Two vessels closely grappled, side by side :
 One victor seem'd ; of this th' exulting crew
 Vast spoils and treasure from the conquer'd drew,
 And in their vessel stow'd ; with many a knight, 190
 And dames and damsels made their prize of fight :
 The warriors heavy chains of bondage wear,
 But no such bonds oppress the captive fair :
 The victors looks bespeak them men that give
 Their days to plunder, and by rapine live. 195
 Midst these Rinaldo leaps with threatening cries,
 With him the generous youth their force defies.
 When one, that seem'd the bravest of their band,
 And o'er these pirates rul'd with stern command,
 Bespoke his train—O friends ! these wretches view
 That madly thus their own destruction woo : 201
 Wearied of life, their desperate valour knows
 This only choice—to fall by noble foes !
 Then to Rinaldo turning—Yield (he cry'd)
 Thyself and arms—or now our fates be try'd. 205
 Yet, if thou yield, thou may'st from me receive
 That grace which I, and I alone can give.

Thus he : great Amon's fon indignant burns,
Nor to the Pagan word for word returns,
But through his heart, where panting life resides, 210
From breast to back the bloody falchion guides.
As bees in swarms attack the village swain,
By whom they saw but late their monarch slain,
Buzz round his face, their little stings apply,
And in their wish'd revenge contented die : 215
Against Rinaldo thus, inflam'd to ire,
With shouts and cries the brutal crew conspire :
Too tardy found to avert their leader's harms,
Not tardy now to meet his victor's arms.
Rash, furious, blind ! you run to take the meed 220
Which heaven assigns to every lawless deed :
By rage misguided, not to avenge the dead,
But find death hovering o'er each guilty head.
Rinaldo then, amidst the brutal crew, 224
Display'd what valour, strength, and skill could do.
Nor less in arms his friend Florindo glows,
Alike with him prepar'd to invade the foes.
Thick and more thick the thundering strokes they deal,
And lightning gleams from either brandish'd steel :
Nor helm, nor plated targe from these defends, 230
When from above the hostile arm descends :

No

No armour's strength can bear the weapon's might,
No mortal eye sustain the flashing light !
Eight wretches first, amidst th' ungodly train, 234
With eight dire wounds by Amon's son were slain.
The first he struck, the sword asunder hew'd
His helm, and purple streams his locks bedew'd.
But while his lifted hand the wound explor'd,
Descending sudden came Florindo's sword,
With direr sway the well-aim'd weapon flew, 240
And cut the nerves, and lopt the hand in two:
Wild with the pain, his rage to madness rose ;
He foam'd, and round him dealt redoubled blows,
Sidelong, direct, forgetting skill or flight,
And press'd with savage force the wary knight ; 245
Till in his breast Florindo's falchion stood,
And lanc'd his heart and drain'd the spouting blood.
Lycus, Orgates, Eurybaltes feel
Florindo's force : the first his trenchant steel
From neck to flank with fatal fury cleaves : 250
A stroke the second of his hands bereaves ;
Between the sever'd brows a third his wound receives. }
To these had fortune join'd Alpherno's name,
But with Lanfranco Folerico came,
Who while they fought to give Alpherno aid, 255
With their own lives another's ransom paid.

So fought the warriors, warm'd to noble rage,
With deeds unknown in this degenerate age :
They seem'd like bolts that rend the crashing grove
Launch'd by the red right hand of angry Jove. 260
Already now the Pagans chac'd from life,
No longer wield their arms in murderous strife ;
Or those who 'scap'd the sword (a heartless train)
To seek their safety, plunge amidst the main.
One only from the numerous foes remain'd, 265
The sole survivor of the lawless band ;
To him Rinaldo flies, and whirling round
His fatal weapon meditates the wound,
But sorrowing he, in artful words addrest,
Thus for his life prefers the dear request. 270
Know, valiant sir, that here your courage shown,
Our death infuring but infures your own :
Your evil stars have urg'd you thus to shame
With such an outrage great Mambrino's name :
He, first of Saracens, to whom we bend 275
In service vow'd—our master, king, and friend ;
He, in our cause, will such revenge pursue,
As suits th' offence and to his fame is due.
His servants we, by force these females made
Our welcome prey, and to his realm convey'd. 280
To

To every land his envoys make resort,
And choose the fairest to adorn his court.
When to his ear the certain news shall spread,
Of all his captives lost, his warriors dead ;
No time shall soothe him, till his arm repay 285
On you the slaughter of this dreadful day.
To him sure tidings of our fate will fly,
Though I unhappy by your hands should die.
Whoever slays us, he alike will know,
Whether a Pagan or a Christian foe, 290
Since in his court a sage of magic skill,
Discloses all things at his sovereign's will :
But if thou spar'st my life, I trust to gain
From him remission for his people slain.
Rinaldo cut him short—Let life be thine, 295
To thy entreaties I my wrath resign :
So may'st thou, to thy lord return'd, relate
What daring hands have wrought his servants' fate :
Then if he seek to avenge their wretched fall,
And dares our force to equal combat call, 300
Declare from Charles we came, and fearless stand
In arms prepar'd to meet him hand to hand.
Florindo he, and I Rinaldo nam'd,
Of Clarmont's line and son of Amon fam'd.

Not him I fear—as future time shall show 305

If e'er we meet in battle, foe to foe ;

When vengeance him o'ertakes, whose ruthless mind

No law can govern, and no justice bind !

Hence, with thy ship ! depart—and thank the power

That spar'd thy life in this destroying hour. 310

This said, with gentler looks, he turn'd, and view'd,

Where plac'd apart the knights and damsels stood ;

And courteous these with soothing speech address'd,

Dispersing doubt and fear from every breast ;

Then, with his own, he loos'd their captive hands 315

Behind each back restrain'd in servile bands :

With him Florindo these from gyves reliev'd,

Till every knight his freedom soon receiv'd.

Enquiring now, the warriors learn the name

Of each adventurous knight and lovely dame ; 320

That she, whose charms all rival charms excell'd,

A powerful kingdom in Arabia held,

Pandion's daughter, Auristella fair ;

Each knight and damsel, at the general prayer, 324

Their names, their fortune, and their rank declare. }

Such converse finish'd with the courtly train,

The champions seek the wondrous bark again,

Declining every costly gift to take

The queen had proffer'd for their valour's sake.

*

The

The bark, as with a spur the fiery steed, 330
Cuts through the liquid brine with viewless speed;
A length of ocean past, she steers to land,
And with her prow divides the yellow sand.
As falling weights that to their center tend,
That center gain'd, must every motion end; 335
So when th' enchanted pinnace touch'd the shore,
She stopt—The knights, this bold adventure o'er,
With steps impatient from the bark proceed,
And from their squires receive each ready steed.
Scarce were they landed, when from every view, 340
The shore forsaking, swift the vessel flew,
And, guided by the magic spell, regain'd
Its ancient seat and station'd there remain'd.

Meantime upon the flowery plain appear'd
Before the knights a rich pavilion rear'd 345
With regal state, which like some palace wide
In ample circuit stretch'd on every side.
The warriors, entering here, a pillar view'd
That in the midst, of alabaster stood;
On which was plac'd, in female garb array'd, 350
The image of a young and beauteous maid.
A solemn sacrifice then fill'd the place,
With rites as us'd by Asia's ancient race,

With

With whose misguided zeal such pomp was known
In empty worship to an idol shown. 355

There, struck between his horns, the bull was slain,
And drench'd with tepid blood the purple plain.

There harmless sheep with tender lambkins dy'd,
Effusing from their throats the bubbling tide.

From living flame arose a splendor bright 360

That round the tent dispers'd a golden light,

While from the sacred fire rich incense broke,

Arabian gums involv'd in wreathy smoke,

That curling high diffus'd the scents afar,

And mix'd, by slow degrees, with common air. 365

Rinaldo on the statue cast his eye,

He saw—he knew—and breath'd a tender sigh.

He knew those eyes, whence Love had sent the dart

That first had pierc'd and pierces still his heart;

He knew those locks that could his soul enchain, 370

And still the strong, the pleasing bonds remain;

He knew those charms that every sense beguile,

And the soft lightning of her dimpled smile.

While thus intent the noble champion view'd 374

The dear-lov'd form that all his thoughts subdu'd,

A knight, of giant limb, of haughty air,

Fierce, jealous, proud, with eye of lion-glare,

Full on Rinaldo bent his furious look,
And thus aloud in threatening accents spoke.

And com'st thou, impious ! thus our rites to greet,
Nor here to worship quitt'st thy courser's seat ? 381

How, in my sight, presumptuous ! shalt thou dare
To view with eyes profane yon heavenly fair ?

Confess thy crime, and if thy maddening mind,
Seeks not the death thou well deserv'st to find, 385

Thou, with thy partner, from your steeds alight,

And, join'd with me, complete the solemn rite.

But more—confess that I of men should claim

The praise alone to adore so fair a dame :

That none beside is worthy to sustain, 390

For charms like her's, a lover's pleasing pain.

And who art thou (Rinaldo thus reply'd)

And what thy merits ?—now thy cause decide :

Not less than thee I own the secret power

Of mighty love, with thee those charms adore : 395

But know my soul thy proud demand disdains,

To wear, unrivall'd, yonder beauty's chains.

In me Francardo view ! Armenia's lord,

Let this suffice—he said, and at the word,

Rinaldo's heart beat high with kindling ire, 400

And every feature flash'd vindictive fire,

When

When to the Pagan's words, in words as high,
As well befeem'd, he made this stern reply.

Thou merit'st least of mortals' numerous race,
On such a dame thy senseless hopes to place, 405
And, at thy choice, behold my sword prepares
To prove this instant what my tongue declares.

He said: his speech, with fearless warmth address'd,
To sudden frenzy fir'd the Pagan's breast:
Wrapt in his vest he flew to attack the knight, 410
And with his sword alone began the fight.
Rinaldo smiling now with brave disdain—
Resume thy arms and then thy cause maintain.

To whom the king—This trusty sword (he cries)
And this alone my vengeance shall suffice. 415
Ah! (said Rinaldo) ill he knows his fame
Who seeks, himself unarm'd, the fight to claim
With one who better heeds a warrior's name. }

But still with sword unsheath'd Francardo burn'd,
While Amon's son aside Bayardo turn'd. 420
This hand shall ne'er thy hand in combat greet,
Till both (he cry'd) in mail and armour meet.

A knight am I—nor shall thy frenzy make
My better mind fair knighthood's lore forsake.
To whom the Saracen—No arts like these 425
Evade my justice or my wrath appease.

He

He said, and stroke on stroke indignant aim'd,
 That all Rinaldo's skill and courage claim'd.
 Not long Florindo could the fight sustain;
 His generous bosom swell'd with brave disdain. 439
 Hold, furious, hold! whose more than brutal rage
 Impels thee thus the insensate war to wage:
 Turn, turn to me—if thy fierce soul (he cries)
 Unarm'd thyself, a well-arm'd knight defies.
 Here prove thy strength, nor dare aspire so high, 435
 Beneath that fam'd, that honour'd sword to die.
 As when a bear, that feels a cruel blow,
 With threatening paw attacks his daring foe,
 If chance a new assailant meet his eyes,
 He leaves the first, and on the second flies: 440
 So on Florindo turn'd the Pagan's arm,
 But now uprais'd to work another's harm.
 To oppose the sword his targe Florindo held;
 No fencing targe the hostile edge repell'd;
 His arm it wounded, all his armour broke, 445
 The saddle-bow receiv'd th' ungentle stroke.
 At this Florindo's bosom glow'd with ire,
 From every feature flash'd the living fire:
 High on his stirrup, rising to the blow,
 He whirl'd his thundering sword to cleave the foe. 450

The Pagan's falchion met the weapon's course,
 But met in vain—the steel with sweepy force
 Deep in his temple op'd a mortal wound,
 And purple torrents dy'd the verdant ground.
 He falls—as loosen'd from the mountain's brow, 455
 A rock falls thundering to the plain below.

The warriors of the tent, whose eager sight
 Was fix'd to attend the perils of the fight,
 When lifeless, stretch'd on earth, their king they view'd,
 His features pale, and all deform'd with blood, 460
 Each furious snatch'd his arms; there falchions gleam,
 Here bristled spears and mingled javelins beam;
 And some their persons, for defence, invest
 With cuirass, greaves, and helm with nodding crest.

Of these the foremost King Clarillo came, 465
 A mighty champion of redoubted fame;
 Amidst the rest in this pavilion plac'd,
 The noble chief their solemn rituals grac'd:
 Mambrino's brother he, and near ally'd
 To King Francardo: pacing at his side, 470
 A lion, rough with tawny hairs was seen,
 Of size enormous and terrific mien;
 Bloody his teeth, his claws to ravine us'd,
 His cruel eyes with flamy fire suffus'd.

Clarillo once, rare proof of fearless might, 475
 Subdu'd this noble beast in doubtful fight,
 Then sooth'd his angry heart, his spirit tam'd,
 And to new laws his savage nature fram'd.
 Thenceforth for ever with the knight he stay'd,
 His motions heeded, and his voice obey'd ; 480
 When far and near, this wonder all proclaim'd,
 And him the champion of the lion nam'd.

To him Rinaldo now his steed address'd,
 Ere he, with force combin'd, Florindo press'd :
 The Pagan prince advanc'd with equal heat 485
 His iron lance, Rinaldo's arm to meet :
 Nor slow the lion seems the fight to wage,
 But flies the Christian warrior to engage ;
 Invades with rending paws and sharpen'd nails,
 And with his teeth Bayardo's haunch assails. 490
 With backward stroke, upon his front imprest,
 Rinaldo's weapon wounds the lordly beast,
 Then whirl'd around, against the Pagan foe,
 Full on his helmet deals the weighty blow :
 A second blow succeeds, with direr sway, 495
 And through the ringing buckler drives its way
 To reach his arm, that though unwounded, feels
 A stroke which such resistless fury deals.

Clarillo now, impatient of disgrace,
Twice, with his falchion, wounds Rinaldo's face : 500
On him once more the lion lifts his paws,
And seeks to rend him with his piercing claws :
Rinaldo both attacks, himself defends,
He threatens this, on that his force he bends :
Quick are his eyes and hand, his courser sure, 505
His courage steadfast, and his hope secure.
Whene'er the Pagan speeds a downward blow,
Rinaldo, heedful, disappoints the foe.
Bayardo drives the threatening lion far,
With furious hoofs that strike th' impassive air ; 510
With spur or rein obeys his master's mind,
Fierce as the flame, and rapid as the wind.
How oft Clarillo aims and aims in vain !
But where his aim succeeds, no arms the force sustain.
The Paladin, with deadlier steel addrest, 515
Has dy'd with blood Clarillo's face and breast ;
His armour pierc'd and hew'd, his vigour fails,
Fierce and more fierce the noble foe assails,
Till slain at length he falls—as by the power
Of Jove's dread thunder falls some stately tower. 520
The raging lion that Clarillo view'd
Already dead, with purple gore imbru'd,

From

From strong affection (wondrous to relate !)
All foaming flew to avenge his master's fate ;
But from Rinaldo twice receiv'd a wound, 525
And dying bit with bloody teeth the ground,
While distant far, at his tremendous roar,
Resounds the sea, resounds the crooked shore !
Then for his future crest Rinaldo took
A tawny lion, terrible of look, 530
The panther laid aside, which late was rais'd
High on his helm and on his target blaz'd.

Meantime Florindo singly fights, enclos'd
By numerous knights, to peril huge expos'd, 534
Yet round he whirls his sword with dreadful sway,
And fearless still aspires to win the day.
Already now before his conquering hand
The Pagans fell, when midst their shrinking band
Rinaldo rush'd ; and countless warriors slain
By either champion, heap'd th' ensanguin'd plain : 540
Or those that scap'd with life each valiant knight,
Ensur'd their safety and their lives by flight.

And now Rinaldo, with a lover's haste,
The statue from its pillar'd height displac'd ;
Then by the force of blind affection sway'd, 545
He kiss'd with rapturous warmth the sculptur'd maid ;

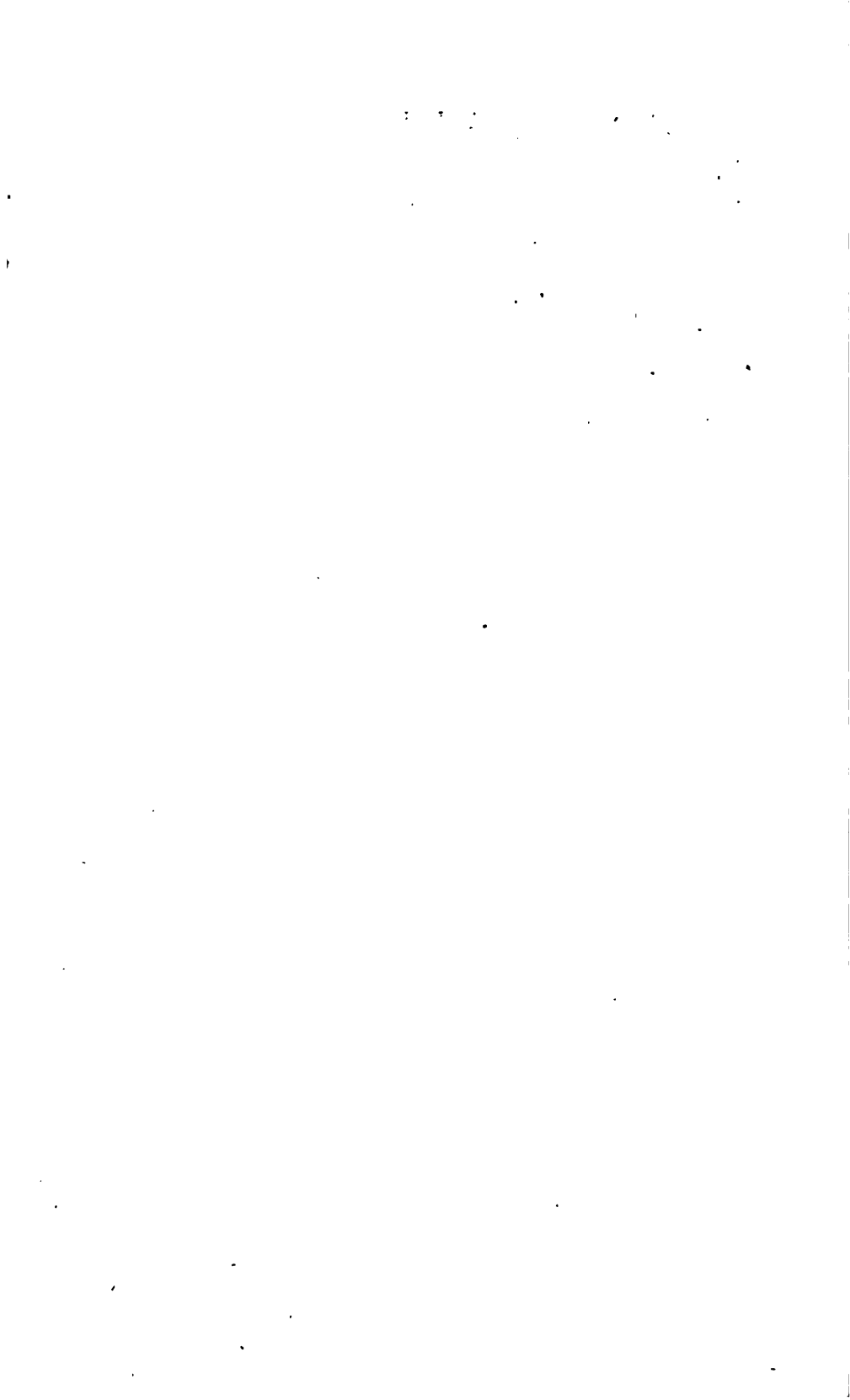
Nor saw the fond deceit, while in his arms
He held, and gaz'd and kindled at her charms :
He deem'd the shadow, truth, the form, alive,
Thus love can lover's hearts of sense deprive. 550
His error soon he knew, and mourn'd to find
The sweet delusion banish'd from his mind.

Meanwhile the sun to wrap the world in night,
In ocean's bosom sinks his misty light,
When on a steed Rinaldo plac'd with care 555
The much-lov'd form of Clarice the fair ;
Then took the path his friend Florindo went,
Who sought some habitable land, intent
To find a gentle sage, with friendly skill,
By felves or magic charms his wounds to heal. 560
Florindo now restor'd, for many a day
Through Asia's realm they held their wandering way,
Depress'd the savage and unrighteous mind,
But ever rais'd the mild and virtuous kind ;
With arms or counsel gave to heart-felt woe, 565
That aid which arms or counsel can bestow ;
Till either name to earth's remotest goal,
Flew on the wings of Fame from pole to pole,
Rinaldo treacherous Constantine o'erthrew,
And Brunamontes, proud in combat, flew. 570

These

These in Clarillo and Mambrino trace
 Their blood, to Gods and men a hateful race !
 One, under friendship's seeming form, address'd
 Insidious snares to entrap the unwary guest ;
 And one, with open force, in murderous strife 575
 Or slew, or held in bonds his future life.

END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.



THE
NINTH BOOK
OF
RINALDO.

THE ARGUMENT.

Rinaldo and Florindo meet with the queen of Media, and joust with her knights. Their entertainment at the court of Media. Rinaldo relates to the queen his early achievement in defence of his mother's honour. The queen entertains a violent passion for Rinaldo, who for some time is detained by her allurements, till being warned in a dream, he, with his friend, secretly departs from the court.

T H E
N I N T H B O O K
O F
R I N A L D O.

TWICE had the Goddess, born in Delos' shade,
Full orb'd the lustre of her beams display'd,
As oft, in heaven, with less resplendent light,
Grac'd with her silver horns the brow of night :
Two signs were past by him who drives away 5
The vaporous glooms and glads the world with day,
Since, with Florindo, Amon's noble son *,
The battle of the rich pavilion won.

Now in a plain where cultur'd trees around
Diffus'd their grateful shade, the warriors found 10
A troop of damsels bright in blooming charms
With knights, their honour'd guard, in shining arms.
Numerous the dames, and numerous gifts declare
Th' attractive power of every blooming fair,

* RINALDO.

While

While to their natural graces join'd, they show 15

What wealth or fancy can with dress bestow.

But o'er she reft a dame superior rose,

Like Dian whom her virgin nymphs enclose,

What time the choir in sprightly dances led,

On Cynthus' top she moves with stately tread. 20

She gives her golden locks to sport in air,

The quiver, stor'd with shafts, her shoulders bear :

Latona sees, and scarce her heart contains

A mother's joy that trickles through her veins.

Soon as the dame beheld (so rarely seen) 25

Two comely knights of such exalted mien,

That each appear'd well-taught his arms to wield

And seldom pair'd in trials of the field ;

A page she sent, beseeching either knight

Against her champions now to prove their might, 30

For much she wish'd to view in knightly deed,

How far their looks and valorous hearts agreed.

The page obey'd, and from the virgin told

The message sent to either warrior bold.

Rinaldo, gracious, to the noble name 35

Fair answer gave, and ask'd the virgin's name.

To whom the page—We her commands obey,

And she o'er Media holds the sovereign sway.

She,

She, Floriana call'd (as yet untry'd
The nuptial knot) ne'er knew the name of bride. 40
This said, he went and to the queen declar'd
That both the strangers stood for joust prepar'd.

The virgin then her martial train address'd,
And rous'd the flame in every generous breast,
With winning speech, with all the grace refin'd, 45
By which the gentler sex can rule mankind ;
Till knight with knight in friendly contest strove
Who first with ready spear the joust should prove.

At length Irmantes, well in combat try'd,
And fierce Galasso first the knights defy'd : 50
But soon they fell with feet against the skies,
Such prowess to the strangers Mars supplies.

Albernio, Adrimantes these succeed,
Who came from where the Tygris parts the mead.
Both backward fell ; that, on his vizor took, 55
And, this beneath his breast receiv'd the stroke.

Then Argo and Androglio, great in might,
Together came, companions of the fight :
Alike their mien—in either buckler stood
A solid rock above the dashing flood, 60

Where golden characters this vaunt declar'd
In quaint device—FOR ALL ATTACKS PREPAR'D :

As

As if they meant, by such device, to show
Their valour equal still to every foe.

Ah me! what empty pride, what error light 65
The lamp of reason hides in deepest night!
Not solid rocks, but feeble plants they stand
Before Rinaldo and Florindo's hand.

Lucindo next and Floridano came,
For youthful graces lov'd by every dame. 70
Together these in arms the strangers meet,
Together far are tumbled from their seat:
And many knights that midst their fellows bear
The highest name an equal fortune share:
And hence with wonder at their valour shown, 75
The dames discourse of either knight unknown.

But most the gentle queen delights to praise
The noble youths, she every honour pays
Where more than human gifts she thinks combine,
Each look, each motion and each deed divine! 80
Yet chief her thoughts on brave Rinaldo dwell,
And seem some future evil to foretel.

As one who waits the fever's quick return,
When parching heats shall every member burn,
Perceives by fits thro' all his vital frame 85
A shuddering coldness that precedes the flame;

So

So she, whose bosom now must learn to prove
(Before unknown) the various powers of love,
Alternate feels each change of soft desire,
A creeping chilness, or a lambent fire. 90
New virtues her enamour'd soul surprise,
New beauties still attract her ardent eyes.
One wish remain'd, to see those looks reveal'd
Which from her sight his envious helm conceal'd.
Chance favour'd all she wish'd, th' adventurous knight
Who, last unhors'd, confess'd Rinaldo's might, 96
Loos'd, in the shock, the iron clasps that bound
Rinaldo's casque, and hurl'd it to the ground ;
And to the view those youthful charms expos'd,
That every sweet of paradise disclos'd: 100
She saw collected in one peerless face,
All manly beauty and all manly grace :
There love to her in native power appear'd,
And victor there his potent ensign rear'd,
There held his state; as when in triumph borne, 105
Proud wreaths of palm his conquering car adorn:
Thence from his golden quiver every dart
He wing'd with certain aim to pierce her heart ;
Compell'd her thence his shackles to sustain,
A heavy, new, yet scarce unpleasing chain. 110
With

With wonder all the warrior's form behold,
His black and sparkling eyes, his locks of gold;
His dark majestick brows, o'er either eye
Bow'd to an arch; his forehead rising high;
His speaking features flush'd with rosy red, 115
His glowing cheeks with early down o'erspread;
The eagle nose, sure signal to display
His claim to lordly rank and regal sway:
They mark his shoulders broad, his ample chest,
His well-knit arms, the nervous power express'd 120
In every limb; the legs, where strength, combin'd
With perfect shape, outstript the lagging wind;
The sprightly carriage, which to blooming years
Gives nameless charms and every praise endears:
A noble fierceness, and becoming pride, 125
And fearless soul with mildest grace ally'd.
What wonder then if she who still confess'd
The tenderest passions of a female breast,
Now made the slave of love, and love's desire,
Should prove the fuel of a noble fire! 130
Yet still herself, as happy in her pains,
Adds to the poison gliding thro' her veins.
She dares not think the warrior should depart,
The first dear object of her longing heart.

But

But, with a courteous mien, the knights address'd, 135
And both befought beneath her roof to rest.

So oft, so warmly su'd the princely maid,
Each warrior yielded, and her will obey'd.

Then tow'rds the city turn'd the mingled train,
And Amon's son * conducts her palfrey's rein. 140

Meantime the menial crew with busy care
The regal palace for their queen prepare :
Some, from the ivory cornice hung, unfold
Embroider'd tap'stry, stiff with woven gold :
Some on the floor the splendid carpets place, 145
That every work of vulgar art disgrace ;

And some the walls with mimic painting spread,
The lively portraits of their fathers dead :
While some, the tables in fair order laid,
And cover'd with a snow-white linen shade, 150
The vases set, where polish'd metals shin'd,
Of various labour, and of various kind ;

There, from the hands of dark oblivion sav'd,
Were foreign deeds of Media's kings engrav'd ;
And sculptur'd forms, of mingled art and cost, 155
On silver pure, or flamy gold emboss.

Soon as the troop before the palace stay'd,
Rinaldo's arms receiv'd the princely maid;

* RINALDO,

P

And

And gently lifted from her palfrey's seat :
Then throb'd her tender pulse ; with flushing heat 160
Her features glow'd, and lost in strange delight,
Her fluttering soul seem'd ready wing'd for flight :
But when more willing could she yield her breath,
Or how could Heaven afford a happier death ?

To every stranger Floriana show'd 165
That welcome still by courteous minds bestow'd ;
But, more than wont, she now each thought address'd
With high regard to honour either guest.
Lo ! thus can love — love, even the basest heart
Impels oft-time to deeds of high desert ; 170
But in a royal, noble mind, inspires
More generous views, and kindles brighter fires.
The queen's example all her peers pursue,
And pay the strangers more than strangers' due ;
For still on hers depends their every will, 175
As on the parent spring the issuing rill.

Soon came th' accustom'd hour, of all desir'd,
For that supply by Nature's wants requir'd,
To raise the fainting limbs with due repast,
Lest strength should fail, oppress'd with lengthen'd fast.
And now the courtly guests the table grac'd ; 181
Full opposite against Rinaldo plac'd,

Fair

Fair Floriana fix'd on him her eyes,
As wary pilots watch the northern skies.
And with that food which feasts of love bestow, 185
She fed her fond desires, and nourish'd woe.
Meantime the golden lyre Musæus strung,
And mystic lore to heavenly music sung :
He first, by Phœbus taught, high truths express'd
In tuneful verse, to win each listening guest : 190
So sweet his song, the notes might render vain
All savage force, and warring winds restrain,
When Eolus sets wide his stormy cave,
Where round its hollow womb th' impatient captives
rave.

He sung, from chaos rude how Nature drew 195
The seeds of all, whence infant order grew ;
And how, beneath her plastic hand, arose
These beauteous forms that now the world compose ;
To each assign'd its laws and proper bound,
Fire, air, and earth, and ocean's watery round : 200
The whole in peace by seeming discord held,
Of all we see, and all that lies conceal'd.
He told, when time had seen three ages pass,
Each various age of silver, gold, and brass,
How justly Jove, incens'd at human race, 205
Pour'd down a flood on earth's extended face ;

How Pyrrha and her spouse behind them threw
The fatal stones that must mankind renew,
Whence, like their origin, such men were born,
As held the toils of human life in scorn. 210

Nor did he, laurel'd God ! thy flames conceal,
And all the wounds that love has made thee feel :
Why Daphne, near her father's banks, perceives
Her arms to boughs, her hair convert to leaves.
How hapless Iö, to a heifer turn'd, 215
On Nilus' steepy brinks her fortune mourn'd.

Of Argus and of Syryn timer too he told,
Their cruel destiny by Heaven enroll'd.
So have I heard thee, Veniero, raise
Thy voice and notes with more harmonious lays, 220
And oft have seen, emerging from the tide,
Beneath thy feet the listening fishes glide ;
And birds innumerable, with the sound detain'd,
As if by power of magic spell constrain'd,
Their rapid pinions stop in middle flight, 225
And round thy seat in silent flocks alight.

But Floriana now, the banquet o'er,
With various talk beguil'd the passing hour ;
Still on Rinaldo's speech attentive hung,
And drank deep poison from his eye and tongue; 230

Now

Now ask'd of royal Charles, and now enquir'd
Of brave Orlando, through the world admir'd ;
And now (his lineage and his name confest)
On his own deeds discours'd her noble guest.
Declare, if not ungrateful to relate, 235
(She cry'd) how yet, in youth's unripen'd state,
Your deed could vindicate a mother's fame,
And clear to all her nearly fully'd name.
Long since I heard (unless my memory fail)
A knight of France disclose the pleasing tale, 240
Before my fire ; what time from Gallia's port,
He came a welcome guest to Media's court.

Rinaldo then—Though such a deed can raise,
From such an audience, little claim to praise ;
Yet, since you seek to know, my lips shall tell, 245
With truth sincere, how all in course befel.
Indulgent hear—and let my tender age,
My filial piety, alone engage
Your partial voice, for scarce an annual sun
Had o'er my head his thrice five courses run. 250
Ginamo of Maganza, once inflam'd
With rival love, his suit with Armon claim'd ;
For both, when youth was warm in either's breast,
With love my mother in her bloom address'd.

Long time in vain their mutual hopes they try'd, 255
At length resolv'd that combat should decide ;
When base Ginamo, with a dastard's mind,
The conquest yielded, and the fair resign'd.
But 'gainst my fire he nourish'd still apart
The worm of hatred gnawing in his heart, 260
And, like his kindred, ever vers'd in guile,
Would Amon's life betray by secret wile ;
But all his treasons fail'd.—When now at last
Long years had brought oblivion of the past,
Imperial Charles a solemn feast declar'd, 265
In honour of his natal day prepar'd.
One day, when at the regal table plac'd,
The king beheld the court with nobles grac'd,
A sudden thought revolving in his breast,
He turn'd, and thus th' assembled peers address'd : 270
Unconquer'd friends ! in every peril known,
My strength ! my arms ! the bulwark of my throne !
Let each before his king such merit name,
As from our hand the highest grace may claim.
Each baron then in turn the silence broke, 275
These urg'd their modest plea, those vaunting spoke.
Amidst the rest my noble father rose,
And for his theme this single merit chose ;

That

That three fair sons had blest his genial bed,
In stripling age to feats of glory bred, 280
With him in future join'd, midst all alarms,
To guard the church and state from foreign arms.

Well-pleas'd imperial Charles my father heard,
And soon his sense to every guest appear'd ;
The goblet, wont himself to use, he took, 285
And reach'd to Amon with a smiling look ;
When Gano's kinsman felt his treacherous heart
Transpierc'd at once with Envy's keenest dart :
Ginamo, who in ill with Gano vy'd,
There present fate, and all that pass'd descry'd ; 290
And brook'd but little, to the court made known,
Such honour, o'er himself, to Amon shown.
New fuel now the ancient flame increas'd
Of hatred, brooding in his impious breast.
So swell'd at length his rage, his rancour blind, 295
(Heav'n will'd it so) no more by craft confin'd,
From his fell foul deep schemes of malice broke,
And with stern brow to Amon thus he spoke.

No longer, Amon, shalt thou falsely shine
In borrow'd honours, never justly thine : 300
Know that, responsive to my warm desire,
Thy Beatrice confess'd an equal fire ;

Oft were we wont the sweet effects to prove
 Of mutual wishes, and of mutual love.—
 Hence sprung these three fair boys—by me they live,
 My sons !—and let thy wife the boast forgive : 306
 Let her forgive, that now to thee reveal'd,
 I speak of bliss long past—so long conceal'd.
 Thou too forgive—nor take the deed in scorn,
 Since from such deed such noble fruit was born. 310
 If Love with thee his power could ever use,
 Thou know'st such crimes no lover would refuse.
 Then more—no longer what is mine detain,
 Nor let me here demand my sons in vain ;
 And, had not fear to pain a husband's breast 315
 (Though just my cause) till now my speech repress,
 Thou long ere this in better time had'st heard
 This truth, so unexpected, fully clear'd :
 But all must yield before a nobler claim,
 Paternal love, and generous thirst of fame. 320

He said and ceas'd: the king by looks confess'd
 His high displeasure, nor his speech repress.
 But most these words of dire infernal art
 Sunk, deeply sunk, in wretched Amon's heart :
 Yet thus—'Tis basely false ! (enrag'd he cries) 325
 Forg'd in that head, that magazine of lies—

I know

I know thee, earl ! nor this the first I trace
 Of treasons springing from Maganza's race.
 And front to front (thou time and place ordain)
 This trusty sword shall, what I speak, maintain. 330

 A prudent man (Ginamo thus reply'd)
 Will try all other means ere arms are try'd.
 Who errs in this, we safely may confess
 His courage mighty, but his wisdom less.
 For me, though harsh the proof to Amon's ear, 335
 I shall not pause to make my truth appear ;
 So may my honour stand confirm'd of right,
 As fits my rank, and fits a loyal knight.

 Thus he ; and speaking, from his vesture drew,
 And sudden held in all th' assembly's view, 340
 Three costly rings, which for some ill design'd
 In former time, by his deep-plotting mind,
 Her maid, at his request, from Beatrice purloin'd. }
 These, now extending with a smiling look,
 He show'd my fire, and thus, exulting, spoke. 345

 Are these unknown ? Lo ! Amon, thus we prove
 How Beatrice return'd our faithful love.
 These were thy gifts (nor canst thou this deny)
 When join'd with her, unblest, in Hymen's tie ;
 And these undoubted proofs to all proclaim 350
 How thy rash tongue has wrong'd Ginamo's fame.

Yet

Yet I forgive — nor need'st thou now repent,
 This truth confirm'd, confirms thy punishment.
 Why look'st thou, wretch ? Again these tokens view,
 Examine well—and own Ginamo true. 355

How then was Amon ? Who can paint aright
 His stormy mind ?—He vanish'd from the sight,
 And impotent his frenzy to restrain,
 Would heal his honour with his comfort slain :
 But she, by secret message, doom'd to hear 360
 These cruel tidings with a trembling ear,
 With us, her three unhappy sons, retir'd,
 To shun the rage that first his bosom fir'd ;
 And with her fire a sure asylum gain'd,
 Where safe from Amon's search the dame remain'd,
 Till time should clear the falsehood deep imprest 366
 By impious treason, in her husband's breast.
 To seek her now sage Malagigi came,
 Who bore us all a kinsman's gentle name ;
 The dame he counsell'd, I should thence resort, 370
 With both my brethren, to the regal court,
 That there to proof of arms I might defy
 Ginamo false, and give his tongue the lye :
 But first to me an oath the matron took,
 That nothing e'er her faith to Amon shook, 375

And call'd on Heaven to prove her word sincere,
By every truth that Christian souls revere.

Soon as I reach'd the court, the wretch I dar'd
To single fight; but he, with feign'd regard
Of sacred ties, would such encounter shun, 380
Nor lift (he cry'd) a hand against his son.

I heard enrag'd, and every feature show'd
The high disdain with which my bosom glow'd ;
While he, who view'd my inexperience'd age,
Beheld my death with secret glad preface, 385

Though with the looks of deep dissembling art
He veil'd the passions of a ruthless heart.

Impatient of delay, I strait demand
The rank of knight from Charles's kingly hand.
With me my brethren equal grace obtain : 390

And now, inroll'd in knighthood's noble train,
Again I dar'd Ginamo to defy,

Again I gave his treacherous tongue the lye,
Till he, with outward show of deep regret,
As if constrain'd, the proffer'd challenge met. 395

The spear I grasp'd, and justice, that inflam'd
My fearless mind, my righteous weapon aim'd,
While sense of inward guilt and fraud bereav'd
His nerves of vigour, and his stroke deceiv'd.

His

His lance I felt not ; but with mortal wound 400
 Ginamo from his saddle prefs'd the ground.

O fair decrees of Heaven ! that give success
 To sacred truth, and falsehood's hopes depress !
 Soon as my lance to earth the traitor threw,
 With eager speed to take his life I flew, 405

But humbly he besought that every ear,
 Ere yet he died, his dying words might hear :
 I then (no malice harbouring in my breast)
 Was little slow to grant his last request :
 When he before his death the truth explain'd, 410
 Himself a traitor own'd, and Beatrice unstain'd.

Each covert treason lurking in his mind,
 Each artifice against my fire design'd,
 He told, and to its former spotless fame
 Restor'd my mother's lately sullied name. 415

Full high the king extoll'd my conquest, gain'd
 Without a sword, by single spear obtain'd ;
 And hence I swore no sword to wield in fight,
 Till one I conquer'd from some potent knight.

So spoke Rinaldo ; when, the tale complete, 420
 With change of features, rising from her seat,
 The royal maid withdrew, and parting left
 Her heart, in anguish from her bosom rest.

Already

Already now the night with silent pace
A third had travell'd of her humid race, 425
And from her gloomy breast profuser shed
Deep, quiet sleep o'er every mortal head :
Yet the sad queen, distracted with her pains,
Love's fatal poison creeping through her veins,
In vain attempts her weary eyes to close ; 430
The cares of love can never know repose :
But oft her restless mind, in sweet review,
Revolves her lover's various gifts anew :
Th' excelling valour that so rare appears
With tender bloom of inexperience'd years ; 435
The nameless graces that unite to raise
This theme of wonder, and this theme of praise.
And now she ponder'd, in her secret thought,
What once a kindred female sage had taught,
Who long in various arts of magic wise, 440
And vers'd in every secret of the skies,
Could tell how planets rule our world below,
What good or ill we to their influence owe.
She to the queen foretold, that potent love
(And nothing human could th' effect remove) 445
Should for a Christian knight her heart inflame,
Of manly beauty and of warlike name ;

That

That she to him would yield, in liberal hour,
The praise of chastity's unfully'd flower,
And thence, with ripening time, in matron throes, 450
The secret offspring of her love disclose ;
Two goodly twins, by ruling fate decreed
To many a high, to many a generous deed :
The one a male, and one a female, born
To rank with those whose names the earth adorn. 455

When from the mind is banish'd calm repose,
Alas ! no calm the wretched body knows.
Now here, now there, she tries her irksome bed,
In vain—where'er she moves all rest is fled !
Oft to the east she turns her longing eyes, 460
To mark if yet Aurora's beams arise ;
If yet some streaks appear of glimmering light,
So hateful now the downy plumes of night.
Soon as the morn, with tints of various hue,
Appear'd, and welcome day-break met her view, 465
She waited not her train's accustom'd aid,
But her fair limbs in costly vests array'd.
Slow seem'd each menial fair, and now she mov'd
Each dame to smile, and gently now reprov'd ;
And, scarcely by her faithful maidens join'd, 470
She went in haste her noble guests to find.

As

As the tall cypress from the genial bed
Of fostering earth exalts its stately head,
Sets all the beauties of its form to show,
As if in scorn of baser shrubs below : 475

So seem'd her lover to th' admiring queen,
So midst the throng his stature, looks, and mien ;
While o'er the rest his godlike front he rais'd,
From which a thousand beams of glory blaz'd.

With sweet regard she first the knight address'd, 480
Through Acatanã then she led her guest,
Her regal town ; to him the temples show'd,
Where chiefs of old their laurel'd trophies stow'd ;
The stately tombs for her forefathers made,
The lofty domes, the public ways display'd ; 485
Each wall, each fortress, each aspiring tower,
And all her wealth reveal'd, and all her power.

The evil, nourish'd, works unseen its way,
Till life begins to waste by slow decay :
All impotent her passion to control, 490
Love fills up every passage of her soul :
Her mien is chang'd, and now to speak she tries,
Now on her lip the timorous accent dies
In half-form'd words, and now with restless tread
She moves, now gazes round, now droops her head.

Of

Oft from her heart she heaves a mournful sigh ; 496
 Full oft the tears would trickle from her eye,
 But shame forbids—now earth she silent views,
 And now with upward looks would Heaven accuse.

At length she fix'd, unhappy, to disclose 500
 To her lov'd nurse the cause of all her woes.

My Helidonia! by whose tender care
 I liv'd when first I breath'd the vital air,
 From whom these lips the milky moisture drew,
 In whom alone a mother's name I knew, 505
 Assist me now—when strange desires infect
 The deep recesses of my virgin breast :
 Yet scarcely known, so strong this evil grows,
 As threatens soon my wretched days to close.
 My suffering from these foreign guests I date, 510
 The elder rules thy Floriana's fate—
 Ah ! see'st thou not how beauty, valour, grace,
 Excel in him, the first of human race.
 Ah me !—ah ! never, never thence to part,
 How deep his form is imag'd in my heart ! 515
 How every action to my sight appears !
 How every word still vibrates in my ears !
 Ah ! mother, shall I dare to thee proclaim
 My secret wish to indulge this wretched flame?

But

But whither rove I ?—first let earth enshroud 520

My living body in her opening womb,

Ere, chastity, I break thy sacred tie—

If death awaits—I stand prepar'd to die.

She ceas'd to speak ; then dry'd the tears she shed

In copious streams, and hung her drooping head: 525

Awhile the ancient crone revolv'd in mind,

What once the magic prophetess divin'd,

Full well she saw, by every sign express'd,

How love had seiz'd the queen's unhappy breast ;

Awhile in silence and suspense she stay'd, 530

At length in accents mild this answer made.

My child ! my queen ! for both I hold thee still—

No mortal conquers Fate's resistless will :

Th' enfeebled bark, amidst the war of waves,

With tackling torn, in vain the tempest braves: 535

Nor must we hope to pass the certain bound,

Prescrib'd in destiny's eternal round.

I speak what many, many a proof has shown

In rolling time, by long experience known.

If all thy efforts may successful prove, 540

From thy sad heart to pluck this rooted love,

Bid other wishes, other hopes aspire,

And warm thy bosom with some new desire,

Q

Rouse,

Rouse, rouse thy virtue—burst this tyrant's chain,
This venom'd worm that gnaws in every vein, 545
That threatens to destroy thy virgin-fame,
Which lost, all beauty is an empty name.
But if each counsel fails—as much I fear
By every sign—why shed the fruitless tear?
If stronger destiny thy life pursues, 550
Let human weakness thy defeat excuse.
And since th' enchantress, from this venial crime
Declar'd such mighty good to future time,
No longer from thyself, from us, withhold
Thy double offspring, thus to fame foretold. 555
She said, and speaking, sooth'd the princely dame,
And soften'd in her soul the sense of shame;
Her hopes exalted, gave her fears relief,
Increas'd her passion, and allay'd her grief.
Now Floriana bent her thoughts to prove, 560
What means might crown with bliss her eager love,
And Amon's son with kindred warmth inspire,
Some portion of her heart's consuming fire.
At first she tries, with every winning grace,
To make the Paladin her faith embrace, 565
With promise to receive him for her spouse,
And with the regal crown invest his brows ;

Since, at his death, to her directing hand
 Her fire bequeath'd the rule of Media's land.
 But when no suit like this his soul can move, 570
 She turns her baffled aim new schemes to prove,
 With art and study (beauty's powerful arms)
 She seeks to improve the lustre of her charms :
 She sets in loveliest form her golden hair,
 Her person decks with garments rich and fair ; 575
 Then lively painted in the mirror's face,
 With joy contemplates every rising grace.
 So, after showers, some gaudy bird displays
 And smooths his plumes in Phœbus' glistening rays.
 Now with soft glances; now with sighs profound, 580
 She to the knight reveals her secret wound,
 While from her piercing eyes the darting fires
 In flame his kindling breast to like desires.
 Rinaldo with the soft infection sighs,
 And smile for smile and glance for glance replies ; 585
 And while his bosom owns a purer flame,
 Love bends him now to this all-conquering dame.

A spacious garden near the palace lay,
 Where Flora's hands her treasur'd sweets display :
 Here only from th' apartments they repair, 590
 Th' apartments of the knight and royal fair :

Here oft at morn would Floriana rove,
To taste the freshness of the breezy grove.

One day she form'd, to deck her graceful head,
A crown of roses from their fragrant bed, 595
And near a stream, that trill'd with wanton play,
Along the dewy turf reclin'd she lay.
Oft with herself, and oft by fancy fir'd,
With him she commun'd whom her soul desir'd.

Ah! my Rinaldo! shall I ever live 600
To share that bliss which thou alone canst give?

Now came the Paladin, and chanc'd to hear
Th' enamour'd fair-one with enraptur'd ear.
How look'd they both, when each the other view'd!
O'er every feature flush'd the mantling blood! 605

With soft desire in either bosom rais'd,
They trembling, silent, on each other gaz'd;
While in their humid eyes a dancing gleam
Play'd, as in waves the sun's reflected beam.
Fair Venus smil'd, and from her heaven above, 610
Shed on the place Idalian sweets of love.

Thus many a day the Paladin remain'd
With Media's queen, in soft oblivion chain'd:
The second passion (foe to love and fame)
Had nearly stifled all his former flame: 615

At

At length a sudden chance compell'd the knight
 (Unlook'd for chance) to take his speedy flight,
 Reviv'd the first and honour-bred desire,
 To quench the second and ignoble fire.

The star of love, with gentle beams array'd, 620
 His golden locks in highest heaven display'd;
 The sun adorn'd his brows with splendor bright
 To grace the eastern skies with fairer light;
 When by Rinaldo, who with sleep oppress'd,
 Forgot his toils and cares in balmy rest, 625
 A blooming virgin in a dream was seen,
 In snow-white vestment with desponding mien :
 But yet her mournful face such lustre shed,
 So sweet a calm was o'er her features spread,
 At first he deem'd his eyes Aurora view'd, 630
 Who, with her presence, smiling day renew'd :
 But when on her he fix'd his eager sight,
 Though scarce his sense could bear th' oppressive light,
 He deem'd his once-lov'd Clarice he knew,
 No lying form which sleeping fancy drew : 635
 He thought the beauties of her face appear'd,
 He thought the music of her voice he heard :
 That, seem'd with gentle looks his soul to cheer,
 This, touch'd with mild reproach his conscious ear.

Ah! love unchang'd! ah! faith without a stain! 640
Ah! such the boast of knighthood's noble train!
Who give each fickle promise to the wind,
And pay, with fraud, the fond believing mind.
Canst thou, Rinaldo, banish from thy heart
Her who could never from thy image part? 645
Canst thou to other charms a victim prove,
Forgetful of thy first, thy nobler love?
Turn, wanderer! turn—to my remembrance wake—
Each hour, alas! I languish for thy sake.
To thee these tears, to thee these sighs appeal, 650
Too certain tokens of the pangs I feel!
But if my grief, my fond affection fail
To touch thy soul—thy honour may prevail—
Shall it be said Rinaldo thus retires,
In Media lost, a prey to loose desires? 655
Submits to shackles from a Pagan dame,
Nor heeds the sound of arms or voice of fame?
She said; and speaking thus, like vapours light,
Dissolv'd in air, and vanish'd from his sight.
The youth, awaking, gaz'd with anxious pain, 660
To find his fair-one; but he gaz'd in vain.
With rising sense of inward shame deprest,
Disdain and anger kindled in his breast:

His

His former love its wonted power regain'd,
 The second vanish'd, and no more remain'd. 665
 At once he seiz'd his vest, and arms in haste,
 And round his limbs the mail terrific brac'd;
 When lo ! it chanc'd the sculptur'd form he view'd
 Of lovely Clarice, that near him stood ;
 Now mute and moveless, as the pillar'd stone, 670
 His eyes, his thoughts, are fix'd on this alone :
 At length, like one who, held in slumber's chains,
 The vision vanish'd, all his power regains,
 Sudden he rous'd, the ties lethargic broke,
 And clasp'd his hands, and thus impassion'd spoke. 675

How could I e'er, oh ! once my soul's delight,
 With such return a love like thine requite ?
 Though all thy other merits vanquish mine,
 My constant truth should sure have equall'd thine !—
 Disloyal treacherous knight !—thy falsehood view, 680
 And let thy punishment the guilt pursue—
 But ah ! what greater suffering can I know,
 Than all the pangs that from repentance flow ?

This said ; he call'd his friend and bade resume
 His cuirass, mail, and helm with crested plume ; 685
 Adjur'd him then by every friendly tie,
 With him in haste from Media's court to fly

When he, who fought in all things to fulfil
Rinaldo's wish, prepar'd to obey his will;
Yet mildly ask'd what cause had sway'd his breast, 690
And Amon's courteous son the cause confess'd.
As, when the fyrens warble o'er the main,
The cautious pilot flies th' enchanting strain,
Spreads every sail to catch the favouring breeze,
And cuts with every oar the buxom seas : 695
Rinaldo thus, who warm in fancy hears
The wretched queen, and sees her streaming tears,
Flies from that grief which might his thoughts control,
And shake the steadfast purpose of his soul;
Departs in silence, while his breast retains 700
A tender sense of Floriana's pains :
Though quench'd his flame, her memory still he keeps,
And o'er her fortune soft-ey'd pity weeps.
Her beauty, courtesy, such tribute claim,
And all the virtues that adorn her name. 705
Fain would he pour the balm to sooth the woes
That menace soon to banish her repose,
But fears to her his dire resolve to own,
And with his friend departs to all unknown.

END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

THE

THE
TENTH BOOK
OF
RINALDO.

THE ARGUMENT.

Despair of Floriana on the departure of Rinaldo. She sends several knights after him; but these being defeated, return without success. Her grief and lamentation. She attempts her own life: intervention of Medea an enchantress. Rinaldo and Florindo travel over several kingdoms, and embark on board a vessel, when they are overtaken by a dreadful storm. The ship is wrecked; but Rinaldo escapes by swimming, and arrives at a castle, where he is hospitably entertained. His encounter with a strange knight. His arrival at the camp of Charlemain, where he engages and overthrows Gryphon in the jousts. He makes himself known to the emperor and the Christian leaders, and is welcomed with general acclamation.

THE
TENTH BOOK
OF
RINALDO.

BUT cruel love, though ever veil'd his eyes,
That, soon or late, each hidden deed descries,
To Media's queen, by certain tokens, spread
The fatal tidings of her lover fled,
Who left her thus abandon'd and forlorn, 5
In floods of grief her hapless state to mourn.
Sad Floriana now her anguish vents
In mingled sighs and tears and loud laments;
Now, silent, wrapt in thoughtful gloom appears;
Nor objects strike her eyes, nor sounds her ears; 10
And had not still (tho' lost her maiden fame)
Some conscious sense surviv'd of honest shame;
A sense, which still her lofty soul retain'd,
Which still each act in decent bounds restrain'd,
Her

Her bloomy cheek, fair neck, and ivory breast, 15

And lovely tresses had her rage confest :

Yet long as day its golden beams display'd,

Her steps around the regal city stray'd :

From place to place she flew with restless mien,

As ill besem'd a noble dame and queen. 20

So fares a wretch that in himself retains

Some evil spirit (minister of pains)

From whom he feels internal war, nor knows

One slender interval of blest repose.

O power of love ! that rules all human kind, 25

And clouds, with error's mist, our reasoning mind !

At length her thoughts the only means suggest

To kindle hope, extinguish'd in her breast :

Some knights to send from all her martial crew,

By land and sea her lover to pursue ; 30

That might or eloquence or force employ

To bring him back, and with him every joy ;

And, should their prayers and soft demeanor fail,

At least with courage and with arms prevail.

This done ; with doubtful trembling heart she stay'd

Their wish'd return, and fear'd each day delay'd : 36

Like some pale prisoner doom'd in chains to wait

The hour that must decide his wretched fate.

Too

Too well her looks to every eye display
The anxious pains that on her bosom prey : 40
Her faltering words, her mournful gestures show
Too certain tokens of her inward woe.
But lo ! the third succeeding day there came
Six knights of those selected by the dame
To o'ertake the noble youth : these six return'd, 45
Their hopes defeated, and their prowess spurn'd ;
The first assault unable to sustain,
Stretch'd by Rinaldo wounded on the plain ;
As these, against his will, united strove
To force him back to Media's court and love. 50
Before the lofty dame these six appear'd,
When from amidst their number one was heard.

O queen ! we went—and soon the knights we view'd,
Who with impatient speed their way pursu'd :
And now, persuasion's every art apply'd 55
To win the youths, against them next we try'd
The power of threats, and last with arms assail'd ;
But prayers, and threats, and sterner combat fail'd.
When courteous we began, in courteous wife
The son of Amon * fram'd his fair replies ; 60
With specious reasons urg'd to heal the blame,
Which stain'd for secret flight his better name ;

* RINALDO.

That

That he reluctant from your seats withdrew;
 And gladly would the Median court review;
 But first he fought, compell'd by sudden chance; 63
 Great Pepin's * son amid the plains of France.
 With what a winning grace the knight appear'd !
 With what a placid air our menace heard !
 And every speech, of fierce and haughty strain,
 Return'd with mild address and words humane. 70
 But when in arms he found determin'd foes,
 Then swell'd his wrath, then high his courage rose ;
 Tremendous then his wonted valour shone,
 Our spears he met, an easy conquest won,
 And all our strength dissolv'd like snow before the
 sun. 75

And now subjected to his sovereign will,
 The victims of his power to save or kill,
 Our lives (he said) had sure aton'd the fault
 Of such unknighly, unprovok'd assault,
 But since he wish'd that ever for thy sake, 80
 All those who serv'd thee should his love partake,
 He hop'd to pay, by grace on us bestow'd,
 In part that duty which to thee he ow'd.

So spoke the knight; and like a barbed dart
 Each word he utter'd pierc'd his sovereign's heart. 85

* CHARLEMAIN.

Her

Her spirit seem'd, releas'd from fleshly chains,
To quit its prison and its mortal pains ;
But slowly soon again possession take
Of those fair limbs it languish'd to forsake.
At length the dame, recovering, round her threw 90
Her heavy eyes, and now th' apartment knew,
To which convey'd, her maids with decent care,
On her own bed had plac'd the swooning fair.
She saw her silent damsels waiting near,
She saw on every cheek the duteous tear ; 95
Till feigning now to indulge the rest requir'd,
She will'd them to depart, and each retir'd.

Thus left alone, her tears no more repress,
O'erflow'd her face and trickled down her breast ;
And from her inmost bosom seem'd to fly 100
Her troubled soul in one collected sigh ;
Then, clasping both her hands, a furious look
As on herself she turn'd, and thus she spoke.

Where am I ? wherefore this unworthy scene !
Do tears like these become a powerful queen ?— 105
No, Floriana—thou with generous scorn
Reject such complaints to souls ignobly born ;
And shew by every proof of conscious worth,
The royal blood to which thou ow'st thy birth.

While

While fortune smil'd on all thy joys below; 110
 And heaven had never yet appear'd thy foe;
 While spotless chastity thy praise endear'd;
 Thy life was happy, and thy name rever'd!
 But now, thy honour, life's sole blessing, lost,
 Thy every hope by heaven and fortune crost, 115
 Die, wretched queen!—nor fear by death to gain
 A welcome passage from a world of pain.
 For, ah! thy virtue gone, thou canst but know
 Succeeding stings of shame, remorse, and woe!
 O sovereign Jove! who hear'st me from above, 120
 And view'st this issue of unhappy love;
 If prayer, like mine, can pierce the heavenly sphere,
 If prayer, like mine, can touch thy pitying ear;
 If pure devotion from a mortal breast
 E'er mov'd thy power to grant a just request; 125
 Let him, through whom in cruel death I bleed,
 Let him receive his just his equal meed!
 Give him, O righteous king! in love to burn
 For some proud female that disdains return;
 And let him witness, from th' ignoble herd, 130
 Some worthless lover to himself preferr'd:
 Yet sure to such a treacherous heart belongs
 Far other punishment to avenge my wrongs:

Thine be the cause!—nor know I to require,
What equals his deserts, or my desire— 135

But wherefore thus to female wailings fly?—
'Tis now no time to ponder—but to die—
Away with words!—one act concludes the strife,
This fatal moment ends my woes and life.

She said; and frantic then a dagger clasp'd, 140
Which once the valiant son of Amon * grasp'd:
While this all naked in her hand she took,
She view'd it with a stern determin'd look:
A sudden warmth, from fearless passions bred,
Flush'd every feature to a deepening red; 145
And with a firmness, scarce by mortals view'd,
The dame, in words like these, her speech renew'd.

O false Rinaldo!—but O pitying steel!
The wounds thy lord has made, 'tis thou must heal!
His secret flight has cleft this heart in twain, 150
That but surviv'd to feel increasing pain;
Thy friendly point shall give by death relief
To that which but surviv'd to nourish grief.
The first dire stroke my heart of bliss bereaves,
The gentler second all its care relieves. 155
That, every good destroys which lovers know;
This, cures the sharpest pangs of human woe.

* RINALDO.

R

Thou,

Thou, conscious bed ! while happier days allow'd,
 Dear witness of the peace by love bestow'd,
 Alas ! how chang'd my now disastrous state, 160
 Sad witness of thy Floriana's fate !
 And as thou once, within thy friendly breast
 Receiv'dst thy queen, of every wish possesst,
 So now receive her, pale with shortening breath,
 The last faint struggles soon to end in death : 165
 Receive my blood !—here drink the crimson tide,
 And tell the world how Floriana died.

Then, with dry eyes, her bosom first she bar'd—
 And rais'd her weapon, for the stroke prepar'd;
 But lo ! the steel, abhorrent of her gore, 170
 Fell from her grasp, and harmless press'd the floor ;
 When, with a whirlwind blast, wide open flew
 The dark balcony, and expos'd to view
 A wondrous car, and to the yoke constrain'd,
 Four monstrous birds of uncouth figure rein'd. 175
 There sat a matron, in whose features sage
 Were read deliberate thought and reverend age :
 Medea this, who skill'd in magic lore,
 With Floriana's fire one mother bore ;
 In such distress, a timely aid she came, 180
 From black despair to snatch the regal dame.

Whate'er

Whate'er had chanc'd her prescient skill divin'd,
 The lover fugitive, the death design'd;
 And hither, bent on speed, she drove from far
 Through elemental storms her rapid car. 185
 Entering she saw her royal niece resume
 The fallen steel, to fix her cruel doom:
 At once her arm the struggling fair embrac'd,
 And seiz'd the dagger with preventive haste;
 Then sudden o'er her eyes and bosom threw 190
 (Of potent aid) some drops of magic dew,
 That soon with sleep her drowsy lids oppress'd,
 And lull'd each passion to lethargic rest.
 This ancient dame, in every secret taught,
 From Lethe's shore th' enchanted liquor brought, 195
 Of power the weary members to repair,
 And blunt the stings of heart-corroding care.
 While slumber thus the fair one's eye-lids weigh'd,
 Her on the car the sage enchantress laid,
 Herself ascending, seated at her side, 200
 She snatch'd the reins their destin'd course to guide.
 The chariot flew, its mistress to obey,
 And cut through fleecy clouds its vaporous way.
 Not with such swiftness stoops from upper skies
 The bird, that views the sun with steadfast eyes: 205

Not the bright rocket mounts with equal speed,
Nor from the bow-spring flies the feather'd reed.

An isle there lies amidst the breezy main,
Beyond the bounds that mariners restrain,
Alcides' bounds, where ships with danger ride, 210
And Calpè's mountain parts the roaring tide.

In this abode, this far-sequester'd feat,
Where peace and gladness hold their blest retreat,
Where frolic pastime sports, where all unite
To form a smiling region of delight, 215

'Tis said that Jove the mansion has assign'd
For heroes, once the pride of human-kind;
When worn with labour, or with years oppress'd,
Their souls releas'd, aspire to endless rest—
No further cares, no evils here annoy, 220
Each, near approaching, feels the general joy :
For gifts like these the wondrous region fam'd,
Is hence by all THE ISLE OF PLEASURE nam'd.

Hither th' enchantress steer'd her airy flight,
Here stay'd her wheels, and bade the car alight ; 225
Here on soft turf she laid the Median queen,
Wak'd from salubrious sleep with mind serene :
No more the thorn of love torments her breast,
No more she mourns the blessing once possess'd ;

Yet

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Yet fix'd remembrance of her wrong retains, 230

Though not a trace of former grief remains.

In this fair isle, where heaven's benignant hand

Sheds every grace to bless the happiest land,

Where Delos' mighty god his temperate rays

Diffuses round to give the genial days ; 235

Where rich on golden stalks the ruby gleams,

Where glide the sportive fish through crystal streams ;

Her royal niece in this sequester'd seat

Medea keeps—her own, her lov'd retreat.

Meantime, with brave Florindo, on his way 240

Went Amon's * son, impatient of delay ;

The force of Floriana's knights subdu'd,

Who late with hostile arms his flight pursu'd.

His former love, rekindling in his breast,

The youth to Europe's climes his speed address'd ; 245

The Median realms and countries left behind,

Where nations dwell of unbelieving kind.

Now Media's spacious kingdom travers'd o'er,

To reach Armenia's lands their course they bore,

Armenia, greater nam'd, whose sovereign lord † 250

Late sunk the victim of Florindo's sword :

With this, Assyria past, they journey'd on

To Soria, first by Syria's title known ;

* RINALDO.

† FRANCARDO.

Here, on Baruti's coast, a bark obtain'd,
 When general calm o'er sky and ocean reign'd, 255
 Their safety now to dashing waves consign'd,
 Each bellying sail extended to the wind,
 The happy isle * they view, of old so dear
 To beauty's queen, who rules the silver sphere;
 And that † where Jove, a cradled infant, lay : 260
 Not far remote, Morea they survey;
 With Sicily, where three fam'd mountains show
 Their airy brows, and shade the deeps below.

While thus their pleasing voyage they pursue,
 And round them cast by turns a tranquil view, 265
 The skilful pilot every night descries
 Ten thousand stars that deck the sable skies;
 Observes the fam'd Triones' golden gleam,
 And arm'd Orion's more refulgent beam;
 The stormy Hyades, Arcturus slow, 270
 Oft-time to mariners presaging woe.

He marks the moon, and sees her visage spread
 With vapoury clouds, and flush'd with fiery red.
 So look'd she once, perchance, with blushes dy'd,
 When naked seen amid the limpid tide. 275
 Dismay'd the pilot stands, his colour flies,
 And saddening doubts within his bosom rise.

* CYPRUS.

† CRETE.

Lo!

Lo! falling stars shoot through the murky night,
And leave behind a slender trail of light :
As whizzing rockets fir'd, that upward tend, 280
Their fury spent, again to earth descend.
And now a shoal of restless dolphins cleave
With rapid fins the surface of the wave.
Ah me! I see too well (the pilot cries)
That stormy Eolus to arms defies. 285
To every sound he turns his listening ears,
And silent sighs at every sound he hears :
The tossing billows foam and rave below,
As pent-up fires in caverns fiercer glow :
Through night's deep womb is dreadful heard around
The howls of Juno thro' the dark profound. 291
Now Eolus bids all his winds engage,
Bursts their strong caves, and stimulates their rage.
Impatient each the battle first would try,
Before his fellow each impatient fly : 295
The earth wide trembles to their issuing roar,
And what but late was fix'd, is fix'd no more,
While jarring elements, commixt in fight,
One horror hides in universal night.
Torn from his lowest seat, black ocean raves, 300
And foams and bellows with resounding waves ;

Air louder groans—the pilot sees his foes
Thick and more thick the suffering bark enclose,
And strains his powers a bold defence to make,
Inviting each his labours to partake. 305
The few, of no avail with heart or hand,
Whose terrors but disturb the sailor-band,
Are sent below, where less the eye or ear
May see the tempest, or the tumult hear.
Now some, with speed, the larger sails unbind, 310
The topsail, only left, receives the wind.
One, with shrill signal, gives command to all;
Each, ready at his post, obeys the call;
But what, alas! can skill or toil avail,
When more the furies of the storm assail 315
The reeling bark, o'er which proud ocean flows,
Like some fierce chief above his yielding foes?
Torn from the deck the reflux tides would sweep
The struggling seamen in th' unfathom'd deep,
But these, adher'd to cords and tackling, save 320
Their lives some moments from a watery grave,
Now Neptune whirls his forked spear so high,
He seems, at war with Jove, to threat the sky;
The trembling crew, with force impetuous driven,
Are borne amidst th' eternal lights of heaven, 325
Then,

Then, plunging down, behold on either hand
 A liquid wall, and strike against the land.
 Nor less the fury of the rattling wind
 Now drives before, and now impels behind,
 The giddy ship, till with a sounding blast 330
 Fierce Boreas snaps in twain the cracking mast,
 And, frozen as himself, at once imparts
 A mortal coldness to the sailors' hearts.
 Ah ! who can paint what pangs each bosom swell ?
 What horrors now in every feature dwell ; 335
 While winds and floods in dreadful contest vye,
 And death terrific glares in every eye ?
 This mourns a son, and that a widow'd wife,
 Dear comforts in the peaceful hours of life :
 This a lov'd father left behind, deprest 340
 With creeping age, with poverty distress'd ;
 And that his friends (a try'd, a faithful train)
 Never, ah ! never to be seen again :
 And some, to whom such ties are little known,
 No danger feel, no sufferings but their own. 345
 While some devoutly bending to the skies,
 With hands uplifted, and imploring eyes,
 Address'd that heaven, which now surrounding night
 In pitchy darkness veil'd from human sight ;

And

And if through opening clouds they catch the gleam
 Of fiery meteors that in ether stream, 351
 New terrors rise; they fear that heaven declares
 These signs of anger, and rejects their prayers.

Rinaldo now, amidst the foaming main
 Commands the boldest of the sailor-train 355
 To launch the skiff, in this distressful state
 Himself and friend to snatch from threaten'd fate;
 For soon he hopes, by strength of labouring oar,
 To pass the seas, and safely reach the shore :
 But from the ship he first remov'd with care 360
 His sword, his gallant steed, and sculptur'd fair.
 The crafty seaman, who the vessel steer'd,
 Who more his own than other's danger fear'd,
 Lest adding weight to that already stow'd,
 The slender bark should sink beneath her load, 365
 Himself secur'd, the cable cuts in twain,
 Forsakes the ship, and scuds along the main,
 While all Rinaldo's threats and prayers are vain. }

And now the ship at either opening side
 Admits the influx of the hostile tide. 370
 The sailors toil to close the gaping seams,
 And to the sea return the briny streams.
 Lo ! where the furious wind with dreadful roar
 From the high stern the faithful rudder tore :

Full

Full on the pilot's head a billow broke, 375
The hapless pilot (stunn'd beneath the stroke)
Plung'd to the deep abyss, and in his fall
Involv'd the last, the common hopes of all.
What now can save the shatter'd vessel, tost
On boiling waves, her guide and rudder lost ? 380
The wretched seaman's skill avails no more,
Despair and horror rule the fatal hour.
A freezing hand now presses every heart,
And more than ice congeals each vital part.
You only, generous pair ! you only seem 385
With mind compos'd in peril's dire extreme ;
As if in every feature shone express'd
The godlike virtues of a dauntless breast.
Dash'd on a rock in thousand fragments flies
The wretched vessel—shrieks and piercing cries 390
Are heard around—some call on Macon's name,
And some, in death, their purer faith proclaim.
This, with an arm above the waves appears,
That, scarce his forehead o'er the water rears.
One climbs a rock, and one a wreck attains ; 395
One by his comrade's help his sinking weight sustains.
Rinaldo and his friend, as chance supply'd,
Had seiz'd a plank that floated on the tide ;

To

To this one nervous hand adhesive held,
 And one the fierce and angry waves repell'd, 400
 That still return'd, which these with panting breath
 Ejecting, spurn'd the briny tides beneath
 With sinewy feet: long time they held their course
 Through warring billows with unconquer'd force;
 Till o'er their heads huge mountain-waves descend,
 And part Rinaldo from his gentle friend. 406
 Florindo lost the plank, by which so late
 They both had struggled long with adverse fate.
 Still Amon's generous son his friendship proves
 T' assist the youth, and for the life he loves 410
 Oft risks his own—but ruthless fate denies,
 The closing waters round Florindo rise,
 And snatch him from Rinaldo's longing eyes. }
 Rinaldo now, a prey to black despair,
 Detests himself, detests ethereal air; 415
 Now, now resolves no longer to contend
 With angry waves, but to the deep descend, }
 A willing victim with his lifeless friend.
 But reason soon, with stronger power, assails
 The frantic knight, till better thought prevails. 420
 His purpose chang'd, again with strength renew'd
 His pliant limbs divide th' opposing flood,
 That

That murmurs at his breast; and soon he spies
 Where o'er the tide the land in prospect lies.
 Now with redoubled strength his feet, his hands 425
 He plies, and treads at length the welcome sands,
 Where on smooth pebbles roll the murmuring seas;
 Then with uplifted eyes, on bending knees,
 With grateful heart his vows to heaven he paid,
 For life preserv'd by heaven's all-powerful aid. 430
 But when his mind recall'd Florindo lost,
 His pallid corse on surging waters tost;
 A youth, the noblest of the noble kind,
 A form so graceful, and a fearless mind!
 A life so finish'd deeply he deplor'd, 435
 And little triumph'd in his own restor'd.
 How gladly with the dead the knight would share
 His remnant days! as Leda's filial pair *
 Enjoy'd, by turns, the gift of vital air. }

But while he mourns, a castle near he spies 440
 With stately turrets lifted to the skies,
 On which the peering sun, from ocean's stream,
 Through scatter'd vapours darts his morning beam:
 To this he speeds, and sees with gentle flow
 The Tyrrhene waters lave the walls below. 445
 The courteous lord with welcome fair receives
 Good Amon's son, and every want relieves;

* CASTOR and POLLUX.

With

With armour, steed, and trusty squire supplies,
 And points to where the Roman towers arise.
 With thanks the noble youth his seat forsook, 450
 And thence for France his eager way he took :
 The third succeeding day a knight he view'd,
 In dazzling arms beside a crystal flood,
 And near, beneath a pine, his steed confin'd
 In golden reins—the noblest of his kind ! 455
 The trunk an image bore : on these amaz'd
 With eyes intent, the fearless hero gaz'd.
 He knew his own Bayardo, and confess'd
 That image ever sculptur'd in his breast :
 Then, turning to the stranger, next espy'd 460
 The sword Fusberta pendant at his side.
 The crafty seaman, who forsook the ship,
 And safely with his skiff had plough'd the deep,
 Who left the Paladin deceiv'd behind,
 Expos'd to greater risks from sea and wind ; 465
 Himself deliver'd from the surgy main,
 Resolv'd to turn his prize to venal gain.
 This knight he met, to him (the terms agreed)
 He sold the beauteous image, sword, and steed.
 Rinaldo, from the stranger mildly claim'd 479
 His own by right ; but he, with pride inflam'd,

†

Discourteous

Discourteous spoke—'Tis not my strain (he cries)
To part thus lightly with so fair a prize.
If these are thine, let arms thy right declare,
'Tis base to waste the time in wordy war. 475

Thus he; nor aught the generous youth reply'd,
But, lighting, drew the falchion from his side:
Rinaldo scorn'd th' advantage to pursue,
Th' advantage Fortune gave, for well he knew
No foreign hand could e'er, by force or flight, 480
Bayardo lead against his lord to fight.

The knight unknown, indignant to behold
His brave opponent, deem'd him rashly bold,
Who durst with him in equal combat meet,
With him so fam'd for every hardy feat. 485

First with his sword Rinaldo aim'd a blow,
The aim made frustrate by his wily foe,
Who raising next his steel, half smiling, cry'd;
Behold whose hand can best the weapon guide!
The stroke resistless cleft the shield in twain, 490

And sent the halves divided to the plain,
And, thence descending, with continu'd course,
Against his thigh the weapon spent its force.
Not with such rage imperious Neptune glows,
When on his surface stormy Boreas blows, 495

As

As now Rinaldo foam'd—a flushing red
 From mantling blood o'er all his features spread :
 Fire flash'd his eyes, and every look might make
 The stoutest heart with freezing terror shake.

What arm shall then the furious weapon stay 500

Descending from on high with sweepy sway ?

Full on the helmet came the dreadful stroke,

Beneath the steel the helm in pieces broke.

The stranger fell, but fell without a wound,

Though sudden stupor all his senses bound. 505

Then thus Rinaldo—Here the contest ends,

With me no more yon haughty knight contends.

Fusberta then he seiz'd ; once more regain'd

His dear-lov'd image, and Bayardo rein'd. 509

His courser's back he press'd—the courser, proud

To bear his master, neigh'd with joy aloud,

And every sign of gratulation show'd. }

Thus oft we see beside his patron stand

A trusty dog beneath the fondling hand.

In act to part, by chance Rinaldo view'd 515

His buckler in the fight asunder hew'd,

Again he turn'd his courser's head, and found

The vanquish'd knight still senseless on the ground.

From him he bade his squire the buckler take,

By Brontes forg'd, of more than mortal make ! 520

A damsel

A damsel there by wondrous skill was wrought,
Of form divine, transcending human thought !
Alive she seem'd, and in the mimic strife,
But speech and motion claim'd to vie with life.

In evil hour (ah ! better far ungain'd 525
Such fatal prize !) this shield the knight obtain'd :
With this he hop'd in fight his breast to guard,
But for his heart a cruel wound prepar'd.

The shield receiv'd, again the warrior held
His eager way, by goading love impell'd. 530

No pause, no stop—while Phoebus gilds the day,
Or sheds his morning or his evening ray :

Alone when heaven in starry splendor glows,
Awhile he rests, yet scarcely sleep he knows:
Full soon he sees those happy realms extend, 535
Which here the seas, and there the Alps defend.

The hills descending to the subject plain,
He hails with joy his native soil again.

And now, approaching Paris' wall, he hears
That Gallia's sovereign with his warlike peers, 540

His royal spouse and dames, in tents reside,
Where in a flowery mead, with winding pride,
A river glides ; a place that seem'd design'd
For chase and pastimes of the regal kind :

That there a baron for the list prepar'd, 545
Each foreign champion to the combat dar'd :
Encountering all that came, the boastful knight
Before the dames display'd his single might.

Now view'd Rinaldo on the shining plain,
Of dames and warriors an illustrious train ; 550
Their nervous limbs, or softer beauties, dress'd
In gold, in steel, or vary'd silken vest :
Vermilion these, and those of tincture blue,
These snowy white, and those of verdant hue ;
While thence the sun reflects the mingled dyes, 555
And with another rainbow paints the skies.

Meanwhile by each the Paladin was seen,
On fierce Bayardo, with exalted mien :
His looks erect and dauntless front express'd
The generous ardor of a knightly breast. 560

Firm on his seat, he seem'd a stately tower
That scorns the northern blast or wintry shower.
All eyes on him with pleasing wonder gaz'd,
While each to each his noble semblance prais'd.

But Gryphon who, in height of martial pride, 565
For love of Clarice the knights defy'd,
Impatient of a stranger's honours, flew
Swift as an arrow from the twanging yew.

Secure

Secure to win, he plac'd his spear in rest,
But ere they met, these haughty words address'd: 570
Swear, warrior! swear, whate'er thy chosen dame,
She yields to mine in charms and spotless name.

Long ere this day, by beauty's power subdu'd,
Had Gryphon Olivero's sister woo'd;
While heedless of his suit the scornful maid 575
With cold neglect his eager warmth repaid.
But when at length he found his bosom burn'd
With fruitless flame, to Clarice he turn'd
His service vow'd; nor could Rinaldo's ear
(Himself so far remote) these tidings hear. 580

For no base fears (Rinaldo made reply)
The tongue which honour guides shall truth deny;
And ill it suits a knight of noble strain,
To shrink at danger, or from toil refrain.
I trust to prove how far thy challenge wrongs 585
The sacred honour that to truth belongs.
Fair is thy dame, but all her boasted charms
Must yield to her whose love my bosom warms.

Thus menac'd they; and now to threats succeed
The brandish'd weapon and the fearful deed. 590
Each hand sustains a spear of wondrous length,
Long as the mast and like the mast in strength.

So fierce they rush'd to meet, with equal speed,
That borne on pinions seem'd each flying steed,
While to the shock th' affrighted air around 595
Remurmurs deep, and tremors shake the ground.

But vainly Gryphon every nerve apply'd,
Through eager haste his weapon swerv'd aside.
Not so Rinaldo—his, with better aim
Full on the buckler's bossy convex came, 600
And from the seat indignant Gryphon flung;
Against the earth his polish'd armour rung.

Now round Rinaldo all impatient pres'd,
Each peer and noble joining to request
The knight to loose his helm—at length constrain'd
Their suit he granted, nor conceal'd remain'd: 606
His vizor rais'd, he gave them to behold
His graceful features and his locks of gold;
Nor seem'd less fair in beauty's manly charms,
Than brave before in hardy deeds of arms. 610
And now his face, his locks disclos'd to fight,
All see and all confess the well-known knight:
The friendly circles shout with loud acclaim,
And voice to voice repeats Rinaldo's name.
Already now his mighty deeds they hear, 615
Already sounds his praise in every ear,

In

In tuneful strains his valour Glory sings,
And, hovering round him, claps her golden wings.
All tongues unite Rinaldo's name to raise,
Each lip to him its grateful tribute pays. 620
Some grasp his hand, some to their bosoms hold,
And some his neck with friendly arms enfold;
And some, whose souls a nearer love confess,
On his young cheek the kisses of friendship press.
Old Amon to his breast the warrior strains, 625
Paternal rapture throbbing in his veins.
And now, his father left, the noble knight
Appears before his mighty sovereign's sight,
With Galarena near—to each he kneels,
On either regal hand his duty seals : 630
With placid mien, with looks of cordial love,
The royal pair his faithful zeal approve.
The gentle dames in soft contention vye,
The youth to honour with a favouring eye,
While each such token of regard displays, 635
As suits the modesty of female praise.

END OF THE TENTH BOOK.





THE
ELEVENTH BOOK
OF
RINALDO.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jealousy of Clarice. Grief of Rinaldo. Rinaldo kills Anselmo, who disputes with him the hand of Alda at a ball, and is banished by Charlemain from the court. After travelling some time he enters the valley of Despair: description of that place: his lamentation, till being at last delivered from that dismal dwelling, he arrives at the hill of Hope: while he is contemplating the beauties of the place, he suddenly hears the noise of arms. He engages a troop of Pagans, and delivers an unknown knight: the battle followed by an interesting discovery.

T H B

E L E V E N T H B O O K

O F

R I N A L D O.

BUT Clarice apart in anguish sighs,
 While jealous thoughts within her bosom rise,
 Displeas'd she sees how all impatient run
 To grace with honours Amon's mighty son*,
 She feels her anger rous'd at Gryphon's shame, §
 Whose late defeat involv'd her injur'd name ;
 At him, on whose depicted shield was shown
 The lively portrait of a dame unknown.

Suffic'd it not, ah ! perjur'd man (she cries)
 To break thy faith, and love like mine despise ? 10
 But could'st thou thus the cause triumphant show
 From which thy crime, from which my sorrows flow ?
 My rival absent, yet thou set'st to view
 The form of her that could thy soul subdue.

* RINALDO.

- And

And now, the champion of another's charms, 15

Against my glory bear'st thy treacherous arms.

As under flowers the venom'd snake we trace,

So by a courteous mien, and manly grace,

Is veil'd in thee a barbarous mind that turns

From proffer'd faith, and pure affection spurns. 20

Ah ! fly, ye dames, those looks enticing, fly

That modest air, that mildly beaming eye,

Which promise life, but death, alas ! bestow

On all who hope to these their blis to owe.

But why, insensate ! thus with sighs complain, 25

Since sighs and fond complaints alike are vain ?

Shall he, when fickle and deceiving, find

His love requited, and his mistress kind ?

No—such as he—such Clarice shall prove,

The same for constancy, the same for love. 30

She said, resolv'd her features should impart

The deep resentment brooding in her heart.

O Jealousy ! of love untimely born,

Whose birth has often caus'd thy fire to mourn,

Thou mingl'st with his sweets thy bitter juice, 35

Thy impious arts a parent's ills produce.

Depart to seats of punishment below,

To pains, to howlings of eternal woe !

Respect the peace of such a virtuous breast,

That merits not to admit so dire a guest.

49

The Paladin, who kept his eager fight,

Ere since he came, on her his soul's delight,

Saw in her looks the kindling anger rise,

Like meteors flashing through the troubled skies,

He saw, but knew not yet what hidden cause,

45

What crime on him the fair's resentment draws.

Why should my presence thus with frowns disgrace,

The tranquil beauties of that angel face !

And am I then (he cry'd) such labours past,

Return'd to die—and thus to die at last !

50

For, ah ! I die, if she, my lovely foe,

With scornful pride deforms her gentle brow,

Why arm'st thou, Love, with such unkind disdain

Those eyes where thron'd thou hold'st thy potent reign.

Now tow'rds the regal walls the noble band

55

Prepare to move at Charles's high command.

Tent after tent is loosen'd from the plain,

And soon no marks of former pomp remain ;

When every knight, whose bosom feels the flame

Of faithful passion for some courtly dame,

60

First on her palfrey lifts with gentlest care,

Then by the silken reins conducts the blooming fair.

Rinaldo's

Rinaldo's arms his Clarice embrac'd,
And on her seat the lovely burthen plac'd:
While in her features deep displeasure glow'd, 65
Adown her cheek the tear of anguish flow'd,
And though her tongue from sorrowing speech refrain'd,
Enough her looks in mute distress complain'd.

The knight, who knew each moment to improve,
Embolden'd in the hour of prosperous love, 70
When from his mistress' eyes the pleasing fires
He first receiv'd, enkindling soft desires,
Now cautious watch'd the time, which seem'd with care
Deny'd her lover by the offended fair.
At length, th' occasion found, he silence broke, 75
And thus the troubles of his bosom spoke.

Ah! cruel he, who from another's spoils
Purloins the fruit of all his faithful toils!
And cruel he, to pity's name a foe,
Who comforts not the heart oppress'd with woe. 80
To thee, my Clarice, I thus complain,
Since every peril, every deed is vain,
My sole reward with-held—and midst my grief
No friendly tongue affords its kind relief.
For all my sufferings, all my battles gain'd, 85
And all for thee—is this the prize obtain'd?

A cold

A cold disdain that clouds those lovely eyes,
To me, alas ! each hope of peace denies :
Those eyes, that once could every pain control,
And raise to noble heights the drooping soul— 90
Ah me ! what cause—but here the lofty maid
Cut short his speech, and thus severely said.
From *her* thy comfort seek, from *her* whose charms
Against my honour late inspir'd thy arms :
Whose form not only dwells within thy breast, 95
But proudly triumphs on thy shield impress.

Thou, cruel Love, that could'st direct a dart,
From every word to pierce his bleeding heart,
Thou only canst describe a lover's pains,
A subject that transcends the Muses' strains. 100

Too clearly now the conscious knight descry'd
The secret meaning her reproach imply'd,
Though darkly urg'd, and trembling to his ear
In accents breath'd himself alone might hear.
Already stood prepar'd the noble youth 105
To plead, with modest grace, his loyal truth ;
But Clarice prevented all reply,
Sudden she turn'd and with averted eye
His converse shunn'd ; Orlando from the rest
Apart, she with a courteous mien address'd ; 110

To

To him some sportive cause of speech supply'd,
 But to Rinaldo still her ear deny'd.
 Arriv'd at Paris, from his sight she fled,
 And in his mind new source of anguish bred.
 Unhappy knight ! by fortune doom'd to prove, 115
 The wrongs of fortune, and the wrongs of love,
 Thy passion from thy grief new force acquires,
 And every moment glows with fiercer fires.

Six times the sun had chas'd, with cheerful light,
 The dreary darkness of surrounding night, 120
 But from Rinaldo no returning day
 Could drive affliction's sable shades away.
 And such he seem'd, that Clarice confess'd
 No weak affection warm'd her lover's breast,
 Whate'er his late offence—and now she felt 125
 Her harsh resolves in softening pity melt :
 But this she kept within herself conceal'd :
 Her mind was soften'd, but her looks reveal'd
 No gentle change ; and hence the champion drew
 New cause of fear ; for ah ! he little knew 130
 What pass'd within, where Cupid, for his sake,
 Essay'd again the slumbering flame to wake.

Meanwhile the sovereign and his queen prepare
 A splendid meeting for the gay and fair,

When

When those, whom scenes of festive pomp delight, 135

Already wish'd the sun resign'd to night.

With these Rinaldo gladly sees decay

The light of heaven and hopes the finish'd day.

O ! foolish mortals, to the future blind,

Oft seeking that they soon regret to find ! 140

Now night already spread her humid shade,

And heaven's eternal glittering lights display'd ;

Those constellations, whence descending, flow

The good and ill to human kind below.

Already thro' the regal dome around 145

Is heard enchanting music's sprightly sound ;

While, soft and clear, thro' trembling ether floats

The skilful harmony of blended notes.

Full soon the palace fills on every side,

With gallant knights and dames in graceful pride. 150

As midst the lesser stars, with lustre seen,

Great Jove and Venus beam in skies serene :

So midst the train, where nameless charms combine,

Fair Clarice and her Rinaldo shine,

Whose powerful eyes a thousand sweets impart, 155

And shed soft poison in th' unguarded heart,

Nor yet Rinaldo in his lov'd one's face,

Could tender pity for his sufferings trace,

Nor

Nor meet that smile, accus'tom'd to disclose
 To him each charm that treasur'd love bestows. 160
 Now, ill-advis'd, he deem'd that Alda fair
 Might these unhappy feuds of love repair;
 And hence his partner for the dance design'd
 The dame, from whose dear aid he hop'd to find
 What only could relieve his wounded mind. 165 }
 Long time with friendship pure he lov'd the maid,
 With equal friendship she his love repaid:
 For when in court his early years were led,
 With her from infant age his youth was bred.
 Full well he knew that she the rule possess'd 170
 Of lovely Clarice's now alter'd breast,
 That she with each persuasive art could bend,
 In all she wish'd, her ever gentle friend.

To her Rinaldo went, her hand he woo'd
 To lead the harmonious maze, nor vainly su'd 175
 Her favouring hand, but lo! that instant came
 Anselmo to prefer an equal claim.
 Fair Alda, fore perplex'd, in doubtful mind,
 Her face and golden locks to earth declin'd,
 With modest eyes, nor this nor that refus'd, 180
 But unresolv'd in sweet confusion mus'd.
 The stern Maganzan * then his haughty head
 To Amon's offspring turn'd and furious said.

* ANSELMO.

Hence,

Hence, stripling, hence ! resign the lovely prize,
Or more than words thy folly shall chastise. 185
Thus he ; nor less incens'd, with noble pride
To him the knight of Clarmont * swift reply'd.
Yield thou to me, unless thou mean'st to try
Thy claim by combat, which I here defy.
On him Anselmo cast a lowering look, 190
And with a scornful smile, indignant spoke.
How should I e'er this boasting hero face,
If like Anselmo's his illustrious race,
When thus he dares with mine obtrude his name,
Forgetful of his birth and mother's shame ? 195
He said ; and instant like a pointed dart,
This insult pierc'd Rinaldo's generous heart ;
And like a wounded lion, all on fire,
No power avail'd to curb his dreadful ire :
One hand Anselmo's throat with forceful clasp 200
Compell'd, who panting struggled in the grasp :
His better hand the dagger's point address'd,
And sheath'd it in his fierce opponent's breast :
Fast welling from the wound, the purple flood
Distain'd the festive floor with streaming blood ; 205
While with his blood the furious spirit fled,
And left on earth the pale Maganzan dead.

* RINALDO.

T

Soon

Soon as his kindred saw Anselmo fall,
A tumult echo'd through the spacious hall,
Of mingled cries : as when some dire disease 210
Sweeps from the crowded hive the labouring bees,
With murmurs deep ; as when the wood receives
The wind loud rising through the rustling leaves.
At once drawn forth with lightning's sudden blaze,
A thousand falchions dart their flashing rays. 215
Here raging Gano with Maganza's crew,
Fierce for revenge, against Rinaldo drew ;
And there, in his defence, with dauntless hand,
His brethren stood and all the noble band
Of Clarmont's line ; with these his house's pride, 220
Th' unconquer'd knight * by whom Almontes dy'd :
The gentle dames were seiz'd with chilling dread,
From each fair cheek the bloomy colour fled.
So blushing roses, nipt with eager frost,
Decline the head, and all their sweets are lost. 225
Quick throb'd the heart in every female breast,
With features wild, with trembling knees they press'd
Around their queen — As from the stormy main
The shatter'd vessel seeks the port to gain.

Imperial Charles, whose face with anger burn'd, 230
Now those with-held, now these rebuk'd, and turn'd

* ORLANDO.

In threats to some ; with speech and gesture try'd
 To calm the discord spread on every side.
 With tardy step, with mien erect and bold,
 Around his arm his fencing mantle roll'd, 235
 Retreating now, the gate Rinaldo gain'd,
 While yet his better hand the sword sustain'd.
 The fierce Maganzans, who with vengeful mind
 In one consent against Rinaldo join'd,
 But now, far other than they once believ'd, 240
 Such mighty champions in his aid perceiv'd,
 Repress'd their anger, first to madness fir'd,
 And half repented, what their rage inspir'd ;
 Yet still, with brandish'd arms and threatenings, show
 The distant semblance of a gallant foe. 245
 So looks a troop of timorous dogs dismay'd
 Who rashly dar'd the stately bull invade,
 But, back retreating, soon desert the fray,
 And dread the terrors, and at distance bay.

Unhurt, unwounded by Maganza's band, 250
 The youth had safely now his home regain'd,
 But that his rash and fatal warmth impress'd
 Too deep resentment in the monarch's breast ;
 Who deem'd such boldness to his sovereign's face
 A crime beyond the reach of royal grace. 255

Long time in secret thought th' offence he weigh'd,
At length, by Gano's impious counsel sway'd,
He seal'd his doom, an exile thence to roam,
For ever from his friends and native home.

What now remains ? what further ills to prove,
Alike rejected by his king and love ? 261
Ah ! cruel fortune, thus thro' lengthen'd woes
To lead thy knight, and thus his labours close !
That when in thought he grasps his promis'd joys,
One cruel stroke his every hope destroys ! 265
And now the written tablet he prepares,
To her, as love inspires, his soul declares :
The tablet seal'd, a trusty hand receives,
And to the fair the gentle token gives.
But she, unkind, his humble suit derides, 270
Rejects his message, and his envoy chides.
For jealousy once more, envenom'd pest,
Has shed dire poison in her tender breast.
She saw him court the lovely Alda's hand
(Her own neglected) to the festive band : 275
From every dame she heard his partial voice
(O death to hear !) to her direct its choice :
So steadfast to retain th' elected dame,
Anselmo's blood must seal his fatal claim.

Then

Then to herself—Alas! with thee (she cries) 280
 How humble speech and prayer the truth disguise!
 Unfeeling, flattering and disloyal knight!
 Thus—dost thou thus my constant truth requite?
 A faithful bosom, form'd like mine, deceive?—
 Insensate she that henceforth can believe! 285
 Yet who would disbelieve those tender sighs,
 And the sweet glances of those conquering eyes?
 I love (thou cry'ft) these eyes my love impart—
 Yet these sometimes but ill disclose the heart!
 Alas! too true—'tis Alda's beauty fires 290
 Thy changeful flame, and kindles new desires.

Meanwhile the Paladin, with anxious care,
 Awaits his envoy from th' offended fair;
 But he, returning, adds increasing pains
 To all his deeply-wounded heart sustains. 295
 He hears the message sent; the message gives
 New pangs, and scarcely now he dies or lives;
 Nor weeps, nor speaks, nor utters plaintive sighs,
 For grief itself to grief the pass denies.
 As bubbling waters, pent in narrow space, 300
 When flames ascending climb around the vase,
 Expand and foam, till rising o'er the side
 In copious streams descends the boiling tide.

So his deep anguish, now no more suppress'd,
Bursts forth impetuous from his struggling breast. 305
At length, with seeming calm, he bends his mind
To meet the sentence by his king assign'd ;
No more delays, but arm'd ascends his steed
To take the path that chance or fate may lead.

As thus the knight, from every joy expell'd, 310
His lonely way in silent anguish held,
He came to where less deeply flow'd the Seine,
And pour'd a stronger current to the main.
Awhile he here restrain'd his courser's haste,
Then from his laden shoulders strait unbrac'd 315
The hated shield ; on this an angry look
The warrior fix'd, and thus indignant spoke.

O ruthless foe ! from thee my ills I date,
O dire disturber of my happy state !
Plung'd in this gulphy stream a victim go, 320
And with thee bear Rinaldo's grief below.—
But only thee this friendly stream shall hide,
For, ah ! with me must ever grief reside—
Go then—let none henceforth thy orb descry,
There undiscover'd rest from every eye ; 325
That never, from this fatal hour, again
May lovers, like myself, of thee complain.

Rinaldo

Rinaldo spoke, and as the words he said,
His hand the dictates of his lips obey'd;
And, instant sinking, by the weight impell'd, 330
Through closing waves its course the buckler held.

Rinaldo thence a different track purfu'd,
Uncertain where, and while in heaven he view'd
Eight times Aurora from her tresses shed
The morning dews and tinge the clouds with red, 335
The warrior rov'd: at length when Phœbus' ray
Had brought on earth the ninth revolving day,
A straight and level path his steed convey'd
To reach a valley black with dreary shade.
There sat a shape, that seem'd of human kind, 340
On his sad arm his drooping head reclin'd.
Squalid his mien; tears trickled from his eyes
With upward gaze directed to the skies;
While from his lips, in chill affliction's tone, 344
He breath'd the loud complaint and mingled groan.

Soon as the knight approach'd this mournful vale,
He felt increasing pangs his heart assail:
Such pangs he never till that day confess'd,
Such pangs as all his vital powers oppress'd.
Onward he pass'd, and silent still purfu'd 350
The guiding path, till nearer now he view'd

This child of woe; and, as he gaz'd, he drew
Infectious grief, that deep and deeper grew.

Between two hills conceal'd the valley lies,
Two hills that intercept the cheering skies 355
With horrid gloom, where scarce a joyless ray
Through lazy vapours gives a doubtful day,
Such as we see ere yet reviving light
Restores the colour'd tints obscur'd by night.
The earth around displays a baleful scene, 360
With plants and herbage of funereal green :
There trees, of forms unknown to mortal eye,
From fable leaves envenom'd juice supply,
Where black ill-omen'd birds securely rest,
And build, in odious flocks, their frequent nest ; 365
These, each to each, in shrieks their wants impart,
In shrieks that pierce the shuddering hearer's heart !

Lo ! stretch'd on earth unblest Rinaldo lies,
Tears following tears, and sighs succeeding sighs :
Where'er he turns, some object present breeds 370
New cause to mourn, and endless torture feeds.
Afar, or near, Despair around him shows
His sad variety of countless woes !

Ah me ! (he cry'd) in this congenial gloom,
Here may I weep at full my wretched doom ! 375
With

With me, alas ! how fits this dismal shade,
This dire retreat for sorrow's dwelling made !
Thus let me live, for so my lot ordains,
The little space of life that yet remains ;
Till here I food for hungry ravens prove, 380
A victim, Clarice, to thee and love !

All day and all the live-long night he pour'd
His soul in anguish and his fate deplor'd ;
While every moment skimm'd before his sight
A thousand forms of horror and affright ! 385
But when the morn her early lustre shed,
And vapoury damps before her presence fled,
He view'd a knight all arm'd before him stand,
Who placing on Bayardo's reins his hand,
Thus spoke—To me resign thy rule (he cry'd) 390
Thy lord deserves not such a steed to guide,
Who, careless of a warrior's fame, remains
A woman now in grief's enfeebling chains.
So said the knight unknown, and thence with speed
From forth the valley led the generous steed. 395
Loft as he seem'd, incens'd Rinaldo view'd,
And, starting from his trance, the knight pursu'd,
But such a mist obscur'd the cheerful sky
That distant objects mock'd th' exploring eye.

Yet

Yet from the stranger's armour, dazzling bright, 400 }
 The polish'd steel diffus'd a trembling light }
 That pierc'd the shadows of surrounding night. }
 Strait through the path Rinaldo held his way,
 The path illumin'd by the gleaming ray:
 He left the vale, and with it left behind 405
 A weight that hung so dreadful o'er his mind.
 And now the shining form, that swiftly led
 Bayardo thence, as swiftly turn'd, and said:
 Receive thy steed, but henceforth shun with care
 That dreary vale, the mansion of Despair! 410
 Thy better hand will guide thee soon to meet
 Up yonder steep a safe and happier seat.
 He ceas'd, and thence the path describ'd pursu'd,
 Till him no more the son of Amon * view'd.
 But as he pass'd he mark'd the rugged way 415
 Grow smooth, and now with varied beauties gay.
 At length he reach'd a hill, whose airy brow
 With verdure crown'd o'erlook'd the plains below:
 From this a falling stream was seen to lead
 Its lucid current through the smiling mead, 420
 Midst plants and flowers, while every gazer's sight
 Survey'd the beauties with a fix'd delight.
 Gold were the sands, and through the limpid tide
 With silver scales the wanton fishes glide.

A thousand colours deck'd the banks around ; 415 }
The gurgling waters gave a pleasing sound,
And bade each conscious heart with joy rebound. }

Impatient now the hill Rinaldo gain'd,
The hill's ascent where joy and pleasure reign'd.
Of emerald tint the springing herbage grew, 430
Distinct with varied flowers of dazzling hue ;
And cloth'd with every sylvan beauty stood
In lovely cincture round a tufted wood.

So green the herb, so green the leafy shade,
Compar'd with these all mortal colours fade. 435

The genial sky here sheds a gentle balm,
The ambient air here breathes a constant calm.
The painted birds, that leap from spray to spray,
On every side melodious notes essay.

By heavenly sounds to bliss extatick wrought, 440
Rinaldo soon rejects each gloomy thought,
While with supernal grace, from high deriv'd,
His heart is strengthen'd and his hope reviv'd.

As thus with pleasing forms the warrior fed
His eager eyes, as these within him bred 445
Delightful themes, all sorrow to control,
And gild with peace the dark desponding soul,
A dame he saw, in verdant robes array'd,
Whose sovereign rule the beauteous hill obey'd :

On

On heav'n she seem'd her steadfast eyes to place, 450

As all her good was drawn from heavenly grace.

Serenely mild and smiling was her look,

And silent, yet her features more than spoke.

Firm confidence and hope united shone

In either eye, that beam'd a radiant sun, 455

At which all care and sadness pass'd away,

Like lowering clouds before Apollo's ray.

On her Rinaldo gaz'd, and soon confess'd

Ideal transports kindling in his breast :

Already now he sees the wish'd-for hour, 460

That bends the fair to love's resistless power ;

When Clarice shall bless his longing arms,

And recompense his toil with beauty's charms :

He softens every view of past annoy

With future scenes of visionary joy. 465

His finer sense appeas'd with mental food,

As grateful fruits his body's strength renew'd,

Such fruits as that celestial clime bestow'd,

That hung on plenteous trees their savoury load, 469

While the clear stream, that roll'd a friendly tide,

To quench his thirst nectareous draughts supply'd.

Meantime his ears are struck with loud alarms

Of raging battle and resounding arms.

As

As when a lion fierce, with teeth and claws
Undrench'd in blood, with lean and famish'd jaws,
By chance the lowing herd at distance hears, 476
What fury in his savage look appears !

With livid fire his glaring eye-balls glow,
He churns the foam, and smoke his nostrils blow :
His side he lashes, and erects his mane, 480
And flies to heap with dead the crimson plain.

Thus at the warlike din Rinaldo shows,
His pulse beats quick, his face with ardor glows,
And burning for the fight, he views with shame
His days of sloth so lost to arms and fame. 485

Without delay he mounts his fiery steed
With eager leap, and urges all his speed
To where he hears the sound, and gains the subject }
mead.

He sees a single warrior there maintain
Unequal combat with a numerous train. 490

Already eight his conquering hand o'erthrew,
Of these he wounded some, and some he slew.
With what a skill now here now there he wheel'd,
How well he crouch'd beneath the fencing shield !
With what a force his thundering steel he aim'd ! 495
How swift, in circles round, his weapon flam'd !

Now

Now with a downward stroke he threatens the foe,
And every muscle strains to aid the blow.
Rinaldo sees him with admiring eyes,
And feels within the seeds of friendship rise: 500
Not only friend to friend due honour pays,
But virtue gives to foes and strangers praise.
At length Rinaldo, kindling at the sight,
Prepares with arms to assist the noble knight:
Bayardo's flank the goring rowel stains, 505
His eager neck perceives the slacken'd reins:
As from a bow of steel the weapon flies,
Thus o'er the plain his hoofs the courser plies;
Then on th' embattled foe his fury bends,
As midst the smaller birds the ravenous hawk descends.
Against the first his rapid falchion sped, 511
Between the brows Rinaldo parts the head,
Cleft to the teeth; the next of life bereaves,
Whose corselet's rim the griding steel receives.
Like aged trees they fall, and falling pour 515
A copious stream that dyes the ground with gore.
Nor here Rinaldo stays, but passes by,
Nor deigns to cast on these a victor's eye.
A stripling warrior with the rest was seen,
With manly hairs unfledg'd his tender chin, 520
Who

Who when he view'd amidst his social band
The knight of Gallia * deal his slaughtering hand,
A generous anger kindling in his breast,
He rush'd against him with his lance in rest,
And struck his helm beneath the lofty crest. 525
The weapon broke, by temper'd steel oppos'd,
That safe the warrior's honour'd head enclos'd:
But, though secur'd from wound, Rinaldo felt
The weighty stroke with nervous vigour dealt.
And hence with furious brow, with heart inflam'd, 530
With vengeful arm, for certain conquest fram'd,
The pointed sword he drove: the pointed sword
Through seven tough hides the fencing buckler bor'd,
Through corselet next (though arm'd against the stroke
With plated mail) the thundering weapon broke, 535
And at his back its bloody passage found:
Prone fell the youth beneath the mortal wound,
And bit with bloody teeth the fatal ground.
Meantime as grovelling pale in death he lay,
These words in broken accents found their way. 540
O father! help thy only son (he cries)
For here, alas! in life's first bloom he dies.
He said and ended; as the lamp expires,
When oil no longer feeds its paly fires.

• RINALDO.

Sudden the well-known voice a warrior struck, 545
Who turn'd, and gazing round with furious look,
Beheld his son extended on the plain,
And rush'd with frantic grief to avenge the slain.
Though length of years his mortal vigour drain'd,
His strength of mind and courage still remain'd; 550
At slaughter's name he glow'd with stern delight,
And joy'd to mix in sanguine fields of fight.
But as the fire that swift on stubble preys,
While winds increase the momentary blaze,
Is soon extinct, the scanty fuel o'er, 555
And that which flam'd so fierce, now flames no more:
So seems the chief, and nought his rage avails,
When force, unequal to his daring, fails.
Soon on his neck the mortal wound is given,
And life attains the bound prescrib'd by Heaven. 560
Fierce through the rest Rinaldo forc'd his way,
And whirl'd his sword around with deathful sway:
By various wounds the various foes were slain,
And mangled limbs bestrew'd the sanguine plain.
Nor less the might his noble partner show'd; 565
Nor less around him wounds and death bestow'd.
Now dastard fear the shrinking band-oppress'd,
And hope with courage dy'd in every breast:
Compell'd

Compell'd before superior force to yield,
 All spur with speed their courfers from the field ; 570
 While each brave victor from purfuit abftains,
 For each to chace a flying foe difdains.

And now with wonder at his prowefs shown,
 On good Rinaldo gaz'd the knight unknown,
 From head to foot his eager eye purfu'd 575
 A doubtful fearch, nor long in doubt he view'd ;
 By every token he the warrior knew,
 And round his neck his arms impatient threw.
 Ah ! who could thus preferve my life (he faid)
 But he that ever gives to juftice aid ? 580
 O chief ! O brother ! O my friend lov'd !
 Of all our age the firft in arms approv'd !
 Behold in me, that ever priz'd thee dear,
 Dear as himfelf ! thy own Florindo here.
 Farewel to every woe my foul deplor'd, 585
 Since thus to thee by pitying Heaven reftor'd !
 For thee what cruel anguish has poffeft
 The deep receffes of my faithful breaft ?

He faid : awhile his noble friend amaz'd
 'Twixt wavering hope and fear in f Silence gaz'd. 590
 As yet uncertain if his eyes furvey'd
 A living fubftance, or an empty fhade ;

But when by many a certain sign was clear'd
Each anxious doubt, and all the truth appear'd,
Joy swell'd his soul : as charg'd with vernal rains 595
The rapid flood o'erflows the thirsty plains.

Rinaldo now his generous warmth express'd,
In words sincere by friends to friends address'd ;
Embrac'd the youth, while every feature show'd
His inward feelings, and with transport glow'd ; 600
And ask'd what guardian hand avail'd to save
His lov'd Florindo from the threatening wave.

Then thus Florindo—When the raging sea
Had torn me struggling from the plank and thee,
Long time I floated in the doubtful strife, 605
And oft the roaring billows menac'd life ;
Till sav'd by fate in that distressful hour,
I gain'd by strength of arms the distant shore :
But drench'd with briny draughts and spent with toil,
With limbs relax'd I press'd the slimy soil ; 610
Senseless and pale, my vital powers decay'd,
And soon had perish'd but for timely aid.
While struggling in the arms of death I lay,
By Heaven's high will a warrior pass'd the way ;
Of birth illustrious, Rome his native place, 615
His lineage from the old Cornelian race :

An

An errant knight, by martial fame enroll'd,
 And Scipio call'd, in arms furnam'd the BOLD.
 He rul'd seven cities on the Latian plain ;
 The ducal title grac'd his lineal reign. 620
 Pitying he view'd me, and in happy hour
 To Hostia took, (a town that own'd his power)
 To sage physicians there his charge consign'd
 To tend, and heal with drugs of sovereign kind :
 Nor aught himself (by thoughts unknown inspir'd) 625
 Neglected, that my feeble state requir'd.
 While near my couch, (so Heaven decreed above)
 He sat, and watch'd me with a parent's love,
 He near the heart beheld beneath my breast,
 A purple flower in lively hues express'd : 630
 Clear through the smooth transparent skin it shin'd,
 Like some fair rose in crystal case enshrin'd.
 The knight was inly mov'd, this object view'd
 The dear remembrance of a son renew'd,
 A son long lost : now o'er and o'er he gaz'd 635
 Each feature, mark, to flattering fancy rais'd
 That this might prove his child so oft deplor'd,
 An infant lost, and now by Heaven restor'd.
 Such hope he fed, from what a seer foretold,
 That when succeeding years their course had roll'd,

His offspring should he find in wretched state, 641
And, sav'd from death, exalt to happier fate.
Then while he mus'd, on me his earnest look,
He fix'd, and thus at length the silence broke.

Say, noble youth! if what I fondly seek 645
Fits me to ask, and irks not thee to speak,
Vouchsafe thy name and lineage to declare,
And what the land that gave thee natal air.
I not reluctant with his suit comply'd:
Numantia was my native foil (I cry'd) 650
Given at my birth (as from the flower it came
That marks my breast) Florindo is my name.
But never yet (at full reveal'd) I knew
The honour'd sire from whom my life I drew.
I last declar'd, how from his mystic cell, 655
I heard of future times the idol tell.

No longer now his tears their course restrain'd,
No longer now his cheeks their hue retain'd;
His joy burst forth, with eager arms he press'd
A darling son, and clasp'd him to his breast. 660
And now he own'd me for his son, and told
How, years long past, a band of corsairs bold,
With arms provided, sudden came on shore,
And me an infant from my parents bore:

That

That hence my mother dy'd for grief, and left 665
Himself at once of wife and child bereft.

Instructed by my fire, thenceforth I claim
(No more Florindo) Lelius for my name ;

And now, a father's counsels to fulfil,
Or rather urg'd by Heaven's eternal will, 670

That deign'd to shed a ray of purer light
To chase the sable cloud of mental night,

I turn'd to worship him with purer mind

Whose love divine in chains could Satan bind :

Thus hallow'd waters purg'd my earthly slime, 675

And lav'd my soul from every worldly crime.

Here paus'd the Roman knight, then told how late
He left his father and paternal state,

Impell'd by fond desire once more to view

That lovely face whence all his griefs he drew ; 680

To calm that anger, which so deep imprest,

Against him glow'd in fair Olinda's breast,

If aught that hard that frozen heart could move,

His truth, his service, his unalter'd love.

He added next, that soon as morn prevail'd 685

With cheering beams, the numerous band assail'd

His single force, nor yet the cause he knew

(Though strange it seem'd) why this unknighly crew

In scorn of honour's laws and courteous lore,
On him unaided bent their treacherous power. 690

Rinaldo then, of one that from the slain
And routed foes lay bleeding on the plain,
His name befought, and now of those enquir'd,
Whose arms against Florindo's life conspir'd.

END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

THE

THE
TWELFTH BOOK
OF
RINALDO.

U4

THE ARGUMENT.

Account of Mambrino's invasion in order to carry off Clarice.

Rinaldo and Florindo, joined by a strange knight, pursue the Pagans, who had got possession of her, and at last overtake them. Catalogue of the warriors who accompanied Mambrino; their arms and devices. Rinaldo, and his two companions, attack them: the battle described. Single combat between Mambrino and Rinaldo: the latter has the advantage; but being attacked by their whole force, the combat is broken off. The strange knight assists Rinaldo by the power of enchantment. Rinaldo, by his advice, retreats with Clarice, and in company of him and Florindo, arrives at a stately palace, where the stranger discovers himself. The nuptials of Rinaldo and Clarice, with which the Poem concludes.

THE
TWELFTH BOOK
OF
RINALDO.

SOON as the prostrate knight, half senseless, heard
Rinaldo's words, his wounded head he rear'd
All bath'd in blood, and resting on the plain
His better hand his body to sustain,
Full on the warrior then his languid look
He turn'd, and thus in faltering accents spoke. 5

Brave knight, to answer what thou seek'st to know,
My tongue the hidden cause of all shall show.
The great Mambrino, who in Asia reigns,
By love incited, fought the Gallic plains. 10
He brings a thousand vessels to the coast,
And, vers'd in fight by land, a numerous host,
To win fair Clarice whose beauty's fame
(Herself unseen) has set his heart on flame :

And

And more—he seeks for vengeance on a knight 15
(Rinaldo call'd) who late with daring might
Affail'd his warriors on the foamy sea,
And set a noble dame, his captive, free :
And next (from which he deeper anguish drew)
With ruthless hand his three brave brethren flew. 20
Some days elaps'd, by arms the monarch took
The nearest harbour, and his ships forfook ;
And soon with numbers from his martial force
Near Paris came with undiscover'd course,
And, such his chance, arriv'd where fearless stray'd 25
The lovely Clarice in flowery shade :
Her thence he bore, to all that durst oppose
Dispensing death ; and now secure he goes,
Seis'd of his prize, prepar'd with speed to fly
From where at hand his anchoring vessels lie. 30
But, passing here, yon warrior he beheld
Whose mien in arms the bravest chiefs' excell'd,
And bade our force the single knight surround,
And to his squadron lead the captive bound :
But bravely he our fierce assault sustain'd, 35
And soon, too soon, your noble succour gain'd.

So spoke the wounded knight, then stretch'd again
His feeble members on th' ensanguin'd plain.

These

These fatal tidings pierc'd Rinaldo's breast,
He groan'd, with anguish and with shame oppress'd ; 40
The blood retreating to his panting heart,
A sudden coldness seiz'd on every part :
At once the wonted strength his nerves forsook,
His trembling knees beneath their burden shook.
So heave the billows, when the placid breeze 45
With easy motion curls the liquid seas.
Now rous'd to dreadful wrath, with aspect stern
Fire flash'd his eyes, with fire his features burn ;
And bright in flaming arms he seems to move,
Resistless as the forky bolt of Jove. 50
Florindo's aid he claims, and instant hides
The goring rowel in Bayardo's sides,
And thunders tow'rds the port—not swifter flies,
Or swims, or runs, on earth, through sea or skies,
The stag, the dolphin, or the Parthian reed, 55
Than now the warriors urg'd their eager speed.
A length of way already past they view'd,
From where they first th' impatient chace pursu'd :
But slow to them, so warm'd each generous mind, 59
Their steeds had seem'd, though fleetest than the wind,
Thou would'st have thought, to view the noble pair
Now high, now low, they hung half pois'd in air :

The

The fiery courfers smoke, and snorting feel
The frequent strokes of each impatient heel.
Sweat flows in torrents, foam the bit besmears, 65
And grey with dust each rattling hoof appears.
Nor crag, nor thorny brake, nor rising steep
Of mountain huge, nor fosse, though large and deep,
Could check their pace : at length with headlong force
A crossing flood oppos'd their further course : 70
A flood that late, with unresisted sway,
Had swept its bridge and firm supports away.
What can the lover now ? amidst the wave
To plunge insensate were, alas ! to brave
A certain death ; yet rather than retreat 75
(If nought avail'd) he dares that death to meet :
Now here, now there he gazes round, revolves
A thousand thoughts, and nothing yet resolves ;
Till with a warrior down the rapid tide
He sees from far a spacious vessel glide. 80
And, now approach'd, Rinaldo him implores
To grant a passage to the further shores :
By mien and arms he deems this knight the same
That freed him from the vale of grief and shame.
But he, as if unheeding, still pursues 85
His destin'd way ; when fearing now to lose

All

All hopes of swift pursuit, Rinaldo prays
The knight once more, and every art essays
With proffers large ; at length on him his eyes
The stranger turns, and courteous thus replies. 90

If thou, O warrior ! seek'st with me to guide
This fated vessel down the surgy tide,
With what I ask disdain not to comply,
And this confirm by every solemn tie.

All, all I vow—the knight impatient said, 95

O ! waft us o'er, and grant thy friendly aid !
Thus he, when strait to land the vessel steers,
And safe on board receives the warlike peers.
And now the stranger with an earnest look
On good Rinaldo turn'd, while thus he spoke. 100

Hear, generous knight, this only boon I claim,
To share with thee the danger and the fame
Thy fearless breast revolves—and nobler arms,
Kept for thy sake, of strongly temper'd charms,
Dispos'd on yonder beech from me receive, 105
And, in their stead, thy mail and cuirass leave.

The Paladin then rais'd his wondering eye,
And saw where hung the radiant arms on high,
Of green and gold, from which in ruddy beams,
Like kindled fire, the trembling lustre streams. 110

Rinaldo

Rinaldo these for strength and make admir'd,
And such as well th' adventurous day requir'd.
Then to the stranger grateful thanks he paid,
And with the gift his manly limbs array'd.
He on Florindo next a steed bestow'd, 115
His feet of sable hue, and sable flow'd
His mane and tail ; his skin as silver fair,
Diversify'd with spots of sable hair :
He snorts, and prompt to obey his rider's mind,
With restless feet invites the rival wind ; 120
While good Florindo, sweeping o'er the plain,
Now plies the spur, and now directs the rein.
Alike his partners urge each fiery steed,
Alike pursue the chace with eager speed.
Nor when the world was wrapt in dreary shade, 125
Or day again its welcome beams display'd,
They gave to mind or body needful rest :
All three the live-long night their coursers press'd,
While from surrounding clouds emerging bright,
The friendly moon reveal'd her grateful light. 130
At length one morn as Sol his course renew'd,
Not distant far the hostile band they view'd :
Rinaldo saw, and seen, his rage increas'd ;
He spurr'd with double warmth his generous beast :

Far, far beyond each following knight he flew, 135

And round him soon beheld the Pagan crew.

There on a palfrey rode the trembling maid,

Whose looks the terrors of her soul betray'd :

Pity and wrath at once his breast inspir'd;

But most to wrath, by sudden impulse fir'd, 140

Dreadful he storm'd, while shot from either eye

The flaming darts of indignation fly !

Amidst the throng with rested spear he ran,

And now the deathful sport of Mars began.

Unhappy he, who first in evil hour 145

Would rashly cope with young Rinaldo's power.

Rehearse, O Muse ! what chiefs of warlike fame

(His bold defenders) with Mambrino came ;

Of whom the Paladin a numerous train

Dispatch'd to Pluto in his dark domain : 150

Declare what arms were by the Pagans worn,

And what devices on their targets borne :

For these no longer envious time reveals,

But every name and every deed conceals.

The mighty king appear'd with giant pride, 155

His arms enchanted in vermilion dy'd :

Around his brows the imperial crown he wore,

And on his shield a wounded lion bore ;

That

[illegible]

That thus in mystic letters seem'd to say,

THE HAND I KNOW, AND SHALL THE WOUND REPAY.

As the red comet from its blazing hair 161

Shoots noxious lightnings through the troubled air,

And, rising, menaces th' affrighted earth

With dire diseases, burning heat, and dearth :

The warrior thus forebodes impending harms 165

With horrid splendor from his blazing arms.

Olantes, on his right, a powerful name,

The second brother to Francardo, came ;

Of giant bulk and strength, but to behold

Of comely aspect, grac'd with locks of gold : 170

And on his shield the mighty chief he wore,

That once the ponderous globe for Atlas bore.

See proud Alcafter on his better hand,

Born where the Nile impregnates Egypt's land ;

At whose ill-omen'd birth each planet shin'd, 175

That warps from virtue's lore the human mind :

A peasant his device, whose rustic toil

With ploughs and harrows breaks the crumbling soil.

His friend Olpestro next a buckler rais'd,

Whose field a nymph and sylvan god emblaz'd. 180

Affyria's lord was there, Altores sage,

In council ripe, though immature in age.

With

With lightning struck upon his target was seen
A falling castle in a field of green.
Cilicia's monarch shows a flowery bed, 185
Where by the disk lies Hyacinthus dead.
Aëtæon next, than whose no lovelier face
Nor lovelier form was found in human race,
Had not the steel, for cruel usage fram'd,
Lopt short his foot and left his beauty maim'd. 190
The stately bird of Juno grac'd his shield,
That seem'd half pensive at his foot reveal'd,
This motto quaint he bore, by which was shown,
His hidden cause of grief—"IN THIS ALONE."
Wife Orimenes then, whose searching eye 195
Could pierce the veil where Nature's secrets lie.
He read the spheres, each planetary law,
Their motions studied, their effects foresaw;
Thunder and rain, and every wind that blows,
When storms arise, or when the waves repose. 200
His death he long presag'd, and now reveal'd
The fated moment on his pictur'd shield.
Then Lydia's king, whose arms a laurel show'd,
That low on earth its leafy honours strow'd:
His brother, painted on his target, bore 205
Unthinking Danaë, with her golden shower.

A shield of red Oldaurus huge embrac'd,
 With silver rim, but no devices trac'd:
 Then Odrimartes came, not kept in awe
 By earth or heaven—his will his only law: 210
 His heart that every impious guilt compris'd,
 Alike the true and fable gods despis'd;
 And on his shield was fiery Mars display'd
 Beneath his trampling feet in fetters laid.
 Him Corin, Pyrrhus, Ajax proudly join'd, 215
 A golden torch in every buckler shin'd.
 Three naked goddesses Almeno grace,
 Who haughty rul'd the Cappadocian race.
 Nor thou, O Floridor, wert far remov'd,
 Though oft thy new espous'd, thy best belov'd, 220
 Us'd every power of prayers and tears to make
 Thy soul with her the sweets of peace partake.
 By thee forsaken now she wears away
 Long tedious nights, and wastes in sighs the day.
 Depicted on his verdant shield appear'd 225
 The flower * by tears of lovely Venus rear'd.
 With these Almetus, Odrismontes rode,
 Whose bucklers Cynthia and Actæon show'd;
 Both brethren, both to fighting fields inur'd,
 And both alike in gilded arms secur'd. 230

* ADONIS.

The

The Parthian monarch, fierce Corfontes there.
 Gives for device, with flowery blossoms fair,
 Three thorny trees: proud Altin pres'd the plain,
 Whose targe was deck'd with Vesta's sacred fane.
 High on a steed, more white than falling snows, 235
 In armour white the brave Filarco goes:
 Nor spear nor sword he bears his foes to face,
 But fearless bends the bow, and wields the mace:
 His shield a man deprest with years and cares,
 Whose reverend face time's deepest furrows bears. 240
 Nifus, Alcaïtus, and Orion came,
 Brusuf, Thaumantes, chiefs of equal fame;
 Five brethren these; and every buckler show'd
 Atlas whose shoulders bore the ethereal load.
 The giant, stern Lurcono, grasp'd a shield 245
 Where heaven with stars emblaz'd an azure field.
 See! Aridaman, Caria's king, disclose,
 Fair on a verdant stem, an opening rose.
 Aldrifo's targe Aurora gives to view,
 Who scatters flowers and sheds her pearly dew. 250
 The field emblazon'd by Damascus' lord,
 Gives young Adonis by the savage gor'd.
 Olindo then and Floramano's name;
 At the same birth these brother warriors came,
 Their speech, their valour, and their looks the same, }

A mead they bore with flowers of vary'd dyes, 256
Where doz'd with fumes of wine Silenus lies.

Alartus sad, posselt of Antioch's reign,
Displays a stately cypress cleft in twain;
These words, in wreaths, the mystic meaning show,
MY HOPE IS WITHER'D, NEVER MORE TO GROW. 261

Midst these, and many a warrior still untold,
That thronging deep their mighty king enfold,
Rinaldo now, with generous fury prest,
Bayardo spurs, and bears his lance in rest. 265
Fly, Odrismartes! fly the sanguine strife,
Or this dire day must close thy threaten'd life:
Thee, whom thy boasting friends would proudly raise
O'er every God, a single warrior slays.

Then from his bloody front the victor drew 270
His smoking spear, and on Lurcono flew;
Deep in his cheek impress'd a deadly wound,
And gushing purple stain'd his arms around.
Where Styx and Acheron tremendous roll,
Where rigid Minos dooms each guilty soul, 275
The haughty spirit fled, and fled repress
The zeal late warm in many a martial breast.
The knight pass'd on, and prostrate on the plain
Despoil'd of honour left the warriors slain.

Two

brethren next he found, whose kindred make
parent oft had bred mistake, 281
sweet ! behold in battle made
distinction by Rinaldo's blade !
In Floridano's arm the steel he guides,
the midst Olindo's front divides, 285
Rinaldo now Aldrifo came,
bows in fury bent, with heart on flame :
her dead, he from the lifeless womb
reed by steel, and now (mysterious doom)
steel which, when a babe, his life secur'd, 290
cuts short his days, to manly state matur'd !
nor force, nor skill avail'd, nor Delos' God,
To whom his sire the fated infant vow'd,
Five brethren next the knight of life bereav'd
By five dire wounds, their former hopes deceiv'd 295
By fortune, friendly once—with equal mind
Inform'd when living, nor in death disjoin'd ;
Since Pluto these together now detains,
Where groan the proud with his inflicted pains.

While, like some swain, that o'er the verdant fields,
The crooked scythe in spacious circuit wields, 301
Rinaldo whirl'd his angry falchion round,
And midst his foes a bloody harvest found ;

His brave compeers a different part assail,
And, fierce in arms, with rival force prevail ; 305
Like two gaunt tigers that with famish'd rage
On herds of bulls their thirst of blood assuage :
This knew the valiant warriors to their cost,
Whose figur'd shields the golden torch emboss'd.
One, stretch'd on earth, a headless carcase lay, 310
For ever lost the cheerful beams of day !
Pierc'd through his heart the second speechless fell,
Yet death could scarcely from his thoughts expel
His native foil, and less his dearer bride
Left to Lucina's pains, till then untry'd. 315
The third remain'd ; when now the Roman knight *
With brandish'd falchion dreadful rush'd to fight.
Ah wretch ! what vigour, or what skill avails
Against that force which ne'er in combat fails !
Already Death his ruthless hand extends, 320
Already now the work of Nature rends :
The spirit, freed from every mortal care,
Like dust or smoke is mix'd with common air.
Aetæon who beheld the dreadful stroke
In chill amazement, with a furious look. 325
On good Florindo urg'd his fiery steed,
Resolv'd that death should pay the fatal deed :

* FLORINDO.

He first the knight with insult vain defy'd :
 Hope not to part unquestion'd hence (he cry'd)
 But learn what punishment to thee we owe, 339
 What righteous vengeance to the dead below.
 Here on these plains shalt thou neglected lie,
 No parents near to meet thy swimming eye ;
 Nor they, who long ere this in death repose,
 With pious hands thy heavy lids shall close ; 335
 While beat by storms, thy members here decay,
 To ravenous wolves and hungry dogs a prey.

He said ; then spurr'd his steed, the weapon came
 Against Florindo's shield with fearful aim :
 Through plated shield the cruel weapon press'd, 340
 His corselet pierc'd, and reach'd the tender breast.
 Lelius *, who saw the vital moisture shed,
 And all his shining armour stain'd with red,
 Inflam'd with anger rais'd his arm on high,
 And at the helmet let his falchion fly : 345
 Sheer through the skull the edge a passage found,
 The dying warrior tumbled to the ground,
 And with his streaming blood life issu'd thro' the wound. }

Meantime by Amon's son † the Pagan crew
 Or slain or routed mighty numbers view : 350
 While he, secure, each weapon's force receives,
 Nor point nor edge his armour rends or cleaves :

* FLORINDO.

† RINALDO.

Yet, though unwounded, not exempt from pain,
 His smarting limbs unnumber'd strokes sustain :
 But fearless still, unconquer'd might he shows, 355
 Now guards himself, and now assails the foes.

Mambrino, present, with a stern survey
 Beheld, but scorn'd to mingle in the fray,
 Apart he stay'd, the furious battle view'd,
 Yet still suppress'd his impious thirst of blood : 360
 At length advancing, with a dreadful look,
 And threatening eye, he thus his knights bespoke.

Let each retire—to me the field resign :
 The task of great revenge be only mine.
 This single arm his folly shall chastise 365
 Who thus to certain death impatient flies.
 But you, ye wretched tribe ! degenerate train !
 Whom I—but now my anger I restrain,
 Or rather haste where most resentment needs—
 Stand all apart and mark Mambrino's deeds. 370

Haughty he spoke, and at his stern commands
 On every side retreat th' obedient bands.
 An ample space is left, his speech, his eyes
 He on Rinaldo turns, and proudly cries.

O! would that Charles with thee in arms were found,
 And, join'd with Charles, his Paladins renown'd; 376
 With

With all the fons of Italy and France,
To prove the fury of my vengeful lance.
But yet thy friends, without a power to aid,
Shall witness to thy fate, when prostrate laid. 380
Here shalt thou dying see me rend away
Thy splendid arms, the victor's glorious prey.

Rinaldo then—If, so decreed on high,
Thy boast succeeds, at least I'll bravely die:
Or, will'd by Jove, should'st thou in fight be slain,
Thy conquer'd trophies shall with me remain. 386

While thus he spoke, the furious king in rest
His massy weapon plac'd, his courser press'd
With armed heel, and at the helmet bent
His pointed lance, but miss'd his fierce intent : 390
With winged speed aside Bayardo flew,
And, as he pass'd, Rinaldo cleft in two
Mambrino's spear, then struck with eager might
Full on the vizor of the Pagan knight,
The double passage of the breath and sight. 395
The helmet, forg'd where buried deep is laid
Enceladus, withstood the trenchant blade :
Yet with the stroke the furious Pagan bow'd
His head, and cry'd for rage and pain aloud.
Not so the maddening bull indignant raves; 400
Nor groans the sea when winds excite its waves;

Nor

Nor roars the lion with a mortal wound ;
 Nor heaven re-echoes with the thunder's found.
 Scar'd at the noise, all nature shrinks dismay'd,
 The feather'd race and tenants of the shade; 405
 These to their savage caves in numbers fly,
 And backward those their trembling pinions ply.

Fierce for revenge, the king his falchion dealt
 In flaming circles ; air the fury felt,
 And loudly hissing to each stroke reply'd, 410
 As when the bolts of Jove the clouds divide :
 Whene'er his arm a downward aim would take,
 Earth seem'd around with sudden fear to shake ;
 As when oft-times, confin'd in narrow room,
 Fierce winds and vapours rend her tortur'd womb.
 The cautious Paladin, who saw the foe 416
 With rage increas'd at every frustrate blow,
 As one in such a field of combat try'd,
 Watch'd every turn, and each advantage ey'd ;
 While safe defended from impending harms, 420
 He fought collected in impassive arms ;
 And met, or warded, with his shield or sword,
 The weapon aim'd by Asia's potent lord *.
 Sometimes aside he makes his courser fly
 To elude the hostile Mars * ; now low, now high 425

* MAMBRINO.

He

He strikes, and while the vantage oft he gains
 To reach the foe, himself unhurt remains.
 As when on Afric's sands, with dreadful rage,
 The lion and the elephant engage,
 The lordly savage, glaring, circles round 430
 Th' unwieldy bulk, and wary shifts his ground :
 So look'd Mambrino and Albano's knight,
 So pair'd they seem'd in this tremendous fight.
 At length one stroke, amidst a thousand sped
 From stern Mambrino, reach'd Rinaldo's head : 435
 While he his courser spurr'd, his front confess'd
 The thundering weight, like that which once oppress'd
 Typhoeus huge—as sinks the world in night,
 A sudden darkness hover'd o'er his fight ;
 But soon his eyes the beams of day review'd, 440
 As soon his limbs their wonted strength renew'd ;
 Again his courage glow'd, while generous shame
 And brave resentment rous'd the noble flame.
 He saw fair Clarice's resplendent eye
 With mists obscur'd, he saw the roses die ; 445
 Then, thirsting for revenge, his sword impell'd,
 And though the plated mail its texture held
 Against the stroke, the stroke's inflicted pain
 Pierc'd to the Pagan's bone, and thrill'd in every vein :

With double anguish Clarice oppress'd, 450
 Beholds her knight, the partner of her breast :
 His death for ever in her thought appears,
 Her own dishonour for herself she fears.
 Now o'er her cheeks a livid pale is spread,
 And sudden now they flush with deepening red; 455
 So when the spring exerts a doubtful sway,
 Sunshine or gloom revives or clouds the day.

Meantime the warriors, front to front engag'd,
 With rival force the dreadful combat wag'd.
 Their brandish'd falchions seem'd the fiery blaze, 460
 That midst the skies in volley'd thunder plays.
 As now they thrust, now whirl'd their weapons round,
 The tortur'd air return'd a vary'd sound.
 With thousand blows their batter'd vizors rung,
 With thousand blows their hollow temples sung. 465
 Less frequent fall the drops, when Juno pours
 From watery clouds the congregated showers.
 Thick and more thick the plate and mail they ply,
 That flash in burning sparks against the sky :
 The steel had enter'd, but the spellful charms 470
 On either side secur'd the warriors' arms.
 Lo ! fierce Mambrino, lightning in his look,
 Rais'd in his stirrup, aim'd a downward stroke

With

With every nerve ; nor slept the Christian knight,
 Who watch'd th' impending steel with sharpen'd fight:
 He heard the hiss, swift turn'd his courser's rein, 476
 And made the Pagan's impious fury vain.

Its force in empty air the weapon spent :
 Balk'd of his aim the stern Mambrino bent
 His ponderous bulk against the saddle-bow, 480
 And on a stone discharg'd the useless blow.

Him, with his weight o'erborne, Rinaldo view'd,
 And, whirling round his eager sword, pursu'd
 Th' advantage given, till now the Pagan knight
 Seem'd lost to sense, and all his wonted might. 485

Thus aims a sturdy swain, with frequent stroke
 Of ponderous axe to fell the stubborn oak.

At length he cry'd ; in vain with steel I try
 To cleave those arms that edge of steel defy.

One way remains—while strength and sense are fled,
 First loose the helm, then lop the impious head. 491

Thus he ; nor had his purpose prov'd in vain,

That hour had seen the haughty giant slain,

But lo ! he saw the numerous band advance

To avenge their sovereign lord's disastrous chance :

When better thoughts revolving in his breast, 496

Rinaldo now his eager wrath suppress'd ;

For

For while his deeds to noblest fame aspire,
 Even then his prudence tempers valour's fire.

To Clarice he turn'd, whose tender look 500
 The secret feeling of her bosom spoke :
 When first Rinaldo met her nearer view,
 Him by his voice and gallant steed she knew.
 Then on Bayardo's feat the lovely maid,
 Behind he plac'd, and gently thus he said. 505

Queen of my choice, and goddess of my vows !
 From him receive that succour heaven allows ;
 From him, that ever thy defence shall claim,
 And dearer than his life esteem thy fame.

So spoke the knight, in thought resolv'd to bear
 Thence to some safe retreat th' affrighted fair : 511
 But now, with fierce assault, against him flies
 The hostile band, as round a vessel rise
 The stormy waves : at this amidst the foes
 The stranger-knight a powerful liquid throws, 515
 And mutters, while the spell is scatter'd round,
 Low murmuring words in undistinguish'd sound.
 Shall I proceed or pause ?—lo ! those who late
 Assail'd the Paladin with vengeful hate,
 Against each other now with fury burn'd, 520
 And each on each their maddening weapons turn'd ;

While

While (passing all belief) Rinaldo view'd
In civil broil the earth with gore bedew'd.
And now, such strange effects by magic wrought,
Recall'd his kinsman to his secret thought ; 525
Intently then he mark'd the stranger-chief,
And all he saw confirm'd his first belief :
Then pondering with himself, he mildly sues
This powerful friend the wondrous spell to loose ;
For great their blame, if thus in discord slain, 530
Such noble knights should press th' inglorious plain.

The boon thou ask'st, receive—he courteous said,
And check'd his reins—the willing steed obey'd.
Thrice to the regions of Aurora's light,
Thrice to the western skies he turns his sight ; 535
As oft to heaven above, and hell beneath,
His hallow'd lips in murmuring accents breathe ;
And thrice he scatter'd potent herbs that grew
In cavern'd dells remote from mortal view.
At once the Saracens abstain from strife, 540
In which was friend by friend depriv'd of life :
Each knows his error now, in deep surprise,
And each with fury on Rinaldo flies ;
When (strange to tell) portentous they survey
A magic fire that burst across their way : 545

A fire

A fire like that which once Scamander burn'd,
And Ilion's stately towers to ashes turn'd.
No star that shines by Sol's meridian beams,
Or shoots through dusky night in sanguine streams ;
Nor heaven that brings at once three suns to view,
Nor falling dews when chang'd to bloody hue ; 551
Nor that bright orb eclips'd, whose light reveal'd
Restores the colour'd tints by night conceal'd ;
Such wonder raise, as now the dreadful sight
Of this enchantment rais'd in every knight. 555
Here storm the Pagans, eager to engage,
And threat the noble youth with fruitless rage ;
While he, on foot, would tempt the direful flame,
The Saracen's o'erbearing pride to tame :
But him the stranger by the hand restrains, 560
And from forbidden paths of fate detains :
He warns him that the flame's consuming power
Would vest and limbs and plated mail devour ;
And bids the warrior hope in bloody field
Ere long his weapons uncontroll'd to wield ; 565
Then fair entreats him and his noble friend
And courtly dame with him their course to bend,
And by their presence grace his near abode,
That from a verdant hill its grateful aspect show'd.

Rinaldo

Rinaldo yields, when parting, side by side 570
 The magic warrior and Florindo ride,
 And leave, to converse free, the faithful pair,
 The noble Paladin and gentle fair.
 And now the baron * to the listening maid
 His loyal heart and constant flame display'd; 575
 And soon with love's persuasive words remov'd
 The fears that late her tender bosom prov'd.

Remote through rocky paths their journey lay,
 But pleasing love beguil'd and smooth'd the way.
 At length a light they view'd, like Phœbus' beam 580
 That gilds the world from Ganges' ancient stream:
 And now reveal'd, the stately palace blaz'd,
 That seem'd by more than mortal artist rais'd;
 The structure square, of eastern jaspers fram'd,
 That, shap'd with various art, refulgent flam'd. 585
 Beneath this roof, with regal splendor crown'd,
 The knights and dame a princely welcome found:
 When every care the Roman knight † receiv'd,
 His wounds were tended and his hurts reliev'd:
 The splendid banquet such as once was seen 590
 To fam'd Lucullus given by Egypt's ‡ queen.
 No more conceal'd, the courteous host confess'd
 His name and race to every honour'd guest;

* RINALDO. † FLORINDO. ‡ CLEOPATRA.

Y

And

And now in him they Malagigi found,
 The sage for arts of mystic lore renown'd. 595
 With such a sense as speech could ne'er impart,
 Rinaldo clasp'd his kinsman to his heart :
 With silent joy how every feature glow'd !
 How down his cheek the tear of friendship flow'd !
 Nor less was Malagigi's love descry'd ; 600
 For long, ah ! long their kindred souls ally'd
 By sacred ties, no fortune could divide. }

Now with her lover * Malagigi took
 Fair Clarice apart, and mild bespoke :
 But when the sage, with reason's piercing ray, 605
 Had chas'd each shade of lingering doubt away,
 With every care that anxious lovers know,
 So long to both the cruel source of wo,
 His friendly lips, all sorrow to dismiss,
 Thus rais'd their hopes of near approaching bliss. 610

Most justly merits he the name of wise
 Whose eye th' events of distant time descries,
 Who can the present with the past survey,
 And haply judge from these the future day :
 To him her prosperous lock when Fortune gives, 615
 His ready hand the proffer'd boon receives ;
 His choice, from error free, he ever takes
 The better part, and still the worse forsakes.

* RINALDO.

Then

Then thus I speak—and oh ! ye lovers, hear
The voice of friendship with a willing ear. 620
Lo ! now the hour (my warning words attend)
That all your sufferings, all your griefs must end.
Ah ! think what further trials each may feel,
Reflect on giddy Fortune's changing wheel ;
The wars, the slaughters Gallia still must know, 625
For which her tears shall cease not yet to flow :
And though her arms at length victorious prove,
Yet strife and tumult ill accord with love ;
When rage and hatred every hour employ,
The lust of death, the victor's savage joy ; 630
Whate'er must banish from the human breast
Those gentle thoughts where Love alone can rest.
But now, since time invites, your plighted hands
Together join in sacred nuptial bands ;
Nor pause to think your parents, hence remov'd, 635
Have ne'er the vows of mutual faith approv'd :
Vain scruples these ! and only rais'd to bind
The feeble passions of a vulgar mind !
That Power, who all creation's want supplies,
Who form'd the elements and spangled skies, 640
Exacts but this, that in the nuptial life
One will should sway the husband and the wife.

The faithful lovers, by his words imprest,
And urg'd by warm desires in either breast,
In public celebrate the nuptial tye, 645
While love and chastity their hearts ally.
Jove smiling views, and thundering to the right,
From purple clouds emits a golden light.
Now Cynthia comes, with silver lustre crown'd,
And sheds like pearl her dewy vapours round; 650
While Night descends, in lighter robes array'd,
Without her wonted glooms of dreary shade;
And Hymen, join'd with every sportive Love,
Drops flowery wreaths and odours from above:
Celestial notes are heard, and Venus fair, 655
Joins with her own blest hand th' illustrious pair.

And now, since Heaven confirms your mutual vows,
Ye happy pair! enjoy what Heaven allows;
Enjoy the good, which love like yours inspires,
The hallow'd transports bred from pure desires: 660
You reach the bliss your hopes aspir'd to gain,
And here my lyre concludes her weary strain.

Thus have I sung, in youth's fair opening days,
Rinaldo's pleasing pains and martial praise,
While other studies slowly I purfu'd, 665
Ere twice revolv'd ten annual suns I view'd;

Ungrateful studies ! whence oppress I groan,
 A burden to myself, and to the world unknown !
 If Heaven should leisure grant for happier lore,
 And me, indulgent, to myself restore, 670
 In peaceful shades sequester'd to remain,
 A voted bard of Phœbus' tuneful train ;
 Then, sacred Lewis ! may I spread thy name,
 Where'er the sun resplendent darts his flame,
 With all the warmth thy glory can infuse, 675
 Or waken to the theme some nobler Muse.

Thou, earliest fruit of my creative powers,
 Dear produce of a few short studious hours,
 Thou, slender volume ! child of fancy, born
 Where Brenta's waves the sunny meads adorn ; 680
 To thee may friendly stars protection give,
 And grant thee life when I shall cease to live ;
 And may'st thou, rank'd with learning's favourites, know
 Those honours which the learn'd alone bestow.
 Ere him thou seest, whose name, the boast of years,
 Dwells in my heart, and in thy front appears, 686
 Whose honour'd name with thee vouchsafes to rest,
 (Too poor a mansion for so great a guest !)
 Go first to him, from whom my birth I drew,
 (Whate'er my gifts, to him those gifts are due) 690

He, with a glance, that Nature's depth explores,
And searches all Creation's hidden stores,
Surveys thy faults that undiscover'd lye
To the short vision of this feeble eye;
And with that hand, which to the measur'd close 695
Of fabling verse, can join the truth of prose,
Shall add those charms that grace the poet's rhymes,
And send thy fame to far-succeeding times,

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I N D E X.

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